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THE

GREEN CALDRON

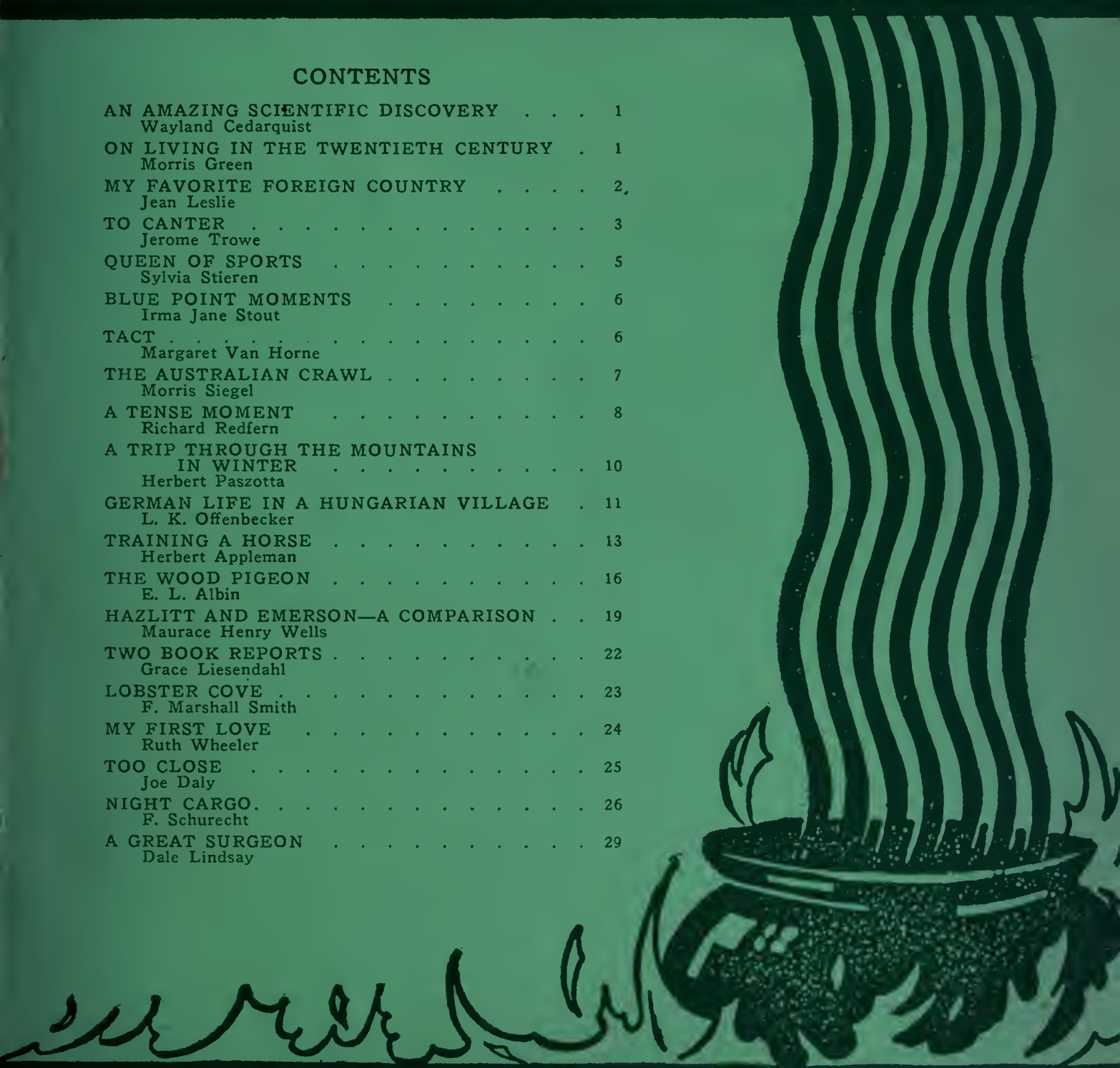
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CONTENTS

AN AMAZING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY	1
Wayland Cedarquist	
ON LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY	1
Morris Green	
MY FAVORITE FOREIGN COUNTRY	2,
Jean Leslie	
TO CANTER	3
Jerome Trowe	
QUEEN OF SPORTS	5
Sylvia Stieren	
BLUE POINT MOMENTS	6
Irma Jane Stout	
TACT	6
Margaret Van Horne	
THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL	7
Morris Siegel	
A TENSE MOMENT	8
Richard Redfern	
A TRIP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS IN WINTER	10
Herbert Paszotta	
GERMAN LIFE IN A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE	11
L. K. Offenbecker	
TRAINING A HORSE	13
Herbert Appleman	
THE WOOD PIGEON	16
E. L. Albin	
HAZLITT AND EMERSON—A COMPARISON	19
Maurace Henry Wells	
TWO BOOK REPORTS	22
Grace Liesendahl	
LOBSTER COVE	23
F. Marshall Smith	
MY FIRST LOVE	24
Ruth Wheeler	
TOO CLOSE	25
Joe Daly	
NIGHT CARGO.	26
F. Schurecht	
A GREAT SURGEON	29
Dale Lindsay	



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An Amazing Scientific Discovery

WAYLAND CEDARQUIST

Rhetoric I, Proficiency Examination, September 1934, Part 3

COLUMBUS crossed a seemingly endless waste of heaving billows guided by a little needle. Centuries have passed, but men still trust their very lives to that little needle. Ponderous ocean liners with all their complicated instruments still rely on that little needle to lead them. Man's supremacy over the elements depends upon this piece of metal in the compass more than most people realize.

In this light, might it not be of great interest to discover just what turns the needle to an axis running north and south? Of course, you exclaim, the earth is magnetic! It has two poles, and one needle of iron must point to these when hung in air! Yes, a scientist would say, but if we wish really to understand the matter, how can we explain that terrestrial magnetism?

To answer this question, many theories have been presented. Few, however, seem

so entirely satisfactory as the recent "spinning body" explanation. Years ago, when experimenting with centrifugal force, a scientist happened upon this phenomenon: an iron ball, when spun with great speed, possesses an appreciable amount of magnetism. Continuous experimentation has proved the point. The molecular arrangement of the iron seems to be disturbed by rotation and thrown into an arrangement resembling that of a bar magnet.

To apply this amazing discovery, we need but realize that much of our earth is composed of iron. This enormous mass is revolving all the time at a speed tremendous for its proportions. There can be no reason, therefore, why the earth should not be magnetic. Furthermore, as in the case of the balls, the poles of the magnetic force lie at their respective ends of the axis—as do the North and South magnetic poles of the earth.

On Living in the Twentieth Century

MORRIS GREEN

Rhetoric I, Proficiency Examination, September 1934, Part 3

THIS is the year nineteen hundred and thirty-four. Man has piled stone and steel a quarter of a mile into the air; he has made wings for himself and flown; he has constructed thousands of miles of smooth roads and has made cars to speed over them faster than the wind; he has spanned rivers and conquered almost every corner of the world. Coming to things simpler but more immedi-

ately important to man personally, we find he has electric lights for reading, houses that are cool in summer and warm in winter; the entertainment and latest news of the world at his command; machines to clean his clothes, wash his dishes (and break them, too), clean and wax his floors, clean his furniture, mix his drinks, in fact, to do almost anything. The water he drinks is pure, as is the

food he eats. He seldom gets sick, and when he does, it is usually a mere inconvenience. Today man looks around him and thinks, "What a wonderful world I am living in!"

Well, man is right, but he is also wrong. He does live in a wonderful world, even down to such things as smoother razor blades and softer soap. But consider the things we have mentioned: roads, buildings, bridges, houses, radios, machines. They are all material things; do such things make up the whole of life?

Look again at the world of today. Not

far from the comfortable homes you will find miserable shanties with residents just as miserable. The kings of old are gone, but harsh dictators rule half the world, their whim commands. Every few years a war arises, and men stand up like fools to kill and be killed, all the while shouting joyously, "For country and for God!" I don't think God would care much for war, do you? But we call ourselves progressive and civilized.

Yes, man has conquered the world, but he still has himself to conquer. It's about time he began on this latter conquest.

My Favorite Foreign Country

JEAN LESLIE

Rhetoric I, Proficiency Examination, September 1934, Part 3

PALESTINE, with its oriental traditions, its Mohammedan spirits, its walled cities and Arabian inhabitants, is a land of mystic enchantment and gripping realities. Outside the little Catholic altars with their candles and incense burning are lepers whose fingers are gradually dropping off. An European-clad Arabian merchant walks side by side with a half-blinded baggage carrier. A gorgeous mosque with its many minarets stands near a mud hut. English-piped water runs near an old well where dozens of women fill their jars. One finds the constant conflict of the old with the new, and recognizes the victory of the new as Arabian women walk by, balancing Standard Oil cans on their shoulders, as well-groomed men wear high red hats with dangling black tassels, as up-

right pianos are carried on the backs of common laborers, and as Jewish villages grow steadily on the hills, and Arab hovels remain unchanged in the valleys.

It is a land of great beauty. Little donkeys cling securely to bare rock cliffs, beautiful in their very nakedness. From an altitude far below sea level, the path leads higher and higher, and as the visitor climbs steadily, the walls of Jerusalem, the capital, seen in the twilight, bless him with an invitation mysteriously inviting. The silhouette of the city is one of mosque domes and graceful minarets.

The traveler in the Holy Land is awed. Great men in history had their rise in that great Eastern land; shepherds have tended their flocks there for centuries; Mohammedan priests have summoned their people to worship, have

knelt in their fashion facing Mecca; Hebrews have prayed and kissed at the Wailing Wall; all have looked out over the hills and valleys. For a minute at least one realizes that the present is not everything; that far behind lies the past and far ahead the future; that what is

now is a part of the glamorous past, and a part-to-be of the unknown future.

Palestine is a force—growing to take its place in the world of today. It is not solely a land of mystic enchantment and gripping realities, but a land of promise.



To Canter

JEROME TROWE

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1934-1935

TO CANTER! To canter! Those words bring many different impressions to as many different minds. For some there flash into view the crashing waves of a seashore beach, with the rising sun throwing its train upon the waters in a glittering, sight-shattering brilliance; the “pluffing,” sand-deadened sound of the horses’ hoofs plays the theme to this picture. Others, at the magic words “to canter,” lose themselves mentally in a cool, leaf-floored forest, whose low-hanging branches swish by in

a green haze; and the occasional sharp clack of a hoof hitting a stone breaks into the whole mood of greenery and leaf-filtered sunlight. But for these impressions to come to a rider while he is cantering, the rider must be at ease on his horse and be moving in the comparatively slow, smooth movement that is the correct canter.

A canter is the most comfortable gait for the rider; if one rides correctly he feels as if he were in a rocking chair, floating on a smooth sea. Some people,

however, as the horse changes from a trot to a canter, stop their posting and sit placidly in the saddle. This placidity is very short-lived, for immediately the movement of the horse throws the rider up and down like a dead weight, as if he were attached to the end of a trip hammer. This sort of riding might easily result in internal injuries for the rider. Then there is the rider who will stand up in his stirrups and lean far forward over the neck of his horse in imitation of a racing jockey. This position, although quite incorrect, will slightly enable the rider to absorb the vertical shaking through his legs; but this position is very dangerous, as the slightest decrease in speed or even the merest mis-step of the horse will send the rider sailing headlong over the animal's neck. Finally there is the group of riders who, while cantering, sit back in their saddles and grip the sides of the horse with their knees. This manner of cantering is, of all three, the most nearly correct, but its fault lies in that a prolonged canter will eventually chafe the knees painfully.

I have shown you the most prevalent forms of mistakes in cantering and their accompanying dangers and drawbacks. If you recognize your position among these, don't be discouraged, for there is a correct way to canter. As soon as you

feel your horse going into a canter, either from a very fast gallop or from a trot, sit back in your saddle and push your stirrups forward, holding your toes pointed slightly inward; the reins should be pulled fairly taut, with the hands resting just in front of the saddle. Your pushing your stirrups forward enables you to keep a firm seat, while holding the reins taut enables you to control your horse more efficiently so that you can rein in from a fast to a slow canter. The position generally resembles that of an auto driver pressing his feet on both the brake and the clutch pedals. The correct position is so easy to attain and so comfortable when attained that it is foolish and ridiculous to canter in any other way.

So, to prevent chafed knees, broken necks, and saddle sores in peculiar places just learn to canter in the latter way. As for myself, whether in an English, an Army, or a Western saddle, I fully enjoy my horse-back riding. I feel as the Centaurs of old must have felt. From this time on, whether you are riding near the Atlantic surf, or on a forest bridle-path, I hope you will enjoy your canter and also enjoy the scenery. For the feeling of oneness with the horse which possesses the rider in the canter is a feeling that even the gods miss, and, missing, envy.



Queen of Sports

SYLVIA STIEREN

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1934-1935

MANY a person has intimated to me that in the matter of sports my taste is remarkable for bad quality. Consequently, just as a matter of self-vindication, I should like to leave on record these words in explanation of my opinion that walking is Queen of Sports.

Since we children were reared under the shadow of that outworn Emersonian cant, "The soul is everything," we were very early diverted from our games to relaxation of an intellectual nature. Mother would have regarded us with displeasure if we had appeared otherwise than condescending and supercilious at the mere mention of sports. This literary regime worked out very well until we ran amuck of Mother Nature in my eighteenth year.

Eighteen brought cosmic consciousness and poignant restlessness. As persistently as the distress from a thorn in the side came a voice from nowhere. It gave me peace neither day nor night with its demand, "What about your body?"

"Yes, what about it?" answered my tired, dusty, musty mind.

Thus, just as a matter of escaping parental platitudes and the homilies of home, I started to take walks, although my family thought I should have used

the time to better advantage. I didn't walk far at first, but far enough to set the red corpuscles to leaping and to let the rhythm of a wide stride have its way in my muscles. Ye gods, it is glorious thus to satisfy the needs of the body, to plant the feet, like the roots of a tree, in the soil, to lift the head to the clouds, and leave the rest free as an Aeolian harp to passing winds!

Often as I walk, my thoughts turn to the words, "Man is a land animal." I deeply enjoy walking in wooded or rural places because it is then that this kinship to the soil comes most clearly home to me. "No one else, unless it be the tiller of the earth, realizes his affinity to the land as well as he who strays far in his love of pedestrianism," says John Burroughs. The crowning point of the long walk comes to me when, weary with exertion, I reach a secluded spot. There I lie, to rest in the arms of Nature and to hold holy communion with the soil from whence I came and to which I shall return.

These are the reasons I feel the siren call of walking. I've tried other sports, but I remain loyal to my first and last love because it brings me muscular exercise, peace, and kinship with Nature.

Blue Point Moments

IRMA JANE STOUT

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

IT is with great hesitation, dear reader, that I reveal to you a description of myself in a characteristic moment of blissful, solitary pleasure. You are seated at a table, and as I enter the restaurant, you merely get an impression of a young girl seeking a table in order to be served. Her step does not seem to you to be hurried nor are you especially impressed by the eagerness in her eye.

To me the impression is very different. My step is light and a bit hurried with the anticipation of the episode. I usually choose a table without hesitation, and picking up a menu, printed from top to bottom with names of delicacies to tempt the appetite, I appear to be undecided as to my choice. My mind, however, is always fully made up before I glance at the menu suggestions. The waiter stands staunch and placid at my side, but I feel that he is wondering with uncommon interest what the outcome will be. Finally with a brief and knowing smile I order a dozen blue points.

During the following moments I consider whether I will cover the oysters with blankets of red ketchup or with

white horse-radish. As they are set before me, my mouth actually waters at the sight of the slippery little morsels cuddled in the pearly depths of their shells. It seems a shame to spoil the symmetry of their design. The crystals of ice surrounding the shells crackle as I poke the first victim with the tiny prong of the fork. A bit stubborn, this one! It offers quite a battle before it can be retrieved from its cozy bed. The punishment for such resistance is a good sound ducking in ketchup. The next two I adorn with flaky bits of horse-radish, and so it goes until eleven shells stand empty and forlorn. The twelfth is always the prize because there is much ceremony necessary before it enters the rosy gap of destruction. I prefer this one to be unadorned and eaten just as nature intended it should be.

As it slips softly downward into my throat the waiter steps forward and with a stiff bow inquires if I will have anything more. Do you wonder that he loses his staunchness and placidity when I innocently order again, one dozen blue points?

Tact

MARGARET VAN HORNE

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1934-1935

A GREAT many would-be socialites entertain the illusion that politeness and tact are the same thing. That is why they are only would-bes. Politeness is a

negative, and tact a positive, virtue. Politeness is merely avoiding trampling on another person's toes, while tact is placing a Persian carpet under people. Nations

send representatives to other nations to keep friendly relations, or, more commonly, to get something away from the other nations, by using tact. For tact is, after all, just a drawing-room version of diplomacy, and diplomacy is a civilized expression of the instinct of self-preservation. Men used to seize their neighbor's possessions if they happened to want them; now they persuade their neighbors that they would be much better off without some of their possessions. That is tact, and much prettier and neater it is than seizing.

Some people proudly boast of their lack of tact and of their total adherence to the truth. These same people, however, would be horrified at the suggestion that they go without clothes, or steam heat, or running water, or policemen, or burglar alarms, or corn healers, or mouth wash, or the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Yet tact, like all these necessities, is one of the trappings of civilization, without which a person cannot live, at the present time, any more than he can live without protection from the elements. The fundamentals of human nature do not change, but its environment does. This change of environment, which is called civilization, makes man ashamed of his fundamental instincts; so he seeks to clothe them with all sorts of coverings, and finally succeeds in making himself believe that his instincts no longer exist. Tact is just one of the many coverings he uses to clothe his nature. In other words, he possesses his soul in patience and obtains what he wants by soft words instead of by blows. After all, it makes very little difference how he gets what he wants as long as he gets it, but tact does make the bitter pill of truth easier to take.

The Australian Crawl

MORRIS SIEGEL

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1934-1935

THE Australian Crawl, although it is the stroke most commonly used by swimmers of all types, takes the most time and energy to master. When mastered to its highest degree, this stroke is the most graceful of all swimming styles, and it gives the best results in speed records. Only perfect coördination of the arm and leg movements, together with the breathing functions, brings about these results.

Since the lungs are more difficult to accustom to the water than any other part of the body, incorrect breathing is

the first difficulty to overcome. The movement is very simple, but the lungs must be developed to that state where they will react normally. As the head is turned slightly to the left, air must be taken in through the mouth. By way of the nose the air is forced out under the water. This movement must be worked in coördination with the arm and leg movements.

The arm movements of the Australian Crawl will bring back memories of the ancient wind-mill. The ease and looseness of the arms in their movements are

the main qualities of a good stroke. As the right hand is raised over the head and into the water, the left hand is following it at a very short interval. To produce more resistance the palms should be cupped with the fingers together, firmly but not rigidly.

The kick in the crawl stroke is almost a replica of the motion of the propeller on a motor boat. The knees must not be bent at any time during the stroke. This does not mean that they should be kept stiff, for rigidity will only bring about fatigue in the legs after a very short period of activity. The kick must be perfectly timed with the movement of each

arm to produce a steady pace. Most great swimmers kick the feet three times to each arm movement. The feet, toes pointing inward, beat the water with incessant motion and propel the swimmer through the water.

Constant practice and perseverance are necessary when one is trying to master the Australian Crawl. The ease in movement of the arms, coupled with the steady beat of the kick, exhibit to an onlooker the picture of a human being gracefully gliding through the water on its surface. The fastest records in swimming are held by swimmers who have mastered the free and easy Australian Crawl.

A Tense Moment

RICHARD REDFERN

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

TILDEN was serving. The score of the game was advantage, Vines and Gledhill. Unless Bill and his partner, Chapin, could win the point, the game and the first set would be their opponents'.

Attempting to win the point in the easiest and shortest way, Tilden uncorked one of his famous cannon-ball serves of the kind that few could touch ten years ago, when he was singles champion of the United States and of the world. By a combination of luck and keen eyesight, as I thought, Gledhill managed to see the ball in time to return it, high in the air. Chapin, standing poised by the net, waited until the ball came down to a point racket-high over his head, and then he "killed" it. Everyone except the irrepressible Vines thought that Chapin's smash could not possibly be returned. "Elly," however,

dashed back against the retaining net several yards behind the baseline and, in the manner of a centerfielder backing up against the bleacher-wall to catch a fly, lobbed back the ball. And what a lob! The ball went high, high in the air. It sailed up through the network of girders that support the ceiling and started on its downward fall, still evading the numerous steel obstructions. Tilden watched the path of the ball, fascinated by its uninterrupted arc, and then, thinking that the sphere would light several feet behind the baseline, loosened the grip on his racket and turned away, still looking back half-heartedly to see how far out the ball would land. Imagine his embarrassment and the crowd's merriment when the ball lit exactly on the line, and he was too much off balance and out of reach to play it.

The playing of that point presented some good tennis in the space of less than a minute. In the first place, Tilden's serve was marvelous. The spectators thought that he had the point won when they saw, or rather did not see, his serve. They were amazed when Gledhill returned it. They held their breath, and they roared as they saw Chapin's hard drive. Everyone relaxed, and then was drawn to the edge of his seat again when Vines made one of the most difficult shots of the evening to return Chapin's smash. The position of the four men when Vines's shot was in the air was interesting to note. Vines himself was still standing by the retaining-net, quite out of a playing position. Gledhill was in

charge of the court for the two Californians, but he was standing open-mouthed almost in the middle while craning his neck to follow the course of the ball. Chapin, likewise, was risking a stiff neck, but he was backing up to take the ball if it should light in the court. Big Bill, however, shouted to Chapin that he would "take it," and then he stood there flat-footed and watched the game and set bound away on that ball because he misjudged its landing-place. The crowd was silent for a moment, and then a mixture of applause and laughter broke forth—applause for Vines and Gledhill, sympathetic laughter at Tilden's discomfiture, which he openly manifested although he was half laughing himself.



A Trip Through the Mountains in Winter

HERBERT PASZOTTA

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

ALREADY long before the lazy January sun had crept forth behind the snowy tops of the mountain range of the Schwabische Alb, we were on our way to the Neuffen, one of the most beautiful peaks in the entire range. A hike to the Neuffen was nothing extraordinary in summer; but we had decided to visit the Neuffen in winter, when all the ways were deeply covered with snow, and no person of a normal amount of intelligence would risk the chance of getting a heavy cold. But we thought we had an unusual amount of intelligence, and thus we got ready. Knapsacks with all kinds of provisions had been prepared quite a while before; our boots were well oiled against the moisture of the snow, which has the ugly habit of getting into the most waterproof boots, in spite of all preparations. Besides, we were wrapped up in all possible and impossible garments, for it is often frightfully cold on the Swabian Alb. Indeed, we did not repent once that we came wrapped up as we were, for the morning and the evening around the Neuffen were extremely cold.

Thus we marched off, and, quite in contrast with our summer hikes, we did not talk much, for a mean wind was blowing into our faces. But full of good courage, we climbed on, for we had hopes to reach the top of the mountain in four hours. After we had left the small village, at the base of the peak, the way became more and more invisible; we soon went ahead not caring whether the road was there or not, for we decided that as long as we were going upwards we would have necessarily to hit the top. Thus we walked through pines, heavily laden with snow; then we passed through oak and beech woods, which

were delightfully green in summer, but which raised now, in the depth of winter, their naked branches up to the grayish morning sky. It was very quiet. Occasionally the hoarse cries of a raven sounded through the trees, and occasionally we heard the strange call of a deer. But this was all; only the monotonous crunching of our boots against the deep layer of frozen snow remained audible, and only between long intervals we threw a few short words at each other. Then we passed again through deeper pine woods, deeply covered with the shimmering snow, and it seemed that we entered a realm of such beauty as we could only imagine as children, when our parents told us of the white palace of the Christ child and its faithful helper, Saint Nicolaus. The snow was deep and perfect; only occasional traces of a roe or a deer told us that there were living beings besides ourselves up here. At noon we reached the shelter on the top of the Neuffen; this shelter was close to the old ruin of the castle of the lords of Neuffen, which now looked as bright and mysterious to us as only the most exquisite fairy tale castles might have seemed to us in former days. We spent a long time up on top of the peaks and enjoyed the beautiful sight from there as well as a meal which we prepared at a quickly started fire. But then we had to hurry, for the trip downwards was dangerous, particularly as the night arrived soon after the dim sun hid behind the darkening hills and peaks.

But we reached the little station safely, just a quarter of an hour before the train arrived which took us home again, away from the beautiful, mysterious mountain, back to the gray, hustling, and realistic city.

German Life in a Hungarian Town

L. K. OFFENBECKER

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

ON the south plain of Hungary, near the Danube, are many towns which have been inhabited by Germans ever since the reign of Maria Theresa in the eighteenth century. Because the men were settled there with their families to be a fighting, perpetual bulwark against enemies from the East, they had, during the World War, gone to serve on the various fronts, in Serbia, in Montenegro, in Galicia, in Poland, and in Roumania. The women, children, and the few remaining men in the town, not active belligerents, lived simple lives while the great conflict raged.

Because the men were away, the women did the heavy manual labor and the necessary work around the house. In common with the inhabitants of all the other towns of Hungary the people went outside of the town to till their fields. On the days when the small farms and vineyards needed attention, the women and the few men rose early, about three or four in the morning, and walked or rode in a wagon out of the town to the fields. Some of them still used primitive methods—as a scythe for cutting wheat—in hoeing, planting, or reaping; others used modern machines, such as tractors; but more often they used a combination of the two. After working a few hours, till seven, they ate breakfast from lunch baskets. After working until noon they had lunch, and then laid themselves in the shade of a nearby linden, poplar, or acacia for a few hours siesta away from the direct heat of the noonday sun. About four they resumed work and labored till dusk; then they returned to town for the evening meal and almost immediately went to bed—too exhausted to do anything else. Each family, also,

usually kept a garden in the rear of the house, which provided the fruits and vegetables for every-day use. Cattle, swine, and horses were kept in barns opening upon the court-yards which each house possessed.

Just as in the summer the people worked mainly in the open, so in winter they worked inside the houses. The few men not at the front occupied themselves with making the necessary repairs of fences, harness, wagons, or roofs. The women almost invariably spent their time in sewing, embroidering, or crocheting—tasks at which they were adept. Their embroidery and crochet work, intricate and delicate in construction, was of many types, colors, and forms. Pillows, blankets, table-cloths, and dresses displayed this artistic skill. So they spent their working days, but on one day of the week they labored not.

Because the people worked hard during every week-day, Sunday was truly the day of rest and recreation. No one worked. Rising late, the people went to church and then spent the morning in reading and in family discussions. After the noon meal, the chief repast of the day, consisting of noodle soup, a little meat, vegetables from the garden, and *küchen* or fruit for dessert, the people gathered in groups at their neighbors' houses to gossip, sing, and play cards. The women discussed all the news of the week, gossiping as women will the world over; the men smoked, listened, and played cards. The older boys and girls gathered at the *Wirtshaus*—a unique institution in Europe, consisting of a dance hall and a refreshment bar—where they danced and drank beer and wine. When it began to grow dark,

the adults and adolescents returned home to eat supper and, by lamp-light, to discuss the work for the following week. As usual, winter and summer, they went to bed early, not only to save light but also to be prepared to work strenuously on the following day.

Five regular events broke the monotony of this life: the weekly fair, weddings, troop festivals, church festivals, and the annual cattle and swine slaughtering. Among the more important was the weekly fair. Held in the public market place before the courthouse, the fair, which attracted the Slavs, Magyars, and other Germans from the neighboring towns, offered to the prospective customers everything from horses to shawls and dates. The Hungarians used to come with the men leading horses and with women having baskets balanced on their heads, bringing shawls, embroidered silks and linens; the Serbs, Slovenes, and Croats came with roses, perfumes, fruits, and crochet work; the Germans came with farm implements and manufactured wares. Every Thursday morning the whole town attended the fair and carried on a brisk trade, buying, bartering, or selling. If the fair was exciting, a wedding was more so. If the parents of the groom and bride had the means, they made a great occasion of the wedding: an elaborate church ceremony accompanied the taking of the marriage vows; a prolonged dance, later, put the guests in a merry mood; and, finally, a great feast gave the guests an excuse to indulge their appetites. Because food was scarce on account of the war, the people keenly enjoyed such an occasional feast. Besides weddings, another occasional source of entertainment was the festival given to every new detachment of soldiers departing for the front.

Wearing their best civilian clothes for the last time and having long ribbons of the imperial colors—red, white, and red—streaming from their hats, the soldiers received the toasts and well-wishes of the townspeople who fully appreciated that this might be the soldiers' last celebration: "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die" was only too common a fate for the men of the town. The church, too, did its share to prevent the people from thinking of the ever-increasing list of dead and wounded and the shortage of food by holding periodical church festivals. While singing the solemn and impressive hymns for which the Catholic Church is noted, the men, women, and children participated in elaborate parades in which all delighted. They prolonged the ceremonies for hours in the enjoyment of the music, the colored banners, and the flowing robes. Although the people immensely enjoyed these religious celebrations, they were nothing compared to the merriment of the annual slaughtering of swine. Every one who had a full-grown hog or sow slaughtered it in the late fall or early winter. All the friends and relatives were invited to do the actual work: the killing of the animals, the dressing of the meat, and the smoking of the sausages. Then all feasted on the fresh meat; the people ate until they could eat no more, for the occasion was reserved for just this eating. The remainder of the meat was used sparingly throughout the year, preserved in the cellar or chimney nook.

So the people lived their lives, peacefully, but always amid the realization of the nearness and omnipresence of the war: working, loving, and playing,—living their lives simply but with occasional breaks in the monotony.

Training a Horse

HERBERT APPLEMAN

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

HORSES are perhaps the most difficult of domestic animals to train. While intelligent and generally docile, they seem to feel that only one type of function is theirs, that of transportation. They appear to resent any additional duties; so patience and firmness must be the trainer's chief attributes.

Under the age of five months, a colt hardly responds to training. Its temper is too volatile, its spirit too frisky, and its heels too nimble. But above that age, it develops a rapid affection for its master, and begins to take more seriously the business of living. At that time it will begin to await the periods of instruction, to anticipate the arrival of the trainer, and to relish the rewards of its labor.

Two opposite means of training should properly be applied coördinately—punishment and reward. Punishment is not cruel if employed only to check mischievous actions and rebellious displays. Reward, though small, should follow each successful execution of any trick, if at all difficult. The rewards should never be lavish nor too frequent; otherwise they lose a proper value in the horse's mind. Sugar is the accepted gift; a handful of oats is a proper substitution; flattery and caresses are always serviceable.

Caresses, like sugar, should never be too freely given. Animal trainers say that elephants detest baby talk and great shows of affection. In this respect horses are very similar. The man who is constantly mumbling to them, mouth-ing strange jargon, and seeming to worship them as the Hindu would the white cow, disturbs and irritates them. Also in this is the female of the species more deadly than the male; they are more dif-

ficult to train and much more apt to break a routine.

The first thing to teach a colt is to approach when called. He will easily learn this when he discovers that the extended hand contains sweet white sugar pellets. If a rider will mount him while another whistles, he can be taught to approach at different gaits according to various signals. It is a very pretty sight to watch a well-trained horse shift from a pace to a rack, and then to canter as his master calls.

And as a well-bred man would raise his hat upon his arrival, so must a horse display breeding by a bow. One leg bent will suffice in greeting a man, but both knees must be bent before a woman. This trick, while rudimentary, is difficult, and the horse must be forced to assume these positions until he understands what is expected of him. Most horses will want to lie down and roll over, but this is soon overcome by light punishment. Rolling is a vulgar habit and should be broken early. Upon rising, he should nod his head vigorously and proudly. Dignity should appear in this action, as a bow is not a servile obeisance, but a gentlemanly greeting to a friend and comrade.

While such tricks as counting and dancing are amusing, we must remember that there is a limit to the animal's learning capacity and to the trainer's time. It is best at this stage to teach the various paces and gaits. I shall not describe the gaits themselves, the chief of which are the walk, the trot, the rack, the pace, the single-foot, the canter, and the gallop, but I shall merely tell how to shift from one to another.

The chief aids to pace-setting are the

reins, the legs, and the weight of the body. A horse instinctively quickens step when the pressure of the legs is tightened and the weight of the body is moved forward. Conversely, he slows up when the weight is moved backward and the reins tightened. If one alternately tightens one leg and then another, it is not difficult to change from a rack to a pace or single-foot. It is important to assist the horse by posting—that is, moving the body weight forward and upward as the right, or left, front foot strikes the ground. This gives confidence to the horse and makes his work much easier.

A walk, for example, must be brisk, with the head held high, indicative of pride and vigor. As this is increased to a trot, the pace must be kept down to a firm even stride. Thus with the canter, every young horse, feeling the surge of youth and young strength in its body, wishes to gallop and run pell-mell till exhausted. This must be most carefully avoided, as fatigue discourages a horse and makes him dread the future training periods. There is no grace in a break-neck run, but a smooth moving canter is a very pretty gait for display.

Jumping is another part of the training that must be handled gradually. First, conduct the horse to a stick lying on the ground, and have him step over it until he no longer fears the strange object. Then have the stick gradually elevated a few inches each time. In a few months, four and even five feet will become a matter of course to a well-bred beast. Patient, very patient, must be the trainer, carefully conducting the horse up to the jump, exercising great care to see that he does not stop short or run out after the jump has been completed. Shying at objects or dancing while approaching

jumps must be overcome—or timidity and lack of confidence will result in both horse and rider.

Whether the horse is being guided by a rider, or whether he is doing solo jumps, it is essential that he should not be allowed to refuse a jump—that is, approach the jump and stop, or run out. If he continues this, he must be punished severely, and literally forced to take the hurdle. But don't rush the jumper. Always give him plenty of time to study the obstacles so that he will realize there is nothing to fear, and also make the increases in height so gradual as to be unnoticeable. The Golden Rule is an excellent one to remember and apply; put yourself in the position of the horse (not too literally) and treat him accordingly.

I have tried to point out only a few aids to the training of a horse in gaiting and jumping. It is well to train a number of horses at the same time, or at least not keep one animal busy more than two hours a day at this work. If the rider wishes to spend more time, he should condition the horse by long cross-country rides daily. But a horse, like a person, enjoys play-time, especially since colts are usually trained in this manner. A gentler, finer horse is produced by giving him plenty of time to romp and run free.

The horse, remember, will reflect the character of the trainer. Nervousness breeds irritability, impatience produces instability, and lack of confidence reflects itself in bad temper. The trainer must recall that he is handling an infant of a few months with but small powers of calculation—that the animal becomes precisely what he makes of it.

When one rides a show horse for demonstration, it is well to have him

trained to make a display of spirit. Pawing the earth, holding his head high, rearing, are all proper stunts to be thus included. They are easily taught, but not by the punishment method under any circumstances. A few lumps of sugar and application of the aids to riding will produce an appearance of fire deceiving to the average spectator.

Bronchos in rodeos, while usually untamed and unmanageable, are often special stunt horses. One gigantic beast vividly called the "Red Devil," I recall clearly. A deep bay, with a scintillating spirit—he was the star of any exhibition. He bucked ferociously, sunfished, pan-

caked, cartwheeled, and jumped stiff-legged till it seemed the riders would be snapped into unconsciousness. However, the animal was quite gentle; he had but received an excellent training. This, together with his natural attributes, made him a prince of bucking horses. Raised as a derby colt and found lacking in speed, he was put into a corral with an unbroken stallion. In a few weeks he had mastered all the tricks of the mustang and added innovations. Gradually, experience taught him how to simulate fierceness, until the bravest of the Kentuckians would have shuddered to attempt his mastery.



The Wood Pigeon

E. L. ALBIN

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

AS the prairie schooner rolled westward across the plains and the flatboat floated down the rivers, the development of American resources began. The American pioneer has always been very wasteful and ruthless as he pushed into the wilderness to find a home. He has dissipated more of the resources than he has used. He has never thought of the future or of the consequence of any of his exploiting acts, nor has he cared. The soil and mines have been wasted. The forests and wild game have been almost completely destroyed.

Every schoolboy has heard of the buffalo being almost exterminated in the 'eighties, but who has even heard the name of the wood pigeon, once the most numerous species of birds in the United States? There are few people now living who know the bird, and no one has seen one in the last forty years.

The passenger pigeon was a large, beautiful, varicolored bird, sixteen to seventeen inches long, with a graduated tail nearly as long as the wings. The male was of a bronze metallic lustre on the back that gradually turned into a light pink on the sides and changed to pure white on the abdomen and under side of the tail, while the nape and side of the head were glossed with crimson splotches. His feet, beak, and eyes, like those of a domestic pigeon, were colored pink. The female was similar, but with more brown on the head and back, and the neck less iridescent. Both the male and the female weighed about one pound.

A century ago, before the country was thickly settled, the wood pigeon appeared in huge flocks all over the Eastern

half of the United States. He was a gregarious bird, living either in the wooded uplands or swamps and constantly migrating *en masse* in the search of food. The large number of pigeons in one flock was astounding. Often more than two billion birds were in one flock, flying, always flying onward in search of enough food to feed the horde.

The early writers were greatly interested in the gigantic flocks of pigeon, and Baron de la Hontan, describing the flight of these birds around Lake Champlain in 1703 says, "One would have thought, that all the Turtle-Doves on Earth had chose to pass thro' this place. . . . The trees were covered with that sort of fowl more than with leaves."¹ A Canadian naturalist, Ross King, speaks of a flight at Fort Mississisay that filled the air and obscured the sun for fourteen hours.² Another naturalist, Audubon, asserts that he saw the biggest flight of wood pigeons he had ever seen in the autumn of 1813 while journeying to Louisville, Kentucky. He estimated the number of birds, passing overhead at the rate of one mile per minute, to be over one billion and writes "the light of the noonday was obscured as by an eclipse."³ He also observed that many trees two feet in diameter were broken off far from the ground and that the branches of many of the largest and tallest trees had broken away.

¹Forbush, E. W., "Passenger Pigeons," *Birds of Massachusetts*, Berwick and Smith Co., Norwood, Mass., Vol. II, 1927, p. 56. (Forbush took the quotation from la Hontan, Baron de: *Some New Voyages to North America*, Vol. I, 1703, pp. 61-62.)

²*Ibid.*, p. 57. (Forbush took the quotation from: King, W. Ross: *The Sportsman and Naturalist of Canada*, 1866, pp. 121-122.)

³*Ibid.*, p. 64.

In 1803 the Reverend T. M. Harris made a journey into the Ohio Territory, which was still sparsely settled, and made the following remark: "A large forest of several hundred acres had been killed as a consequence of the vast flocks of pigeons alighting upon it."⁴ The numbers of passenger pigeons that once inhabited Eastern United States can only be estimated, but there is no doubt there were many billions of them. The fate of so many birds is incomprehensible unless some account of their destruction is given.

During the first two centuries after the landing of the *Mayflower*, the wood pigeon was cruelly attacked. At first the settlers used them only for food because they were so plentiful that anyone could kill many of them. Later, after the population had greatly increased, pigeons were in great demand. The feathers were used to make fans, to make matting, and to decorate ladies' hats; the meat was fried or made into pot-pie. The Indians even roasted the oil from the fat squabs and stored it in their villages. If the pigeons could not be sold, they were fed to the hogs, and often the only reason for killing pigeons was to provide cheap hog feed.

As the demand for pigeons became greater, fowlers began to roam over the country and do nothing but catch and kill wood pigeons. They made lucrative profits by following the pigeons in their flights and massacring them by the million. At night the pigeons were brought to the ground by burning sulphur pots under the roosts and suffocating them with sulphur-dioxide. The bark on the dead trees was also lighted so that the young squabs in the nests would be

scorched and, in agony, would jump from their nests. At the great nesting-places the hunters would cut down the largest trees, felling them so that the smaller trees would be brought down, and thereby throwing the helpless squabs from the nests. In the morning the men went about the mechanical job of pulling off the heads of the squabs and throwing them into a waiting wagon. Large droves of hogs were then turned in to feed on those crippled or too small to be used.

The pigeons which remained in the trees would leave immediately the next morning, but the fowlers would follow and set nets, luring the ignorant birds to the ground with decoys and with wheat thrown out as bait. Thus the men followed the pigeons until they captured most of them, and those few that were left were constantly attacked by hunters, farmers, and Indians. When a nesting-place (usually covering a forest fifteen by forty miles wide) was found, as many as two and three thousand people would gather there to kill pigeons. In 1848 forty tons of these birds were shipped to market from Cattaraugus County, New York. Since other Eastern localities made similar reports, it is no wonder that the passenger pigeon disappeared from the territory east of the Ohio River by 1870.

At this time the Northwest Territory was still sparsely settled, and the wood pigeon was just as numerous there as ever. The railroads, however, were being built, the Cumberland Road was finished, and many steamboats sailed on the navigable rivers. The Middle West was rapidly settled and developed.

As this new territory was opened, the pigeoners also came, and the destruction of the passenger pigeon continued. Gene Stratton-Porter writes of her childhood when she lived close to the Wabash

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 57. (Forbush quoted from: Mason, Thoddeus, *The Journal of a Tour into the Territory Northwest of the Alleghany Mountains*, 1805, pp. 179-180.)

River: "In my childhood it was customary for men to take long poles and big bags and lanterns and go searching through the woods until they found one of these perching places of the pigeons. Then half a dozen men would flash the lanterns in such a manner that the lights would blind the birds, and with clubs others would beat the birds from the limbs, striking them down, and gathering them by the bagfull."⁵ Shooting clubs were organized and carloads of passenger pigeons were used as flying-targets at trap-shooting contests.

Thus the pigeons were always pursued and destroyed. After 1890 the pigeons were scarce, but the price and demand increased, stimulating the greedy fowlers to kill the few remaining birds. It was now rumored that large flocks of passenger pigeons had been blown to sea and perished in the storm; that the severe snowstorms in the north had starved them to death; that the forest fires had burned most of the nests and young squabs; and even that they had migrated to California and Australia. People from California often maintained that they had seen wood pigeons, but in 1910 S. A. Stephens, General Manager of the Cincinnati Zoo, wrote to Gene Stratton-Porter: "I have been misinformed a

number of times, the same as you have, by people in California who claim they could get wild passenger pigeons for us . . . I really believe that the wild passenger pigeons are extinct. I am offering \$1000.00 for a pair of them, not injured, but am almost positive that I will never succeed in getting them."⁶ Stephens' offer has not yet been accepted, and there is no doubt that the passenger pigeon is extinct. The thoughtless, wasteful pioneer has succeeded in killing them all.

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⁵Stratton-Porter, Gene, "The Last Passenger Pigeon," *Good Housekeeping*, August 1924, pp. 78-79.

⁶*Ibid.*



Hazlitt and Emerson—A Comparison

MAURACE HENRY WELLS

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

WILLIAM Hazlitt and Ralph Waldo Emerson are usually considered to be unrelated literary figures and, consequently, they are seldom discussed together. A moment's reflection, however, serves to remind one that these writers were contemporaries for twenty-seven years, and thus were a part of the same culture, and were linked in thought and spirit by the developments of the same era. Nevertheless, these temporal connections do not form the basis of this correlation. Briefly put, this comparative discussion arises from my keen pleasure in reading these essayists, and from my desire to understand them better by observing their dissimilarities, and by attempting to define those fundamental qualities which, I believe, are common to both.

The differences in the prose of the two men are obvious. The most readily apparent divergence is the matter of their "style." The original treatment of their subject matter is one of the factors which place these men high in the ranks of the world's great essayists, yet this individuality of technique expresses itself differently in each man. Hazlitt writes a free, unhampered, moving sort of prose, which comes from his deepest convictions and emotions. Frequently he is the propagandist, burning with a desire to make his ideals prevail, and it is this almost living fervor which holds the interest of the common man. At other times he grips us by the intensity of his bitterness and passion. Caustic with sarcasm is this fiery passage from one of his later essays:

The pleasure of hating, like a poisonous mineral, eats into the heart of religion, and

turns it to rankling spleen and bigotry; it makes patriotism an excuse for carrying fire, pestilence, and famine into other lands: it leaves to virtue nothing but the spirit of censoriousness, and a narrow, jealous, inquisitorial watchfulness over the actions and motives of others. What have the different sects, creeds, doctrines in religion been but so many pretexts set up for men to wrangle, to quarrel, to tear one another to pieces about, like a target as a mark to shoot at? Does any one suppose that the love of country in an Englishman implies any friendly feeling or disposition to serve another bearing the same name? No, it means only hatred to the French or the inhabitants of any other country that we happen to be at war with at the time. Does love of virtue denote any wish to discover or amend our own faults? No, but it atones for obstinate adherence to our own vices by the most virulent intolerance to human frailties.¹

In his more serene moods, Hazlitt's style is a fluent, mellow prose—familiar, intimate, almost confidential. In many places it is brilliant with epigram and eloquent with beautiful figures of rhetoric. It charms us, too, by its ease and grace—by the naturalness and simplicity which bring it so near to the beauty of common speech. How appealing is his account of his first meeting with Coleridge.

On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. 'For those two hours,' he afterwards was pleased to say, 'I was conversing with W. H.'s forehead!'²

Emerson's appeal is altogether different. His style neither grips us with its

¹"On the Pleasure of Hating."

²"My First Acquaintance with Poets."

passion nor flatters us with its familiarity. Rather, he challenges us by the directness of his speech, and by the economy of words with which he phrases his deepest thoughts. Emerson speaks in sentences rather than in paragraphs. This condensation, this ability to say much in little space, does not make for ease in reading, and on that account Emerson does not find a wide audience; nevertheless, there is in this conciseness of expression an insight and penetrating vision, which, when caught, produces a precious sense of mental stimulation and pleasure. This appeal to "Man Thinking" (as he named one of his most famous addresses) is illustrated in this paragraph from "Self-Reliance":

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore it if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the world.

Here, in any one of these four consecutive sentences, is enough material to develop an entire essay. How like the tinkle of sleigh-bells is much of Hazlitt's style, compared to the solemn toll of Emerson's prose; yet each in its own way is beautiful.

Also, the essays of Hazlitt and Emerson are essentially opposite in their point of view. Hazlitt is primarily subjective in outlook; Emerson is wholly objective. Hazlitt, though he writes about abstract ideas and about the world around him, colors it all with his own personality and his own prejudices. He makes his likes and dislikes clear to us in every essay. He leaves no room for doubt about his tastes in literature when he writes, "I do not think altogether the worse of a book for having survived the author a generation or two. I have more confi-

dence in the dead than in the living."³ This personal, almost autobiographical, element of Hazlitt's essays reveals his character when he complains:

Even in the common affairs of life, in love, friendship, and marriage, how little security have we when we trust our happiness in the hands of others! Most of the friends I have seen have turned out the bitterest enemies, or cold, uncomfortable acquaintance. Old companions are like meats served up too often, that lose their relish and their wholesomeness.⁴

Quite different is the point of view of Emerson, who, looking at life, speaks his reflections with the voice of an oracle. His entire concern is to find Truth by expressing his deepest wisdom. (As he words it in his definition of genius: "to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men.") Thus, he comments upon life from within; Hazlitt, on the other hand, comments upon himself from without.

In regard to their moods, Hazlitt at times is full of the joy of living and his essays overflow with bubbling spirits and high good humor; just as frequently, however, he is disillusioned and unhappy. In surprising contrast to the light-hearted air of "On Going a Journey" is the cynical tone of "On the Ignorance of the Learned" and the savage bitterness of "On the Pleasure of Hating." Ever unperturbed, Emerson, on his part, maintains a high strain of optimism for the future and a steadfast faith in the essential nobility of man. His confidence in the truth he speaks so transcends doubt and opposition that never is there in him the discouragement or frustration which characterizes as much of Hazlitt.

Deep and fundamental elements are common to both Hazlitt and Emerson—bonds that unite those characteristics

³"On Reading Old Books."
⁴"On Living to One's-Self."

which make them great. An important reason for their preeminence is their acutely developed critical faculty. Hazlitt's critical essays on painting, literature, and drama are masterpieces of astute observation and sound judgment. His is the ability to see the whole of any subject and to define clearly its parts. He penetrates the most abstract subjects to find in them a world of meaning, and to clarify them by concrete examples.

Similarly, Emerson gets to the heart of his ideas in a single phrase and makes crystal clear their inference. His amazing insight enables him to picture in vivid terms his most profound thoughts. He says in "The Over-Soul," "A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide." How simply stated is this comparison, yet how complex are its implications! Emerson's appraisal of men sees beyond their achievements and character to find in them the fundamental nature of mankind. Shakespeare, though "inconceivably wise," was primarily a common man, and thereby his works possess their magnificent universality. Napoleon, "man of stone and iron," was great because he was an average mortal cast in a heroic mold.

There is in both Hazlitt and Emerson intellectual integrity: absolute sincerity, honesty, and independence in their beliefs and purposes. In both men, fidelity to what they "believed to be true for them in their private hearts" cost them misunderstanding and opposition, and, in the case of Hazlitt, even mockery and abuse. But it is in the realm of ideals that Hazlitt and Emerson are in the closest harmony. Each has the same faith in the fundamental excellence of the individual

which causes them to be tireless workers for democracy. This spirit led them to sympathize with the principles of the French Revolution, and enabled them to see the advance of democracy in the works of as absolute a ruler as Napoleon. Each admired in the man those qualities which gave to France an extension of the liberties for which it had been struggling. Though he recognized Bonaparte's faults, Emerson said of him: "He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse."⁵ This opinion of Napoleon, fair and just though it is, was uttered by both Emerson and Hazlitt at times when it was universally unpopular, and illustrates again their splendid independence.

It is, I believe, this quality of courage which appeals most to me in the essays of Hazlitt and Emerson. That, coupled with the insight and wisdom of their observations, makes their essays a source of endless inspiration and satisfaction to me.

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⁵"Napoleon; or the Man of the World."

Two Book Reports

GRACE LIESENDAHL

Theme 18, Rhetoric I, 1933-1934

1. MY ÁNTONIA

ÁNTONIA—the woman with such a great capacity for living that she overshadows all the other characters in Willa Cather's *My Ántonia*. Certainly she is not an idealistic character; she makes mistakes, a fact which adds to her reality, and she lives above them, a fact which makes her all the more admirable.

Ántonia's nature is as broad and wild, as strong and rugged as the Nebraskan plains that taught her to live; and yet she is sensitive to every beauty of those plains and of their people. She is independent almost to the point of stubbornness. But it is this independence, this fighting spirit that makes her endure that first winter of suffering that brought the death of her father, her long hours of labor in the field, the disgrace and humiliation of her unhappy love affair, and her family's scorn.

Her capacity for happiness is great. She loves to be happy, a merry rollicking happiness that endears her to everyone. She is generous and loving, and nothing is too fine for those she loves; her gentle sisterly love for Jim Burden shows a loyalty that few people possess. Above all, she is a mother, or perhaps one should say, all these things together make her a mother—the mother of strong sons and fine daughters, the sort of people that build a nation. She represents the children of pioneers, those who suffered and sacrificed with their parents in a new land, but who lived to see the results of their effort.

2. MY BROTHER'S FACE

Picture a fresco consisting of two panels, one old with the soft dignity and beauty of age, and the other bright and gaudy in its newness, and you have an idea of the old and the new India as Dhan Gopal Mukerji depicts them in *My Brother's Face*. Away from the Mother of Tradition and Religion for thirteen years, which he spent in study in the United States, he returns to find the India of century-old graciousness and meditation rapidly changing to a land of industrial revolution, sputtering Fords, and a new generation too busy to meditate on religion or to dream.

The passing India was a place of many religions, but the followers of all gave a good part of their lives to God, whoever might be His prophet. The people found joy and peace in hours of meditation, and brought themselves into Oneness with God by means of it. The man who was too busy to dream was unheard of. Life took its leisurely pace from day to day, and was sent on its way with a song from the lips of the brown children of India; for music was a part of their very being. The rug-makers had their songs which they sang as they coaxed the patterns into their rugs, the men in the field had theirs, the Bidri workers made their molten metal flow into its place with singing—everywhere the song expressed the peace and happiness in the Indian heart.

But now India is too busy to sing—or too indifferent, and its religious fervor

which has burned for centuries is losing its vigor. The peasants now work long hours in noisy factories that drown out song and the desire to sing, and there is no time to devote to God; men are too tired. And the peasant who still remains on his little piece of land has no music in his soul, for his heart is heavy. Is not his farm mortgaged to the money-lender, and will it not soon be taken from him, forcing him into the city and industry? The crafts are dying from lack of patronage. The rug-maker makes no more rugs because no one will buy them; people want European designs. The same thing is happening to the tapestry, the ivory carving, and the Bidri industries.

Along with the western exploitation of India there has developed a group of Indians themselves who are becoming wealthy by the ruination of the Mother. They excuse themselves by saying that India will be industrialized sooner or later and that they may just as well make

the money as some foreigner. This group of newly-rich have cast off all old Indian tradition. They wear European clothes, they speak English, they adopt western customs and dwellings, and they are too busy for religion and the gracious little ceremonies of other days.

The education of the upper classes has changed. Formerly, during his early years, the child was given religious instruction and taught how to live and love in the broadest sense of the words. Later, he was sent to English or American colleges. Now, the young people are a group of pugnacious individuals with little religion and much anti-westernism.

Mukerji does not express very clearly whether or not he thinks that Mahatma Gandhi is the means of salvation for India, but he does reveal the worship of Gandhi by all Indians. He also gives the impression that the conflict there among religions is not nearly as serious a problem as it is regarded.

Lobster Cove

F. MARSHALL SMITH

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

I OBSTER COVE hangs apart from the Atlantic Ocean as a drop clings to the rim of a water-filled basin. Its rocky shore is a confused mixture of dull terra-cotta, grey, and mauve, blending harmoniously into the pale blue-green of the sea. A few hardy spruce trees are the only signs of vegetation other than occasional patches of coarse moss that grow in the solid rock which encloses the cove. Bleaching shell heaps, sometimes

many feet deep, are scattered all along the shore giving evidence of many a hearty feast. The air constantly reeks with the mingled odors of salt, fish, and evergreen. The water in the cove is itself a captivating sight, for, though sheltered from the waves, it is kept in constant motion by the heavy ocean swells which cause tangled masses of seaweed to sway slowly, sickeningly, to and fro.

My First Love

RUTH WHEELER

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

MAYBE it was the friendly way he wrinkled up his face when he grinned that first attracted me to Alfred, or perhaps it was the brilliant sparkle in his deep brown eyes. At any rate, I loved him with all the love with which a little girl of ten can love a little boy of eleven. His legs and arms seemed unusually long for his body and hung out of his clothes inches farther than they should have. He had a mass of curly chestnut hair which was in place only for a few minutes after it was combed, resembling, at all other times, a bunch of kale.

Our little romance took place at a boarding-school having separate buildings for boys and girls. The large playground was divided by an imaginary line, the crossing of which by either sex was punishable. During every recreation period, Alfred and I deserted our respective playmates to come as close to the line as we dared, to enjoy little tête-à-têtes which, I will admit, lasted longer than was necessary. In the class-room we exchanged notes and, when neither talking nor writing was possible, we conveyed our thoughts to each other by means of a sign language. We had been advised to cease each and every communication and, later, we were ordered to stop it.

"They can't do that," he told me sullenly during one of our stolen moments. "Why, when two people are in love, no one can just step in and say, 'You stop loving each other!'" I agreed. We made no effort to stop seeing each other.

One day as we girls were marching out of the recreation room, I heard those at the head of the ranks giggle and laugh. I pushed forward, craning my neck to see the cause of all the mirth. The sight was a severe blow. They were laughing at my Alfred, who stood at the end of the long shining corridor. His presence there in the girls' building was surprising in itself, but what was more astounding—he was wearing my clothes!

I was stunned. I did not know what to think. Slowly the line of giggling girls approached him. He stood first on one foot, then on the other, smiling faintly but looking a bit sheepish. He tried to create an air of nonchalance which was a hopeless failure in the little dress which struck him about six inches above the knees and which drew his shoulders up by its tightness. A brush of hair stood upright, tied with a scarlet ribbon matching his face and neck. Slowly the tears gathered in my eyes and my throat tightened as my heart went out to him. I understood it all now. Oh, how cruel of them! Thinking to turn him against me, the teachers had put him to shame before the girls. I told myself that it would not make any difference, as a love as strong as ours would not be daunted by such a deed. As I passed him, he turned away; he would not look at me. The plan had been a success. He was through with me. For days after the shameful event he avoided me. At first I was deeply hurt. Gradually I became aware that it really made no difference whether I saw him or not. Thus ended my first love affair.

Too Close

JOE DALY

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

IT was a perfect afternoon, grand fishing weather, and Mack and I had had splendid luck in the morning, each having caught four fine bass. Now the sun was just touching the top of the east wall of Apple River Canyon, which is not really a canyon although the natives call it that. It was late afternoon, and I do not believe I ever saw the fast-running water sparkle more, or the rocks of the canyon reflect their reds and blues more brilliantly. Just above the rapids Mack was slowly "whipping" his fly on the surface of a quiet, deep pond that was nestled close against the steep rock wall. I was tired of fishing; so, in order to enjoy the west rays of the sun, I clambered up the wall toward a small shelf that hung out over the water. After carefully laying down my rod, I stretched out to rest before we started the long walk back to camp.

I had dozed for a few minutes, when that silent sixth sense which all people who sleep in the wilderness have, made me wake up suddenly, but without moving. I lay thus for a very short time; then I heard the voice of Mack, who apparently was below and to the left of me.

"Listen, Joe," he cautioned quietly, "don't be alarmed at what I am going to say, and under no circumstances must you move a muscle of your body, or ask me why you must not."

He spoke quietly, reassuringly, but what he said was as sharp and as cold as ice-water. It was something like being told that an executioner's squad you were facing had only blank bullets in its guns. Obeying this tone in his voice, I remained perfectly motionless, and he spoke again.

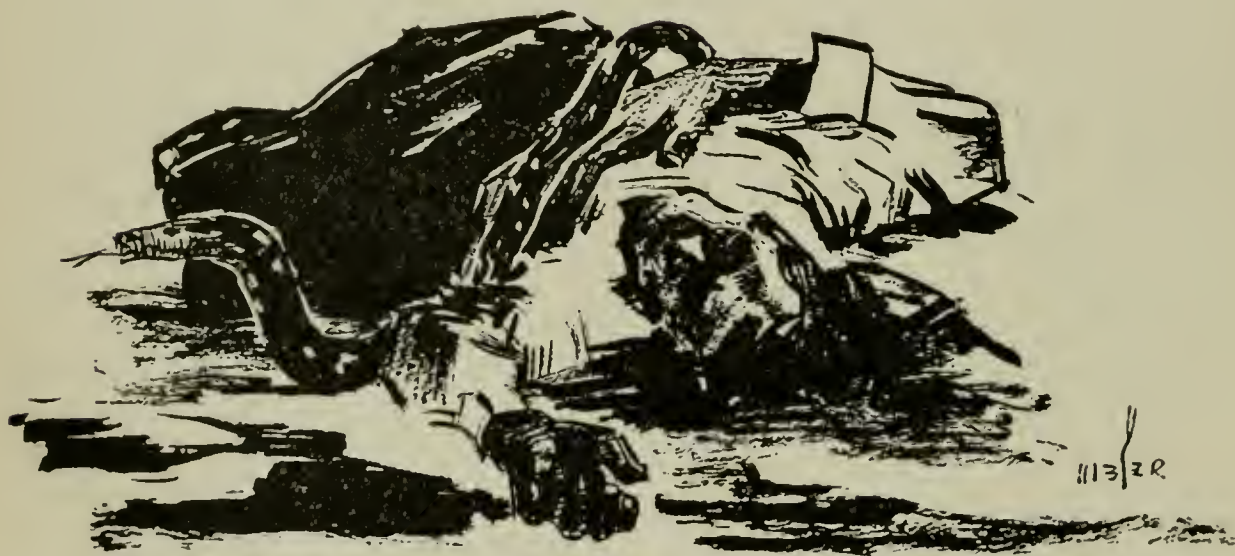
"Now listen carefully, and again, don't move," he warned. "There is a rattlesnake about a foot from you, and slowly approaching you. You will be perfectly safe if you don't move. Perhaps he will crawl around you, but he will not strike if you do not move. I shall not speak again, because it might frighten him."

My muscles tensed; the blood rushed to my face; I wanted to jump and run, anything to get out of there. The thought flashed through my mind that perhaps my companion was joking, but almost the minute it entered, I knew that no one, speaking the way he did, could be joking. Lord! what could I do! If I could only see the snake, perhaps I could kill it, but I dared not move. Thus I waited, unable to analyze my feelings, almost sure of certain death if I moved. I closed my eyes and waited. Suddenly I felt something on the biceps of my right arm—a queer, light touch, clinging for an instant—and then the smooth glide of an oily body. I could feel the muscles of the snake's body slowly contract, then relax as it slid smoothly, oh, how smoothly, across my naked arm. Again and again that body contracted, and again and again it relaxed. At last I saw a flat, V-shaped head, with two glistening, black, protruding buttons. A thin, pointed, sickening-yellow tongue slipped out, then in, accompanied by a sound like that of escaping steam. Slowly, slowly it advanced, the rounded spots on its back and sides drawing together and then stretching to their length as it moved slowly forward. When it was about in the middle of my chest, it paused, slowly turned its head toward me, and fixed its cold, boring eyes in my direction. Now I

could not have moved had I wished; I was fascinated. So he remained, darting his tongue out and in. Finally he slowly, very slowly turned his head, and again moved forward. Once more I had to see and feel the slow contraction, relaxation, contraction, relaxation. The body began to narrow, the spots grew smaller, the cracks on his revolting greenish-white stomach grew closer together and more minute. At last the slender, whipping tail appeared on my chest, and then slowly slid along until

My head felt so queer; up and down, up and down it went. Why, my face was all wet! I weakly shoved at the bronzed arm that shook me, and asked, "What's the matter?"

"God! and only a couple of minutes!" I heard a voice filter into my brain: "Wonderful! I don't think I could have let a rattler crawl across me. Lord! but you're clammy, and look at your muscles and veins, all swollen and red, while your face looks like a dead man's."



Night Cargo

F. SCHURECHT

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

THE trip began at the Chicago terminal. Fred Weppner, the driver, was painting the big chains on Truck 100 as I crossed to the end of the long shed. Behind us a dozen men toiled in the glare

of the loading platform. Boxes, barrels, crates, bundles were being packed into the huge trucks and trailers. Tailboards slammed. Motors barked and roared. Machines lumbered away into the dark-

ness, heading north, south, east. The night fleet of the Chicago Transport Express was beginning to roll.

Fred finished his last-minute job, carefully hung his brush on a hook under the truck, stowed his pail of oil, looking like black molasses, in a rack on the running board, and we both climbed into the cab.

Our load was ready. The "tickets" covering the consignments were handed up in an oilcloth pouch. Fifteen tons, including ten thousand nickel cigars, two dozen guinea pigs, wallpaper piled like cords of stovewood, and a crate of yelping collie pups, were riding on the eighteen balloon tires of our truck and trailer.

With a load more than a fifth of a block long, Fred carefully pulled out of the shed, rolled down a dark alley, and turned into a glittering main street of Chicago. I looked at my watch; it was nine P.M.

For five minutes we worked our way through traffic along residence streets, past factories, out to the suburbs. Then we settled down to the long grind, the roar and clatter of the engine filling the cab.

Fred, who was driving one of his father's trucks for the summer, had invited me to ride on the night-haul to watch a motor transport in operation. Outside our cab a cold wind rushed past. But we were snug and warm, for the heat is automatically regulated in these large trucks.

At the toll house of the Cairo bridge, we pulled up with a hiss of released air from the brakes. Fred fished the three-dollar toll from his pocket. Off again, we cut around a furniture van with five red lights strung across its back, and then bowled along for a mile and a quarter over the white concrete spanning the river.

Beyond Cairo we began to climb out of the valley, and now there were hills all the way. We labored up one side and plunged down the other. The trailer, more heavily loaded than the truck, butted us as we slowed down and jerked back when we speeded up. "When the trailer is full and the truck is almost empty," Fred said, "you need spurs to stay on."

"Do you know why truck drivers wear suspenders?" Fred asked. I made a guess, but it was the wrong one. "It's to keep their shirt tails in. If you wear a belt on a pitching truck, your shirt tails keep coming out all the time."

At this time of night the cities are dead. We roar through canyons between high buildings, past a huge red-brick factory with twin towers, and out into the open country again. A cold mist is closing in. Telephone wires, white silos, and mailboxes are covered with moisture and have a silvery sheen in the beams of our headlights.

From our seats, high in the cabs, the lights of approaching cars seem to pass under us. At Runk's Road Fred throttles down and eases over to the curb, across from an electric sign suggesting food. Inside the restaurant a group of truck drivers are being served. Over the coffee percolator is the cheerful greeting, "Use less sugar and stir like the devil. We don't mind the noise."

When we leave the diner, the fog has thickened. Fred snaps out the dash light so that he can see better. A pale greenish glow enters the cab windows, coming from the high clearance lights running along the top of the truck. Fred explains that our truck is a good fog machine. Its headlights are set low, illuminating the concrete.

A long, gray bus flashes past and disappears in the mist. Suddenly, high in

the sky ahead of us we see two dim close-set lights dropping steadily toward the ground as though in a descending balloon. They brighten and out of the mist comes a car which has descended the invisible road down a long hill.

On this forty-five per cent incline the truck loses headway rapidly. Fred shifts gears five times on the way up. "Now watch her lay back her ears and dig in!" he says as he shifts the last time. Slowly the thundering engine drags the fifteen-ton load up the last hundred yards of the hill and over "the peak." On the other side the fog is even worse. It is billowing up the slope like rolls of cotton. Fred knows every inch of the road and

plunges down the hill for the long toboggan to the bottom.

Cars are thinning out on the roads. On the downward grade we meet a slow truck climbing the hill with the headlights of three impatient passenger machines peering like eyes from around the rear. Then miles go by without a car in sight.

Fred's watch shows five forty-five when we reach the outskirts of Memphis. We emerge into bare, deserted streets, wind through half a dozen blocks between dark warehouses and then back to the terminal. It is a few minutes after six A.M. We have pulled a fifteen-ton load approximately four hundred miles in nine hours.



A Great Surgeon

DALE LINDSAY

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1933-1934

IT was a strange thing that had happened, one of those curious cases that show the fickleness of a mob's psychology. An unidentified boy had been injured in an automobile accident and had been taken to the County Hospital in the city. There had been an operation for the removal of pressure in an apparently simple basal skull-fracture. But something had gone wrong; certainly it was no fault of the surgeon. That brain, so infinitely sensitive, had not responded but had sunk back into darkness. Only life remained to the boy now. His arms and legs were limp and useless. His eyes stared unseeingly into space; strange guttural gibberings had replaced his voice. He lived, but that was all.

A snooping agent of the press ferreted the story out, added a suspicion of incompetent doctors in the public employ, touched up the morbid pathos of the affair, and fed the whole to an avid, scandal-hungry public. A fat, oily politician seized the seed of discontent and issued a statement. "So long as I am in office, incompetence in the sacred trust of public duty shall not exist in our fair city. The rights of the people must be protected. I promise our voters that the perpetrator of this inhuman crime shall be speedily hailed before the bar of justice." Rumors of impeachment before the medical board began to be heard. Then there was the hue and cry for a jury trial and imprisonment. John Smith in the street took up the crusade, and, brandishing his evening paper in one hand, he howled across the backyard fence to his neighbor with apoplectic

fervor, "See! Think they can get away with it, don't they? Turning our hospitals into butcher-shops. I'm a taxpayer and I've got my rights. We'll fix that bird."

At the hospital a door quietly opened and a tall, slim man stepped softly into the room where the boy lay. It was night and there was only the light from a single dim table-lamp. Yet, one could see—the boy was dying. His eyes were glassy and sunken and his face had a peaked, anemic look. He lay motionless; the only sound was the rasping of his labored breathing. The surgeon sat down beside the bed and settled back in his chair with a little sigh of weariness. Years of hard work and that keen sympathy with suffering that one finds in great doctors showed plainly on his face. Gently he laid his hands on the boy's forehead and his fingers groped searchingly about, as if he had the will to know what was wrong within that little head. He placed a hand on the throat that was struggling so hard to breathe, and felt the tearing and choking beneath his hand. Slowly he raised the boy's arm, flexed the fingers one by one, and then let the arm drop limply back. He sat there for a long time, silently watching the boy. Perhaps he thought of the long, hard years of work and study that lay behind him—college, then the medical school, his internship, the years of thankless work in clinics. Maybe he thought of how much this boy's life meant to his reputation and surgical honor. I doubt it. He thought of the boy. Finally he got up, and, with the

courage of his surgical predecessors for a thousand years back, he went out to give the internes his decision. He spoke, and his voice was scarcely more than a whisper, "Gentlemen, we will operate; yes! immediately."

Upstairs the great lights of the operating-room flashed on, blinding in their white intensity. Bandages, gauze, and gowns were taken piping hot and steaming from the sterilizers. The operating table with the still, sheet-draped figure of the boy was wheeled to the center of the room. The surgical spotlights were swung down and focused. The nurses and internes, in white gowns and masks, stood waiting. The surgeon came at last, his hands, wet and dripping with alcohol, held out before him. He slipped into a gown, snapped on a pair of rubber gloves, and walked to the table. He spoke only once, "Shall we begin?" The high, piercing whine of an electric drill broke the silence. The surgeon hesitated a moment, and then bent over swiftly. There was the shrill protest of steel meeting bone, and then it settled down to a steady, nerve-racking chatter as the bit burrowed deeper and deeper into the skull. The monotonous drone of an electric scalpel replaced the whine of the drill. A few deft incisions severed the overlying flap of bone, and it was carefully folded back. Only a thin membrane remained in the way; it vanished like a soap bubble at a touch of the knife. Twenty years of rigid discipline stood back of those fingers on the scalpel. Nerves that would have put steel to shame slowly lowered probes and forceps to the brain tissue. The slight tremble of a finger or a tremor of the hand and it would have been all over, for, as surely as that surgeon was fighting for Life, Death stood at his elbow waiting for a

chance to reach out and claim the boy as its own.

That chance never came. The miracle happened; the probes located two tiny bone splinters lodged in the folds of the brain itself. Gently and swiftly the forceps removed them, and it was enough. The boy's fingers twitched; his thigh muscles quivered involuntarily. The surgeon worked with almost frenzied haste to make good his success. The bony flap was folded back, sutures were inserted, the job was done. The forceps dropped from his nerveless hands and clattered noisily on the tiled floor. He stumbled across the hall to the office and slumped down in a chair, limp with fatigue. A nurse bent over him with some ice water. He attempted a smile. "Thanks," he said, "hard work; hard" His voice trailed off and his eyes flickered shut. He slept.

The morning papers carried the news of that miraculous achievement. The same press that had so morbidly denounced the surgeon now eagerly showered him with praise. "Science has triumphed; all power to this greatest of surgeons!" was the new tune they sang. It happened that on this same day an international clinic of famous doctors opened its sessions at the hospital. It was only fitting that this new genius of surgery should present the opening address. The medical amphitheatre was packed. Tier on tier it rose, spreading out fan-wise around the small semi-circular pit. The press turned out in full glory. Laymen lucky enough to gain admission were glad for the privilege of standing. The medical board which a few hours ago had murmured threats of impeachment waited there respectfully. They were there, all of them, to pay tribute to the genius of a great man. A

hush fell over the crowd. The surgeon walked to the center of the pit, turned, and faced his audience. Slowly he lifted his hand, and I think there were tears in his eyes. His face was tragic, tragic with the pain of being misunderstood. "Gentlemen," he said, and his voice was

low and tired, "we do not seek to work miracles. If, in twenty or thirty years—yes! if in a lifetime we can come a little closer, be a little surer of the truth, that is all we can ask." There was silence, dumb and surprised. A great surgeon had left the room.



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

DOC'S OLDEST KID	1
Anonymous	
WHY DO PEOPLE COLLECT STAMPS?	4
Hamilton Hall	
VOLUME OF POETRY	6
Florence P. Newton	
DANCE ORCHESTRA MUSICIANS	6
Robert Nutting	
HOMECOMING	8
Howard Klein	
MY LOVE FOR SWITZERLAND	9
Margaret Kunz	
I LIKE THE FRENCH	11
Gertrude Stier	
MOONBEAMS ON WATER	12
Florence P. Newton	
BIG HOUSES, LITTLE HOUSES	13
Herbert Kastien	
THE CITY DRUG-STORE	14
Shirley Goodman	
REMINISCING	15
Marion L. Baker	
THE OKLAHOMA CITY OIL FIELD	16
Phillip Simon	
THE CAMPUS WEEK	17
Muriel Day	
"EXALTAVIT HUMILES"	18
Sylvia Stieren	
WINTER IMPRESSION	19
Florence P. Newton	
I LIKE THE FLYING TRAPEZE	19
Francis Prerie	
SKIPPY	21
Dallas Achenbach	
MATILDA AND HEPZIBAH	21
Florence Butler	
MY AUNT HARRIET	23
Harriet Coughenour	
RETRIBUTION	24
Robert W. Gardner	
FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS — 1447	26
Ernest Tucker	



The *Green Caldron* regrets to announce that the narrative entitled "Night Cargo" in the October issue of the magazine was excerpted from "How Nighthawk Trucks Move the Nation's Goods" by Mr. Edwin Teale in the *Popular Science Monthly*, April, 1934.

Doc's Oldest Kid

ANONYMOUS

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

BY WAY of prefacing what is to follow, I might make note of the fact that, as a rule, I enjoy my own company very much, much more than that of some of my intimates. Somewhere I lost something of the gregarious instinct attributed to man. Some people might call me an introvert, although the neighbors rarely stop with such mild terms. I prefer to call myself a bibliovert or, to employ a mild term in better usage, a bibliophile. Since I first learned to read, I have sought my conceptions of things in books, powdering my nose with dried printer's ink and library dust. As a result, I see the people and places about me as projections upon the screen of a page, and their stories as the continuity of a book.

The scene on my own page is a typical little Middle-Western county seat, dominated and regulated by the omnipotent square and county courthouse. About this nucleus revolves the life of the town-atom. One of the many electrons in this structure was my father's office. It always held a great fascination for me, smelling as it did of adhesive plaster, antiseptics, and the thousand and one curiosity-provoking concoctions on the dispensing shelves. There was nothing I liked to do so much as to poke about in the examination room, pulling out drawers, giving the centrifuge a whirl now and then to accompany my investigations with its high, nerve-wracking whine. But the thing that fascinated me most was the microscope. I cannot say in all truth that I regarded it as an instrument of magic, for, in spite of all my

imaginativeness, I was always very suspicious of anything smacking of the miraculous. I had long doubted the existence of ogres, elves, and pixies, especially the last; I always had to finish my neglected work, no matter what I did to lure the little workers out. Rather I classed the microscope with the magic looking-glass of my favorite fairy tales. One called for something, turned a wheel, and saw it! The analogy was made even more apparent by the fact that the high wizard waved a magic glass rod over the slide and let fall thereon a magic drop of some magic elixir. I suspected hokum in both phenomena, but somehow I was unable to put my finger on it.

I have greatly enjoyed being a doctor's son. The position was fraught with pleasure and importance. I used to puff with pride when some stranger would ask my identity. I knew very well that some herring-barrel Buddha would reply, "Him? That thar's Doc's oldest kid." Then perhaps that would call into my pleasant train of thought bitter reflections concerning the segregation of us professional children into favored classes. It has long been wormwood in my tea that the despised "Preacher's kids" should have literary precedence over me and my kind. It cannot be that they have any superior record for bad behavior, for I have often heard the Keepers of Velvety Lawns say that "Doc's kids are even meaner than the Reverend's brats." We certainly make as much noise and can hold our own in physical encounter. The preference has

always seemed to me to be wholly arbitrary and unfair. The great influence of the printed word upon the American public has kept us in the background for generations. It is our sincere hope that science will triumph in the end.

This vicious and derogatory literary favoritism has resulted in total indifference to the intellectual and professional equipment of "Young Doc." He must be a widely informed young animal, an authority, even though self-constituted, on everything, from stomach-ache to cancer. The lay brethren and sisterhood officiating in the public schools are often wont to call upon him for any information pertaining to the profession. I remember one momentous incident of the sort. My teacher had called upon me to supplement the report of our hygiene book upon the dire diseases incurred by neglecting a head cold. I was ignorant even of what the text had to offer on the subject, but my peroration on it brought about a substantial reduction in the rate of sniffles and no doubt drummed up some custom for the office. One is often called upon to diagnose schoolboy aches and pains. I established my fame as a diagnostician on one case. I have remained carefully silent since then. My bosom pal came to Sunday School one morning (back in the days when my vagrant soul was forced back on the "straight and narrow" once a week) with a severe pain located in the region of his belt buckle. He disrupted Biblical discussion with his heroically suppressed groans and his writhings on a squeaky chair. At last I consented to poke an exploratory finger into his middle and advance an opinion upon what caused the complications. I stroked my chin and pondered in the most approved bed-side manner. When I had drained the last drop of attention from the situation, I

rapped out cryptically, "If I were you, I wouldn't delay in having that appendix out!" and refused to elucidate further. Whether my pronouncement had anything to do with subsequent events, I do not know; but they did an emergency appendectomy upon the poor fellow next morning at the hospital.

I always had enough simulated professional *aplomb* to carry off such scenes without loss of face. My hardest task was learning to answer the telephone. I can't persuade a caller to disclose his identity. I sincerely believe that the fad for high-pressure salesmanship has brought on this reticence about revealing one's name. The average person "ain't ago'inta commit hisself." If, by some means of vocal violence or trickery, I am able to extort the name, nine times out of ten I am forced to plead ignorance of the person's system of orthography and to ask him to spell it. Then he hangs up, but I must proceed with the trying task of reaching each port of call in the morning itinerary in the endeavor to find my will-o'-the-wisp sire. I solved the whole problem one day by telling one of his oldest patients that he was "missing," that he had disappeared, I knew not where. Before he reappeared, after a long chess game, my "missing" father had been telephonically kidnapped and murdered in most of the approved bloodier methods. I have ample cause to remember the aftermath of the furor.

It is not strange that at such moments my brain revolts against the load put upon it. Besides its daily routine, the grey matter must keep a sort of card-index "Who's Who among Papa's Patients" for lightning reference. I am presumed to remember each and every one of them. No doubt I have met all of them at one time or another. Perhaps

they clucked and twittered over my early period crib or mayhap composed a familiar compliment to my indolent eyebrow yesterday. "My goo'ness! Yer gittin' t' look more like yer paw every day! Ain't he now, Lizzie?" Lizzie disagrees. She opines that I favor my "maw." Providence may here intervene by imposing an altercation while the subject of the controversy fades gratefully into the background.

Lizzie and her friend are but two drops of brandy from the cosmopolitan mincemeat which the wheels of the gods grind through a country doctor's office. His waiting room is the common meeting place of all—the producers, the middlemen, and the consumers; mortgagor and mortgagee; young and old. It is the living proof that "it takes all kinds." This kaleidoscopic whirl of dramatic characters carry with them a host of equally dramatic episodes. Many times I have been awakened in the middle of the night by the insistent ringing of the telephone or the wracking grind of the starter on the weather-beaten old Dodge. Here was the making of drama—tragedy perhaps, suicide, murder, horrible accidents, sudden death; or a humble bit of pageantry to welcome a new individual.

Besides sating one's taste for the dramatic, life in a doctor's household presents other advantages not always experienced by the layman's progeny. A doctor is often a power in a small town. My father was once a member of the local school board, and I profited greatly during his tenure of office. I was an envied figure in my school and gloried in my importance. I seem to have been endowed with more than my share of arrogance and self-importance. Jehu and his chariot would have been relegated to the ditch had we chanced to pass on the way to make a call. No Hindu

howdah could have been half so inviting or so regal as the use-polished front seat of the Dodge. We used to rattle along at the breath-taking rate of thirty miles an hour after I had learned not to fall out when we hit a bump. I'll wager that no potentate was ever greeted by such a variety of salutes as we received when we slid to a stop in the barnyard of our destination. Squadrons of pigeons swooped overhead, and the greyhounds of the port coursed about, saluting as they circled, while the porcine land batteries over behind the barn grunted their greetings. George, the rooster, assembled his clarion-voiced bugle corps and accompanied the march of the geese and turkeys who ambled down like lords and ladies to give us the latchstring to the farm. Our heavy ordnance replied in kind, especially when we slowed up to make the turn. The Dodge had lost half her muffler somewhere along her well-run road, and when she throttled down, the result was startling, to say the least.

There is also the advantage of careful preservation of health. The only difficulty therein is that sometimes the care becomes burdensomely careful. I was but rarely allowed to go barefooted when I was at the "barefoot boy" age; in fact, my fancies of this sort were indulged outside the immediate sphere of parental influence. I also had to steal moments to seek the illicit joys of the tempting pop-bottle and the lowly tri-china-infested frankfurter. Perhaps it was to my advantage that my voracious appetite was restricted to more prosaic fare, but what joy there was in the golden moments at the county fair pop-stand before some weasel-footed relative appeared to cry, "Verboten!" People would smile as "Young Doc's" frankfurter was confiscated as contraband of kinship. I was always "Young Doc" to

the older men and "Doc" to my playmates. The name was wished on me before I had a chance to establish one of individuality. It was the shadow of my father thrown upon my nickname even as he threw it upon my career, all unconsciously, of course. No matter what my ideas have been, some people have never had a doubt but that I would eventually study medicine.

What chance have I to attain distinction in his field if I should choose it? There would be no doubt but that I must look forward to long years of hard work, a keen struggle for recognition, professional enmity, and lay ignorance or criminal indifference to the achievements of medicine for the public weal. It does not demand the insight of a crystal-gazer to predict a new era in medicine.

First, however, the layman must break away from the absurd fetishes and taboos which he has set up, and allow the practitioner to work as he would for their mutual benefit. There will be drama in the making. Some will weave the romantic web of the marvel of medicine as Vesalius, Harvey, Jenner, and Banting have done. If I choose to join their profession, I cannot follow in my father's footsteps, much as I should like to try, for the day of the general practitioner is surely setting against the rising dawn of specialization. There is something, however, which draws me toward the caduceus, as it drew my parents and their fathers before them. And the oracles seem to foretell the existence of another who will be just "Doc's oldest kid."

Why Do People Collect Stamps?

HAMILTON HALL

Theme 8, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

MANY times I have had the question asked me, "Why do people collect stamps?" I have answered it in the same way so many times that I am going to answer it here for the last time. I am going to put my reasons into print and have copies sent to all my friends. I am going to put a small table by my door and a notice to the effect that anyone who feels even the slightest urge to ask "Why collect stamps?" should take a copy and study it, and thereby find the answer to his question without bothering me. I have reached the limit of my endurance in turning from a study of an early American issue that might be salmon pink or rose pink or just plain

pink to spend half an hour in usually futile explanation to some well-meaning interrupter. This paper, I hope, will silence all future questioners.

To sort through a jumbled stack of old postage stamps, some of them bearing names of mystic places on their postmarks, is to take a flight into the land of romance and fiction. Let the imagination have free rein as you pick from the heap a stamp bearing, in dim, blurred marking, the magic name, Singapore. Instantly there flash to your mind innumerable pictures of swaggering seamen on leave, carousing, battling for their lives with half-caste Malays in a dark, dirty, river-front street, of emaciated

English fugitives from society, in a hidden den of opium smokers, enjoying the blissful, exhilarating soaring of a few hours' dream; of native jungle societies meeting in the very center of the city to sway the lives of thousands of poor peasants through the medium of mysticism and terror. All this is to be seen and more, unless one's imagination has become too dull to respond to such a call. Pick another stamp from the mass. Turn it over and read the postmark. It might be from any corner of the earth; it might have carried its sealed message of business or friendship or love or death far across the stormy sea from someone in an icy, wind-swept, barren village of Labrador; it might have carried news of a traveler, halted in a peaceful oasis far across the burning, deathly still, white sands of the Sahara. If these stamps could speak, what tales of intrigue, of romance, of sorrow they could tell.

But there is a practical as well as an imaginative appeal in this hobby. Five years ago a stamp was sold at auction for \$48,000. This stamp is the most highly valued in the world, a black stamp of British Honduras, a trifling ninety years old. There are actually thousands of stamps in existence that demand many hundreds of dollars, and, moreover, are sold every day for their price. Age is not the only factor in deciding value. There are numerous issues containing errors that have become highly valuable. A sheet of air-mail stamps was erroneously issued by the engraving department at Washington last year. The sheet had been printed from two plates, one of which had been inverted, causing one page to have inverted centers. A quick-thinking employee noticed it in his regular inspection and bought it at face value, \$8.00. A week later he had sold it to a large New York department store

owner for a thousand dollars. The employee lost his job but was a thousand dollars richer by losing it. Occasions such as this are not uncommon, and to find valuable errors in everyday circulation is far from an impossibility. To find a variation in design in a stamp on an old letter is a thrill comparable to that which the first gold seeker in California must have had on discovering his first nugget. It may mean anything from a few dollars to several hundreds as a reward, or it may mean only the satisfaction of adding an oddity to a collection. The latter is often the more pleasing sensation.

The money value element is equalled as a lure to stamp-collecting by the natural desire or instinct, if you will, of man to create order, to organize, to build. The urge to collect or hoard is prominent and is satisfied in various ways. The philatelist chooses to collect postage receipts. He finds satisfaction in efficient and interesting arrangement of his collection. He arranges them by country, by year, by denomination, by design, by color, or by more technical details, such as watermark, perforation, engraving, or paper. He never tires of reorganization, for it is there that some of the most interesting sides of philately appear. There are endless variations that call for expert handling to arrange them precisely and artistically so that in time to come a stamp that has been filed away permanently is not lost.

Besides this mechanical appeal of stamp collecting there is the art interest. Art is not lacking in stamps. Some are gems of engraving, delicate, fine, perfectly colored, and their beauty alone repays the collector. Early British colony issues are eagerly sought after, for they are delicately executed, and the beautiful head of Queen Victoria that appears on

them is a credit to the art of engraving. There is a deep, yet elusive, feeling of all the hauteur and pride of the British Empire expressed in that profile. What a far cry this stamp is from some of the rough, brilliantly colored, eye-catching issues of the smaller modern countries. No wonder collectors seek the old and pass more lightly over the new.

Lastly, there is comfort in stamp collecting. It is a haven for the worried mind, and a place to rest. On a howling winter evening let the collector sit comfortably at a table before a crackling fire

with his stamps spread in books before him, and he is lost to the cares and exacting duties of the day. His mind becomes rested in the soothing romance that radiates from the volumes. He can tour the world in those pages. Magic names flash by: Crete, Iraq, Gold Coast, Gibraltar, Tunis, Madagascar, Haiti, Honduras, Hejas, and countless others. As a hobby, philately offers monetary reward, art, the fascination and satisfaction which come from planning and work, and lastly, romance. What more can be asked?

Volume of Poetry

FLORENCE P. NEWTON

Harvester of dreams made tangible,
Of smiles in lines,
And tears in drops of ink;
Keeper of a night's still, studious hours,
When men, in lifting pen,
Made thousands think.

Dance Orchestra Musicians

ROBERT NUTTING

Theme 7, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

THAT group of musicians who make their living playing popular tunes on legitimate instruments are known as "dance orchestra musicians," or simply "dance men." In their degrees of intellectual attainment and musical ability they can be classified in three prevalent types; the "jazz mad" individual, who "picks up" the instrument by himself; the well-schooled concert man, who is forced by circumstances to play in dance

orchestras; and, finally, the ideal dance man, who "fits" in every way into his position.

The appalling musical and moral conditions in the majority of "small-time" dance orchestras in this country prove the prevalence of the "jazz mad" type. He is usually to be found in some "barnstorming" organization or on location at some mediocre cafe. He has had little or no musical training but holds what

small amount of prestige he possesses by the novelty use of his instruments. In his own eyes he is a master performer and, because of this egotistical complex, usually progresses but little, either musically or mentally. Like most self-esteemed people he is happy and confident in his work. Morally he is a mere follower of custom, and the ordinary diversions of jazz-band people are notoriously without ethical limit. He is the gipsy of the dance-band world.

The "converted" concert man differs from the "jazzy" type in almost every respect. He is highly trained musically and, as a result, has had to train himself mentally. He is usually found in that class of orchestras which play for commercial radio programs or for the making of phonograph records. He has been forced into the dance music "game" under stress of financial circumstances

and, because of this and his knowledge of finer music, is seldom very happy at his work. He grinds out his music with mathematical precision but is unable to put much of his real self into it. In most cases he is a home-loving person who has tried all his life to make a business out of better music and, because of the perverted public taste, has failed.

The ideal dance orchestra musician is a combination of the "hotcha" musician and the musically well-trained man. He has become technically superior on his instrument without having delved too much into high-class music. In other words he has not cultivated his taste to the extent that he is dissatisfied or discontented with his work. The glamour of showmanship has a permanent appeal to him, and, with temperance, he blends into the gay and fast-moving life. He "fits" his position, and his position "fits" him.



Homecoming

HOWARD KLEIN

Theme 4, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

HOMECOMING, like Interscholastic, is something that both students and alumni would be quite happy to see abolished. I am certain that the students would like to have this unspeakably tiring week-end abolished, because I can hear all about me the complaints and sorrowful comments of men whose towels, shaving equipment, shirts, ties, suits, and girl-friends are to be taken from them from Friday until Sunday afternoon; I am almost equally sure that the alumni would be quite satisfied to have Homecoming done away with, because from the looks on the visitors' faces, both when they alight from their automobiles and when they leave for Chicago, it is easy to see that there are hundreds of places where they would rather be.

Of course, such unpopularity as Homecoming enjoys must be deserved. It is. Put yourself, for a moment, in the place of the boy enrolled in the university. At the time of the semester when Homecoming occurs, he is, if he is normal and enjoying life at all, behind in his school work, short of funds, and in the midst of a more or less torrid romance. However, with all these complications, he is still looking at the world through rose-colored glasses; the sky is blue, and the songs of the southbound birds are music to his ears. Suddenly into this happy atmosphere comes a blight, a plague, in the form of sixty or seventy whooping, carousing, borrowing alumni. The peace of the fraternity, and of the campus in general, is broken, and it cannot be regained for at least a week

after this horde has gone. The scholastic assignments drop still further behind, the debts mount higher, and the course of true love runs less smoothly than ever before. Is it any wonder that the hosts of Homecoming week-end feel as they do about it?

Now take it from the opposite angle—that of the alumni group. Most of them are in business, and a number of them have taken wives unto themselves. They can no longer go out on a binge, and recover completely in half a day, and they are more conscious of their growing inadequacies than the casual observer is likely to imagine. All they want is time to take care of their business, to get sufficient sleep, and to be left alone to enjoy their college days merely through retrospect and memory. All of a sudden they are roused by a blood-curdling letter from the social committee of their old fraternity—an invitation to come back to school for another week-end of gross dissipation. They shudder, invariably, but are too proud to admit their debility; too ashamed that they have no desire to keep in step with the young men. And so they come. They come, and for forty-eight hours they eat bad food, drink bad liquor, feel the burden of imposition that they are placing on the younger men, and get no sleep at all. Is it any wonder that the guests of Homecoming week-end feel as they do about it?

Is there any doubt, in the face of this evidence, that anyone who has anything to do with Homecoming week-end would like to see it abolished?

My Love for Switzerland

MARGARET KUNZ

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

SWITZERLAND! The very word thrilled my whole being with a host of vague memories and glorious expectations. Having spent a year there as a small child, I had many scattered impressions of that country: enormous chocolate bars displayed in neat shop windows; gloriously rosy-tinted Alps in the light of the setting sun; little brown Swiss chalets snuggled against each other in quiet, little mountain villages; and hordes of aunts and uncles and other relatives eyeing me curiously to see if I was a worthy descendant. And now I was to spend another year of my life in Switzerland. Great, very great were my expectations! I wondered whether I would find that my memory had not built up an entirely imaginary Switzerland and whether I would love Switzerland as much as upon my first visit. My "wonderings" were soon satisfied. After spending my second year in Switzerland, I understood its people and its institutions so much better than upon my first visit and had seen so many more of its natural wonders that my love was greatly increased; it became an integral part of me. Probably in view of the fact that both of my parents grew up in Switzerland, this consciousness was to be expected; but I know it never could have been without my learning to love the Swiss people through actual living with them in their own beautiful surroundings.

While attending school in Zurich for a period of five months, I learned something of the history of the little nation tucked between the more-powerful European countries like a referee between op-

posing forces. Switzerland saw its beginning in 1291 when Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden formed a confederation to protect themselves against the oppressions of the representatives of the Holy Roman Empire of which they were a part. One by one the other twenty-two cantons joined the confederation until in about 1800 the joining of Tesine, Wallis, and Neuenberg produced Switzerland as we see it today. The government is a true democracy, and in all its policies and actions expresses the desire of the people for neutrality and peace. The form of the government is very much like ours here in America. There are three branches: the legislative, composed of an upper and a lower house; the judicial body, composed of seven judges; and the executive branch, composed of a ministerial cabinet, which annually elects one of its members to serve as president for one year. Parties and the crooked methods they use in America play a small part in politics; a man is elected for his merits and the principles for which he stands. On the whole the people feel a more genuine respect for their government than we do here in America.

The population of Switzerland is about three and a half million. Of this number about seventy-five per cent live in rural districts and make their living from the soil and from such industries as silk-weaving, wood-carving, and watch-making. The Swiss peasants are a hard-working, contented people who live calm, steady, patient lives, forcing the bare essentials out of the soil by old-fashioned devices. Having spent about

two months with my aunt in one of these rural villages, I became acquainted with their philosophies of life, which are strongly colored by religion. They believe that the only honest way to live and progress is through hard work and a strong faith in a Higher Power. The lives of these peasants reflect this philosophy through a spirit of happy, satisfied, routine living which is broken by occasional festivities such as a wedding or a fair. Their modest yet attractive homes, brightened by green shutters and colorful window boxes, and their fields of potatoes, rye, or wheat speak of a well-developed sense of tidiness and thrift. Their beautiful home lives, strengthened by genuine bonds of affection among the members of the families, produce an atmosphere rarely found in America.

The Swiss cities are beautifully built and tell of prosperous, beauty-loving citizens who take pride in their homes and cities. We spent five months in Zurich, one of the finest of Swiss cities, which is situated right on Lake Zurich. From our hotel, which stood at the top of the Zurichberg, we had an impressive view down over the city, which is divided in two by the slow-moving waters of the Aare. The hundreds of church steeples whose bells set the city into vibrations of glorious silvery music on Sunday mornings and the magnificent garden-surrounded homes create a colorful scene. Bern, the capital of Switzerland, Geneva, Luzern, and Basle are other Swiss cities which express the highly developed aesthetic sense of their inhabitants. These city people are firm, honest, sincere human beings making a living through honest trades and businesses. Their stores are mostly privately owned. We found few "chain-stores" and big department stores. The downtown areas, usually situated in the oldest

parts of the cities, are crossed by narrow streets occasionally opening into big squares decorated with sparkling fountains or statues of Swiss heroes.

Although I admire Switzerland both for its democratic institutions and honest, serious citizens, my greatest admiration arises out of the almost indescribable wonders of the natural world with its beautiful mountains, lakes, and forests. Perhaps I can best describe to you the sovereignty of the Swiss Alps by relating briefly our trip up to the Kleine Scheidegg, a big plateau situated high in the Bernese Alps. We left the little village of Grindelwald, which is tucked way down in the bottom of the Rhine Valley, early in the morning and followed a path leading up through sweet-smelling clover meadows where lazy, contented cows stood grazing innocently in the morning sun. The silvery tinkle of their bells added a musical quality to the otherwise unbroken early-morning silence. As we progressed slowly, steadily uphill, we came through fragrant pine forests where treading on soft beds of pine needles rested our weary feet. From time to time we passed a few dreary little mountain huts with thin columns of blue smoke rising from their chimneys to tell us that the proprietors had already started the fires burning under their big vats of milk from which the famous Swiss cheeses are made. Now the path led from meadows richly carpeted with Alpine roses, blue gentians, and velvety purple pansies through several big beds of snow and ice. We knew that we must be approaching our goal. Suddenly a sharp turn in the path brought us face to face with that celebrated mountain trio, "Jungfrau, Monch, and Eiger." We stopped, almost frightened by these glistening, sparkling treacherous monarchs gazing down upon

us in all their royal splendor. Their jagged glaciers, stinging white snow beds, and lofty summits reaching into another world presented a forceful sight. We felt keenly the presence of a Higher Power in these mountains; and a great humility came over us.

The Jura mountains with their gentle grassy slopes and thinly-wooded areas tell of a more ancient existence. Spending a day with them makes one calm and serene and happy. They face one of the most beautiful of Swiss lakes, Lake Geneva, over which peers the distant Mont Blanc like a far-away yet mighty sov-

ereign. The historic sites on Lake Geneva such as Chateau Chillon and the wealthy resort towns like Montreux and Vevey attract many beauty-seeking tourists. Luzern lies on the Vierwaldstadter See, which is another of the deep blue Swiss lakes surrounded by rugged peaks. This combination of mountain and lake scenery in Switzerland is unique.

Yes, I feel that Switzerland is a part of me and will always remain a part of me. Anyone who has really inhaled the atmosphere of beauty and honesty and stability found there will, I am sure, feel the same way.



I Like the French

GERTRUDE STIER

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

I HAVE often asked myself why I like the French, and after a certain amount of deliberation I have come to the conclusion that it is because their racial characteristics are everything that mine are not. Emotionally and mentally they are the antithesis of the Germans.

My unprejudiced opinion is that the French are not superior mentally to the Germans, but they are much more alert. They have the art of clever innuendo developed to a fine point, while the Teuton is blunt and literal; they are quick at repartee, while the German hesitates,

hems, and haws until the spirit of the controversy sinks with a leaden thud. The Frenchman's intellectual tastes are so versatile that one day he is uplifted by the inspiration of philosophy, the next, he pursues the pagan pleasures of the flesh, and the third day perhaps, he is enmeshed in the thrall of science. The German, on the other hand, is practical and generally perfects himself in one line of thought or endeavor, but ordinarily we do not think of him as versatile in his tastes. Can you visualize William I or Bismarck, standing with rapt admiration before the perfect lines of a Venus de Milo?

My principal reason for liking the French, however, rests upon the emotional difference. From earliest childhood I was fed upon theories of Spartan-like fortitude. Extremes of emotion were frowned upon, and the happy mean, which results in a colorless lack of ecstasy, was taught as the ideal. Now, I look at the Frenchman with his gaiety, his vivacity, his *joie de vivre*, and wish that I might be like that, but although the heights and depths of emotion may exist within my nature, the expression of them is impossible. The Frenchman

makes love as gracefully as he does everything else, and, in spite of the fact that my masculine contemporaries may consider that a questionable accomplishment, to the feminine heart it is a virtue that would improve many a boring swain. Then, the Frenchman seems to derive pleasure from such trivial things. He has an infinite capacity for finding something beautiful in his everyday life, or at least something which seems beautiful to him. There is a friendliness in his treatment of everyone that is as refreshing as a warm April rain, for it seems to draw out each person's latent qualities for good. His temper, while not as even as that of the German, is sweeter in this respect—when he becomes angry, he is at red-hot heat for a moment and then cools down and forgets, but the smoldering resentment of the German race is almost proverbial.

It may be that I am unduly influenced by the type of Frenchman I have met personally, but they were such pleasant companions that I give credit to the race that can produce an everchanging source of interest—a chameleon of temperament.

Moonbeams on Water

FLORENCE P. NEWTON

The tardy moon
Rose from the sea,
And careless in
Her fright,
Pressed upon
Each peakéd wave
Footprints
Of yellow light.

Big Houses, Little Houses

HERBERT KASTIEN

Theme 7, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

EVER since I can remember, my family has moved a great deal. During my life I have lived in seven different homes, which have ranged from five-room bungalows to fourteen-room houses. I can remember each place distinctly, not as a house but as a scene of some past action. When I think of a house, I think of the incidents that took place in it, and I connect it with some past pleasure or pain.

The first home in which I lived was a bungalow. It was truly a child's paradise, for it had everything that a small boy could desire. Toys and pets of all sorts helped me to enjoy myself for hours at a time. I owned the world. While I was still very small, I experienced my first change of home; we moved to my grandmother's. But no sooner had I become accustomed to my new environment than I contracted whooping cough. Often I would "whoop" for hours at a time; I could get relief only when I slept. This made it necessary that I stay in bed for six months. Although the room in which I was confined was pleasant enough, how little and dreary it grew to be! How glad I would be when I could play and do as I wanted again! As soon as I was well, I decided to make a tour of the house by myself. Every corner from the basement to the attic was within my reach. Being naturally inquisitive, I decided to learn how the attic light switch worked. After taking it apart, I began to explore the inside of it with a metal tool of some sort. Much to my amaze-

ment, currents of electricity shot through my hand and arm; I was so frightened by the shock from the switch that I came to regard everything in the house with fear. I would even hide in my room while the vacuum sweeper was being used.

After living in my grandmother's dreadful house, I was more than pleased to move to an apartment. Life there was perfect, for I had a new baby sister to help take care of. For hours I would sit by the cradle watching her, and when she would cry, I was not content until the nurse had quieted her. While she was learning to walk, we moved again. She was not quite so important now, for I had started to school and was making friends with my schoolmates.

Then came two new homes in quick succession; first, I found myself in the country, with a large yard, a stable, and ponies. We lived in the country for two years, and during that time I learned to ride and to enjoy the out-of-doors. Whenever the weather was fit, a large group of us would go for long rides on our ponies, often camping out for the night. Never before or since have I so thoroughly enjoyed myself. Finally, in the third summer, much to my disappointment, Father decided to move back to town, and in town we have lived ever since.

As I grow older, I appreciate more and more the importance of the houses I have lived in. They have been homes to me, and as home they recall pleasant memories.

The City Drug-Store

SHIRLEY GOODMAN

Theme 7, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

THE old drug-store, once a family institution, is rapidly becoming extinct. Not many years ago, a wooden sign saying simply "Drugs" proclaimed to the world that here was a place where one might buy liniment, liver pills, stomach tablets, or any concoction designated by his physician. In the window, on each side, were two great glass globes filled with blue, red, or green water which held a peculiar fascination for the neighborhood children. The window display consisted of intricate pyramids built of the bottles of somebody's remarkable patent medicine, which was guaranteed to cure every human ailment and grow hair on bald heads. As one opened the door, the jolly tinkling of a bell announced his arrival. The hardy odors of camphor, chloroform, and ammonia were prevalent, giving the place a therapeutic atmosphere. Looking around the room, he might observe shelves of important-looking jars and bottles covered with a film of dust. A door at the back of the room, bearing the warning "Private," led to the chamber where the mysterious alchemy was performed. There is one such place left near our house—a real drug-store whose only business is selling drugs; but everybody in the neighborhood has his prescriptions filled at Walgreen's.

The drug-store of to-day is also an institution, but a very different one. In the window one finds the portrait of a moving-picture actress who smokes Camels for her nerves, a new mechanical toy for children, the current best-sellers at popular prices, and Suzette's rejuvenating wrinkle cream. The neon sign

flashes the name of the proprietor, followed by a motto telling you to meet your friends there. This saves the owner the embarrassment of classifying his store. Plastered on the door and windows are signs telling of the latest fountain specialties. Walking inside, one sees a sight which vies with the old-world market-places. The enormous, white-tiled room is subdivided. Across one long wall is the sparkling chromium and marble fountain where he may order drinks, delicious steak dinners, toasted sandwiches, or amazing compounds of digestion-ruining substances. In one corner is a rack containing all the most popular movie and detective magazines. On the other side is the fragrant cosmetic counter, where one may buy all the essentials to feminine well-grooming. In the middle of the room is a table on which toys and games are displayed. Here tennis-rackets, golf-clubs, ping-pong sets, and all the newest bathing togs may be purchased. Near the door is the tobacco counter where cigars, cigarettes, pipes, pipe-tobacco, snuff, and chewing-tobacco are sold. Atop this case is a chewing-gum vender and a tall display of all kinds of candies. One counter offers greeting-cards for every occasion, and at another the customer may buy kitchen utensils. If one looks very carefully, he will discover, tucked away behind the rental library, the prescription counter.

The staid old city drug-store died with the age of sobriety. In its place is our new drug-store, bright, shiny, gay—emblematic of its era.

Reminiscing

MARIAN L. BAKER

Theme 3, Impromptu, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

I HAVE not traveled extensively or often, but the few trips I have taken have impressed me very much, and I cannot forget them. The most vivid recollection I have of traveling is of a trip taken when I was about six years old. I lived then in southern Ohio, where I was born, and my mother's parents lived in Illinois. Every year our family went to visit them during the summer. My first trip to Illinois was taken when I was two months old. After that I came to Illinois every summer until I was seven, when we moved to this state. But this last trip still lingers in my mind, a memory which I treasure because it is such a simple, childlike fancy.

My parents, sister, and I traveled on the train. I loved to ride and always had to sit next the window, from which I could hardly turn my eyes, so fascinating was the out-of-doors to me. I thought it queer how fast the telephone poles flashed by, and although I knew it was I that was moving, I fancied that it was they marching along as soldiers to a battle. I loved to hear the whistle of the train far ahead as if it were in the distance. We traveled over bridges spanning rivers and streams. How I disliked that! I always held my breath for fear that something might happen, but it never did—to my great relief. From the window I saw the broad fields and pastures of Indiana, the rolling hills and wooded districts, and the forests. How I loved the tall straight trees scattered here and there! There were also the homes to see along the

way. Sometimes, it seemed as if we went right through people's yards. Children would be playing in the yard, and the clothes would be hanging on the line. Then my eyes would close for a while.

When I awoke, it was dark outside and very lonely looking. The lights in the train were on, and I could look out the window by pressing my face against the pane. We passed through small towns while the crossing bells rang and cars waited for us to go by. Lights flashed here and there—in homes, in stores, and on street corners. We passed another train—it was noisy, and its lights were so bright. Then, again, we were by ourselves on the track and nearing our destination.

Before I knew it, we were off the train and bundled into a car, a large open car, and were on our way again. The wind was furious and blew my hair in my face, but it felt good. The car made such a noise and the road was so uneven that I could not sleep although my eyes kept closing. When we stopped suddenly, we were before my grandfather's house. It was as if we were in the country—sweet scents from the garden, the crickets and katy-dids welcoming us, and the refreshing qualities of the open air. I was hustled to bed but, being near the window, had to have another look outside. The stars were shining with brilliance, glittering at me boldly. The trees in front of the house seemed to bow down and welcome me. There was the continual din of the chirping of crickets and, again, the argument of katy-did, katy-didn't. Then, as

if from another world came another call—whoo! whoo! whoo! An owl! I laid my head on the pillow and listened.

Again, it sounded—whoo! With the hooting of an owl still ringing in my ears, I went into a sound sleep.

The Oklahoma City Oil Field

PHILLIP SIMON

Theme 7, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

THE smell of oil in the air, the sight of sweaty drillers scrambling up and down the side of a rig, and the steady hum of the cable tool as it plunges into the earth have a certain effect upon people that can never be forgotten. It is the lure of the oil game, the hope of gold-lined pockets, that brings people of all nationalities and creeds, of all denominations and faiths, and of all motives to the newly found oil field.

Thus it was no surprise, in the year 1928, to see thousands of people trek to the new discovery in the oil world, the Oklahoma City Field. The word had passed around like wild-fire that the *Mary Sudick* had been struck just outside Oklahoma City. This well was the largest in the world, producing fifty thousand barrels an hour. With oil selling for two dollars and a half a barrel, it did not take long for the millions to pile up and the largest field in the world to start. Many other well discoveries immediately followed that of the *Mary Sudick*, and the large oil companies bought leases. With the large companies interested, the field developed very rapidly, and millions of dollars were made practically overnight. Men who were formerly unemployed were hired as tool pushers at twenty-five dollars a day; farmers who once struggled for existence found themselves in doubt between a Lincoln and a Rolls-Royce.

The field had a marked effect on the progress of the city. Oklahoma City grew in five years from a hundred and fifty thousand people to a hundred eighty-five thousand people. One encountered on the streets many foreigners who had traveled miles to investigate "this new million-dollar liquid called oil." The city became an attraction for tourists who desired to see an oil rig and to view at night the wells lighted by a hundred and fifty thousand lights. Of course the field "boomed" the business of the city, and poured thousands of dollars into the coffers of the city treasury as tax money.

And yet, behind all the glamour of the oil field, there lurked a terrible monster of crime. The field brought not only good to the city but also evil. It was only natural that among all the people to make the rush to Oklahoma City there would be robbers, murderers, and criminals of the lowest type. Many of the people came with no intention of making an honest living, but of being parasites on society. This type of people caused the city council no end of trouble. Then the greedy oil companies, in search of more wealth, threatened not only the beauty of the city but the health of the inhabitants by drilling too close to the residential section. This caused another problem for the city council. They, of course, refused to allow the oil com-

panies to infringe upon the people's rights.

Yes, the oil field has had its good and bad effects on Oklahoma City. It caused Roger Babson to state, "Without a doubt, the city that has weathered the

storm of depression the best is Oklahoma City." It caused Homer Cummings, Attorney General of the United States, to say, "Without the oil field Oklahoma City would do away with seventy-five per cent of her crime."

The Campus Week

MURIEL DAY

Theme 6, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

THE Campus Week is unique in its own carefree existence. Unlike the N. R. A. employee of definite working hours, the student works only when he finds time between practicing for football, phoning agriculture clubs for the *Illini*, or attending dance-committee meetings, not a definite eight hours a day. The Greeks may have had a word for the name of each day in the week, but the similarity between the hey-day of Socrates and the modern campus week ends with the word, Monday.

Monday! the average *Illini* rises at five minutes to eight and eats his banana on the way to class while dodging in and out between elm-trees and police-dogs. The student has not a well-scrubbed classroom demeanor, but surveys the world from the fog of his own recollection of Saturday night's broken milk-bottles. By Tuesday he has begun not only to recognize the surrounding landmarks but to take an active interest in Wednesday's Poli Sci hour examination.

Wednesday is the turning-point of the whole week; for life in an enveloping maze of pen and papers has taken on the hurried scramble for which we Americans are so ably reputed. It is on Thursday that all students have the accom-

plished intelligent expression which is intended to fool the instructor. Thursday afternoon the "coke n' smokes" are filled with the wanton spenders of father's hard-earned silver dollars and the latest low-down on the big-shot majority.

The eyes of all *Illini* are filled with a gleam of hope on Friday. They may sit through a painful lecture on the mammals of Kalamazoo without yawning, for they are dreaming of the date Saturday night with the blond goddess. All races on the between-class track have moved down to a slow run.

Saturday and Sunday are the days of rest and are different only because the student who has classes on Saturday morning will sleep Sunday morning instead. Saturday afternoon and evening are spent in pleasurable amusement whether the individual may choose to cheer the fighting *Illini* or dance at Bradley's to the tune of one dollar plus tax or the fire-escape. On Sunday afternoon the male population waits in line to see Mae West while the feminine sex tear their hair in useless expectations of a Sunday night supper-date. By ten-thirty P.M., nine hundred and ninety-nine students have resolved to make A's in all classes. Aren't we all here to study and receive an education?

“Exaltavit Humiles”

SYLVIA STIEREN

Theme 9, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

NEXT to me in zoology laboratory sits Emery. For every five drawings that the rest of the students make, he produces, on the average, three, while the instructor vainly urges him on to greater productivity.

I envy Emery, the misfit, the failure, the laughing stock of the class. He has the scientific spirit of investigation; and that seems to be just the reason why it may take him double time to pass the course. His soul stands serene. No one can hurry him; he heeds not the clock. He knows what he wants from the course and it perturbs him not one whit that his scholastic rating is low. His work is its own reward. He doesn't need the plaudits of grades. I seldom find the time to locate under the microscope even the minimum that is required of us, because the drawings must be made (by some wile or guile) and handed in on time if one wants a high grade. I work for the grade, and that's all I get—the grade.

It seems to me that civilization is one long magnification of the qualities which Emery manifests. He tells me that he has never made high grades; I comprehend that to most people he would show little indication of brain because of his inability to soak up a lot of facts, and because of his lack of avidity for book lore. He is made of the stuff which pedagogues prefer to scrap. Yet, just from sitting beside him in his rapt enthusiasm, I have comprehended more of the eternal verities of protoplasm than a score of lectures have conveyed to me.

There is no lack of opinion that col-

lege is no place for a student who makes no better grades than Emery. Yet, the very fact that such a person is in a school of higher education may be pregnant with promise of his patience, steady effort, and determination to arrive. I recall one's saying that genius consists of holding on for just one minute longer. My six years of intimate observation of people struggling for place out in the “hard, cruel world” tends to confirm that. I note that the rareripes show an overwhelming tendency to rot early, for it is seldom their nature to conserve their energy. Supersensitiveness of mind is common to them so that their well-laid plans become “sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought.” They arrive less surely at comfort, and even celebrity, than the patient, industrious plodders.

Much talent is late in flowering. Hubbard lists somewhere a great number of men who were past fifty when their “immortal children” were brought into the world. As for Scott and Byron, the heavens gave no sign when those two entered the classroom. Ulysses S. Grant was past two score years before it was found he could do anything but ride a horse uncommonly well. Patrick Henry was considered stupid enough as a boy to drive any teacher to the flowing bowl, while Ingersoll was said to be sufficient to induce his mentors to opium or strong drink. The boy who stood at the foot of the class of 1934 graduates from West Point was honored because, some twenty-odd years before, his father had occupied the same lowly position, but had risen to eminence in the practical test of the

Skippy

DALLAS ACHENBACH

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

HALF of a graham cracker is balanced on the edge of the window sill, likely to topple over onto the slanting porch roof. On the limb of an adjacent maple, with his hind claws pricking the rough bark, his grey, plump body and expanded tail in rhythm with the soft motion of the branches, sits Skippy, sawing through a walnut. The inquiring eyes lift; they jerk toward the porch roof and then to the window sill. The nut bangs on the porch roof and thuds to the ground. Skippy makes a hurried head-first descent to the roof with a four-point landing. Here his bravado deserts him. Nostrils quiver and eyes blink in indecision. He sits down on his haunches, forepaws suspended, and makes a jerky survey of the roof. Courage returns with a forward scratch of

nails over the shingles toward the cracker. The white curtain in the window flutters, but Skippy does not wait to investigate. A blur shoots through the air like the swoop of a bat and disappears on the other side of the maple. A sleek, protruding head peers through the forks. Temptation overcomes fear. With an occasional spasmodic retreat the would-be thief slinks toward the window sill. Reaching the window, he stretches out his neck in an attitude of careful watchfulness and stands petrified. His furry body jerks fitfully, but, instead of scurrying away, he bounces to the window sill. Sharp needle teeth snatch the cracker. Grey bounds across the roof onto the tree; grey streaks up a slender limb. Bits of crumbs sprinkle the ground beneath.

Matilda and Hepzibah

FLORENCE BUTLER

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

SOME of my happiest, as well as some of my unhappiest, childhood memories are centered around the two Blake "girls." I can still distinctly remember sitting stiffly erect on the excessively hard wooden pew always occupied by our family, and seeing Hepzibah and Matilda march into church on Sunday morning.

Hepzibah was always a little ahead of her sister, and the purple pansies on her summer hat were as unyielding as the

pheasant quill on her velvet toque. Always they seemed to frown upon Matilda's brilliant red cherries or yielding black ostrich plume. Fascinated by this common spectacle, I used to watch the black plume nod or the cherries quiver as Matilda bowed surreptitiously to her neighbors while being towed down the aisle by the uncompromising Hepzibah, who never allowed her glance to stray to one side or the other.

Hepzibah's rustling black taffeta quite

amused me—amused me far more than did Hepzibah herself. And it quite drowned out the gentler swish of Matilda's black alpaca. Both dresses were after the manner of the 1890's. But as a sort of compensation for my love of Hepzibah's dress, I adored Matilda's back. It was a nice back, smoothly rounded and comfortable looking. Matilda's head bobbed around jerkily while she vainly endeavored to keep awake to listen to the intolerably long and dry sermon. I found much consolation in the fact that even my daytime idol could not stay awake to enjoy or profit by the preaching of any one of the long series of black-coated clergy that passed through our pulpit.

The Sundays I liked best were those when Mother, as an especial favor to me, would allow me to sit with Matilda. Then I could nestle up close to her, resting my head upon her ample bosom while I contentedly fell asleep sucking one of the round white peppermint lozenges that she always managed to dig out of her capacious purse. But I would have sooner thought of leaning on the North Pole—had I known there was a North Pole—than of leaning on Hepzibah's

shoulder. For even her padded bodice could not conceal the barrenness of her body. Besides, she never for a moment took her eyes off the face of the minister.

Hepzibah was always acting the part of conscience and guide to Matilda. And Matilda had one of those sweet, uncomplaining natures that seem to have been created for the sole purpose of giving the Hepzibahs someone to dominate. Matilda would have been an ideal mother. Hepzibah could never have been anything but the genteel "old maid aunt" found in every family. While we took our childish woes and joys to Matilda and received cookies or scoldings or sympathy, depending upon the confidence, we went out of our way to avoid the unsmiling Hepzibah. Instinctively we could feel that she considered children "necessary evils" to be seen but not heard.

So much a part of the village were these two dissimilar sisters that I feel that, if I were to return today, I would be greeted by a cheerful twinkle in the eyes of the dumpy Matilda and a cold, steely glance from the uncompromising Hepzibah.



My Aunt Harriet

HARRIET COUGHENOUR

Theme written on Rhetoric II final, May, 1934

MY Aunt Harriet is eighty-two and wealthy and walks with a cane. She is a bird-like little creature. Why, she eats nothing for dinner but vegetables and crackers, and perhaps drinks a little hot water. But she lives—that is the miraculous thing. And every year we heave a sigh and check off another year for Aunt Harriet. And every year she buys a new hat, huge and high and black, with a flower in the back and a bow in the front, and every year we think, “How silly of her to buy a new hat when she is getting so old and feeble.” But she goes on buying hats just the same and growing healthier every day. Every summer she gets tired of the city and goes to California, and each time we sigh and think it is the last time. But suddenly in September we get a telegram from Aunt Harriet saying she is arriving in town at midnight. Father grumbles and Mother fusses, but we all pile in the car and meet Aunt Harriet at midnight. She steps off the train, cane and all, and hobbles up to meet us, looking a little older and a little more feeble, and we stand in line waiting to kiss her and ask in quiet voices, “Did you have a nice trip, Aunt Harriet?” And she murmurs, “Yes, but it’s good to be home,” and we all go slowly back to the car, holding her arms and talking quietly.

Four years ago she broke her leg. It was while she was on one of her numerous trips, and the family was in an uproar. The telegram came at midnight (as always) and nothing would do but for Mother to leave at once for Colorado. So we packed her off, and in a few days a telegram came saying that Aunt

Harriet was out of danger and was improving rapidly. So we sighed again, and in three months, much to our surprise, Aunt Harriet was home again with presents for us all, a little paler but still the same. She greeted us with a cheery smile and a fond caress, and we all went home for dinner. And Aunt Harriet ate vegetables and crackers and drank a little hot water and talked about Colorado. But not once did she mention her accident, and we all knew better than to say anything about it.

Every year she spends Christmas with us, and every year there are three little white envelopes tied on the tree in inconspicuous places. And the envelopes are always addressed to my two brothers and me from Aunt Harriet. When we were younger, the envelopes contained subscriptions to beautifully colored children’s magazines, but we have outgrown them, and now they always hold a fat check.

Every year Aunt Harriet takes a trip to the dressmaker’s. And every year she has a new black lace dress and a new gray wool dress. And every summer there is a new navy voile, and a black sheer with white trimming. Never anything else.

So the years go by. . . . And every year Aunt Harriet buys a new hat, high and huge and black, and goes to California. And every fall she sends a telegram at midnight and we all traipse down to meet her. And every Christmas there are three white envelopes on the tree. And on Sunday she comes for dinner and eats nothing but vegetables and crackers and drinks a little hot water. . . .

Retribution

ROBERT W. GARDNER

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

ONE summer evening a few years ago, a strange weary-looking man approached me as I sat on the front porch.

"I would like to see your father," said he, in a somewhat gruff voice, but with a friendly manner.

"I'll call him for you," I replied, and going to the door I told my father that a man was there to see him.

The man removed his hat and took the chair I offered him. He was a middle-sized man about forty years old, dressed in an old, worn suit, blue shirt, and faded necktie. He carried a small grip. His black hair, slightly gray at the temples, was combed straight back, disclosing a livid scar on his left temple. Although he had regular features, with a wide, short nose and square chin, his sallow face and hollowed eyes gave him a peculiarly tired appearance. He softly whistled a little tune, but his eyes moved restlessly about without fixing on any particular object.

Soon my father appeared at the door, and the man, rising, introduced himself as Henry Blake. "A man in town," said he, "told me that you needed some help for the summer. I'll work for whatever wages you want to pay."

My father was not very well pleased with his appearance, but he did need help, and the last part of the man's offer sounded pretty good to him. "Have you had any experience?" he asked.

"Yes," the man replied, "but not for several years. I have been working in the city for the last few years, but my company went broke; so I have been out of work since last January."

"Well," said my father, "if you think you can do the work, I'll give you the job for the rest of the summer and fall."

Henry Blake proved himself a capable farmhand. After he became familiar with the routine of his work, he did as well as could be desired. He was prompt, industrious, and absolutely dependable. He was never late and never took time off to go away as men usually do. Yet, we learned very little about him. He would talk a great deal, but never about himself. If we questioned him about his former work or life, he would answer evasively. My mother, who usually was able to procure a new man's entire life history within a few days, was unable to find out any more than the rest of us.

During the first few weeks of his stay with us, Henry Blake changed a great deal. He put on weight; his sallow face filled out and became ruddy. His shifty eyes and nervous restlessness also became less noticeable. In short, he became a rugged, vigorous man. Although at intervals he would be gloomy, apparently brooding over something, he was, for the most part, cheerful and friendly.

In the fall when his contracted period of work had expired, Henry was rewarded for his faithful service by being given a steady job. Prior to this time he had scarcely been off our premises, but, as cold weather approached, he frequently used to visit the general store in town, where the men congregated around the stove and smoked and spun yarns. As a result of his limitless repertoire and fascinating manners of speaking, Henry's reputation as a story teller grew rapidly,

and he became quite well known throughout the community.

Henry and I became real friends. His willingness to help me with my work undoubtedly was a great factor in our friendship. I considered myself his special confidant, for he would tell me many things about his life that others never heard. I listened eagerly to stories of his adventurous youthful days when he was a wanderer on many parts of the earth. He always concluded by advising me to remain on the farm where, said he, I could find happiness and contentment by being independent with a home and family of my own. "Look at me," he would say, "I was the same sort of a farm boy you are at one time, and if I hadn't run off to see the world I might have a farm, home, and family of my own instead of being a worthless old bachelor, alone in the world, and lucky to be alive, or is it unlucky?" However, he was not very successful in convincing me that life on a farm was so much to be desired. I was much more fascinated by the stories of his adventurous career.

A year had passed since the coming of Henry Blake to our farm. At four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon on the anniversary of his arrival a large closed sedan containing two men drove into our yard. The driver remained in the car, but the other man stepped out and approached me. He was a well-dressed, young-looking man about thirty-five years old. He wore a dark blue suit and a cap to match. In one hand he carried a pair of kid gloves, somewhat darkened by much wear. A limp cigarette drooped from the corner of his mouth and bobbed up and down as he spoke.

"Say, buddy, is there a guy working here by the name of Henry Blake?" he asked, in the dialect heard on the streets of Chicago.

"Yes," I answered, "but he is down in the pasture after the cows right now. If you want to see him, I can take you down there."

"Is that your pasture which extends along the road about half a mile to the west?"

"Yes, and Henry is probably up there somewhere now."

"O. K.," said he. "Jake, you drive the car to the gate on the north side of the pasture by the road. I'll meet you there. I'm going to walk with the kid down to meet Henry."

We met him in our old gravel-pit where he was rounding up a few cows. After we approached quite close, Henry looked up, and started perceptibly at sight of the stranger. He quickly regained his composure, and as a hard, immovable smile spread across his face like a mask, he greeted the stranger with "Hello, Al, I had begun to hope I had lost you."

"Oh, it's not so easy as that," the other replied.

"Bob," said Henry to me, "will you run over on the other side of that hill, and start those cows toward home?"

"Sure," I answered, starting up over the edge of the pit. I looked back just before passing from their sight. They were still standing there, close together, with their eyes upon me.

A flock of blackbirds in the tree-tops at the edge of the woods attracted my attention, their harsh, animated singing filling the air with noise. Suddenly three sharp reports came from the gravel-pit below, their echoes reverberating up and down the creek valley. The blackbird's music ceased; a few of them fluttered hurriedly from branch to branch. The only sound to break the silence was the gurgle of water from a riffle below. I stood perfectly still. In a few seconds

the blackbirds again took up their refrain as if nothing had happened. A strange apprehension came over me. I hurried back to the gravel-pit, but the men had vanished; nobody was in sight. Wait! What is that blue object lying partly con-

cealed behind a ridge in the bottom of the pit? Running to the edge of the ridge to investigate, I beheld the prostrate form of Henry Blake, face downward, with blood smearing the front part of his shirt and overalls—dead.



From the University of Paris—1447

ERNEST TUCKER

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

Foreword

AT the period of this narrative, France was emerging from the darkest time in her history. After the terrible, desperate fighting of the Hundred Years' War, France was a mere shadow nation. Bands of unemployed soldiers—the Free Companies—wandered over the country, leaving behind them a burnt desolation. Charles VII, whom the heroic Jeanne d'Arc had crowned, set about rectifying things; but he was never a strong monarch, and he was seriously handicapped

by lack of an arm and a complete absence of money.

Slowly, very slowly, the condition of the people improved. At the time of these letters, a great part of the infamous Free Companies had left France in search of richer lands to plunder. The ruined cities were being rebuilt, the barren countryside was gradually regaining its old fertility. The poor, wounded country was forgetting the horror of war and its aftermath, and was beginning to

look ahead towards a new destiny. It was a real Renaissance for France.

The Sieur Robert de Alyn to his honored Parents, Greeting:

What a wonderful city Paris is! The greatest in the world—it thrills me to think of it. It is continual joy to me to walk abroad in the markets and squares, with the vast throngs of people and the terrific clamor and shouting; and then to go to the huge lovely Cathedral of Notre Dame—where it is cool and green, and even the hucksters still their cries—down by the silent Seine, where the noisy city seems far away and quieted. . . .

But all that is an old story to you, and I am not telling of the University. I am now a *bejanus*,¹ and entitled to all their privileges, which are discouragingly few, and their duties, which are quite disproportionately heavy. The other bejani of the French Nation and I sleep in the great hall of our building. We must run here and there at the bidding of the bachelors,² and obey hurriedly when spoken to by a master.

Students and masters are divided into four Nations, each Nation with its own masters and lecture halls, though when a great teacher speaks, all Nations come to hear him. Our French Nation is the greatest; then come the German (which has not only Germans but Swedes, Letts, Poles, Irish, and a good many of the cursed English); the Picard, and the Norman. All the colleges and lecture halls of the Nations are in or around the Rue du Fourre; most of the French buildings adjoin, on the Rue de Garlande. These streets are closed at night to the city folk, who would not hesitate to play havoc with the buildings, as they distrust and dislike the students, who, God knows, give them enough cause.

I have made comrades already among the bejani, two in particular: Francois de

Montcorbier³ and Jehan le Clerc. Jehan is as new as I, while Francois gives himself airs because he intends to petition for determination in a few months. He is exceptionally bright, but exceptionally lazy; a thin dark fellow, who would rather scribble doggerel than study the philosophy of Seigneur Aristotle, as the bejani must do. Jehan is very tall, and quiet and studious, although on occasion he can be merry. I think he will make a name for himself, but I fear Francois will not.

We sleep in a long, low hall on the Rue de Garlande, a building that is used in the daytime as a lecture hall. There is straw along the walls, on which we spread our mantles at night. All of the masters and the majority of the bachelors have quarters of their own, although there is always an older student with the bejani to curb their exuberance.

Today is Sunday, and there are no lectures; the city is very quiet, even the younger students studying or soberly walking. It is dusk now, and it becomes difficult to write. The flambeaux are lit when it becomes dark and are left burning for only half an hour; the three fires along the center of the hall burn for an hour longer, when some bejanus must extinguish them; as the winter draws on, they will be left burning later.

All students must arise at daybreak tomorrow. The bejani must bring in water for breakfast and for those of the bachelors who desire to wash themselves. New straw is brought in every Saturday, and every morning it must be reheaped—by the bejani, of course. It is getting too dark to write; I will finish this letter tomorrow and give it to our faithful servant, Henri, who returns home tomorrow afternoon.

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Monday morning, I have just returned from a lecture of the great Master Francini della Grobio of Florence. It was my first lecture, and consequently I am still excited

¹A bejanus was a new student—a freshman.

²After the examination of *determination* a student became a Bachelor of Arts. He was then licensed to teach in a subordinate sort of way. The requirements were four years of attending lectures and at least twenty years in age. A Master was a teacher. At least seven years of attending lectures, preparing theses, and holding disputations preceded the conferring of the Master's degree. He usually taught in the nation in which he had received his degree.

³Francois de Montcorbier was the real name of Francois Villon. (Cf. Nicolson's *Complete Works of Francois Villon*.) The name was dropped after a trial and subsequent pardon for murder in 1453. Villon was the name of a man who had befriended him. (The other names have no significance.)

about it. I shall try to tell you what it was like:

The lecture is at seven, and I walk with Francois through the crowded market place to a quiet street near the river. It is only half after six, and already there is a crowd outside the door. All four Nations will be present, for Master della Grobio is a great rhetorician. He is passing through Paris on his way to Flanders, and has consented to deliver one lecture. The hall is a long, narrow affair, which, says Francois, was used as a cavalry stable in the time of the fifth Charles. The floor is earthen, with a few benches along the sides, which the early comers have already appropriated. Francois spreads his cloak; we will sit on the floor. Some of the more wealthy students have chairs with cushions. But they are no snobs, and when a poor crippled boy comes in, a richly dressed young man offers him his seat.

It is not yet seven, and the air is chilly. A few have small charcoal stoves, but the majority disdain such evidence of softness. There are mainly French students around us; the Germans and English are near the front, the Normans around the sides, a cluster of Picards near the rear. A silence falls on the assembly as the Master enters, followed by his attendant bearing two huge volumes. Students take out paper or parchment notebooks and open the inkhorns at their belts. I am grateful for my paper book when I see some of the poorer ones writing with charcoal on a piece of board.

Master della Grobio begins to talk; his subject is "The Great Greek Orators." He is very learned, and much of what he says goes over my head, although Francois seems to follow eagerly, and frequently writes in his notebook. I take down things that seem to me important, although I fear I have not yet learned to listen and understand.

The lecture lasts for two hours. I am a little tired at the end, but Francois is not, and sighs regretfully when the Master finishes. A big English youth asks about some minor pre-Alexandrian statesman. He is answered, and the answer is illustrated by quotations. Finally Master Francini can stay no longer and leaves, followed by his faithful servant.

Slowly the students leave, arguing, com-

paring notes, quoting from the lecture. Francois is hotly debating with a smiling black-haired Irish student. Bad Latin is copiously mixed with much better Gaelic and French as the two walk leisurely away. I have not the faintest idea what the point of contention is, but walk beside them trying to appear wise.

.

I see Henri coming, ready for his journey, so I will finish the letter. I am to hear Master Hugh de Estuteville, nephew of William de Estuteville, the Marshal of Paris, speak on the "Old Arts of Aristotle" this afternoon. I must mix more ink and cut a new quill before the lecture. God be with you all.

Written by Robert, Sieur de Alyn,
this Third day of October,
A°. D°. MDCXLVII

.

The Second Letter

The Sieur Robert de Alyn to his honored
Parents, Greeting:

Much has transpired since my last letter three months ago. I believe I may now consider myself a full-fledged student, although still a bejanus. I am more at home in the city now, and no longer stop in the street in front of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, but walk by like any Parisian born; a great benefit to the passers-by, who were wont to stumble over me as I stood a-gaping.

I attend several lectures each morning (except of course Sunday) generally in company with Francois and Jehan. The afternoons are given over to study, for which purpose we repair to the hall where we sleep, and there read such books as the Nation possesses, or write disputations, or study our notes taken in lecture. The French Nation has four copies of the Holy Bible in fine manuscript, as well as a number of books done on paper by an impression from wood blocks, on which the words have been carved in reverse. They are called block books, and are cheaper than manuscript because a great number of copies may be made from the carved blocks; they are not nearly as finely done as the hand-written, and are not easy to read. Jehan says that a German student told him that one of his countrymen has in-

vented a system whereby the letters are cut separately on blocks of wood, and may thereby be changed about for different printings. I do not think this is practicable, for if it were, surely someone would have thought of it long since, it is so simple.

There is a great quantity of paper⁴ in Paris; it is not nearly as expensive as I thought it would be. There is a small shop near the University buildings where paper is sold and notebooks are bound. All but the poorest students may possess several sheets of paper. I am going to save up my money to buy some, and get a notebook bound. It is seldom that a student uses parchment except for some very important document; it is infinitely more dear than paper, although, of course, much better for writing.

Francois has shown me a great many of the interesting sights of the city; he was born here, and knows it as well as he knows the Paternoster. I know now the house where Master Pierre Abelard, the founder of the University, lived long ago. More than three hundred years—think of it! It is a small, very dilapidated house near the river, which is now almost hidden by taller buildings, though Francois says that in Master Abelard's time it was surrounded by grass and gardens. So much has the city grown. I have seen, too, the dungeon where Jeanne d'Arc, the Deliverer of France, lay waiting trial twenty years ago; how much has happened in even that short time.

An unhappy incident occurred last Thursday. The German Nation was having one of its numerous holidays, and the Normans took it into their heads to break it up. The celebration was to end with a grand procession through the streets at night, and a feast in the main hall of the German Nation. The Normans planned to disrupt the parade and appropriate the food for their own use. They are not as numerous as the Germans, and consequently enlisted a number of the Picards and some of the more abandoned of our Nation. Francois, of course, had to go, and he insisted

that Jehan and I accompany him. About dusk we went forth, armed with stout clubs. The Germans were to march down the Rue Picardie, a winding, narrow street. The alleys and side streets were swarming with Normans, Picards, and a few French, all quiet but highly excited. The good citizens evidently scented trouble, for they had retired to the top floors and barricaded all entrances.

Finally the Germans came—hundreds of them, singing, shouting and capering along, their torches making irregular splashes of light in the dark street. They were quite unsuspecting, and when the signal was given and we swarmed out at them, they were dumbfounded; but they immediately recovered, and set vigorously about defending their banquet. The uproar was tremendous; there must have been fifteen hundred students battling! At first it was give and take with fists, but presently a dirk was drawn, and then things did get warm.

The torches were extinguished early, and we fought in Hell's own blackness. I found myself with my back against a building swinging out with my club; I had forgotten entirely about the food, and was concerned only with getting out alive. I do not know how long we struggled. I received a cut on the arm and a dizzying blow on the head, but managed to keep my feet. Suddenly over the wild clamor could be heard a horn and the swift approach of hoofs. The King's Guard! They came swinging down the street at a gallop, the brawlers melting away as they approached. Their torches were reflected on their salades and hauberks and slashing swords; truly a magnificent spectacle, but I did not stay to admire it. I left—hurriedly.

It was a sorry business. Two poor boys were killed, several fingers and eyes were lost, and there were innumerable broken heads—and all for nothing! No wonder the students do not have the affection of the townsfolk. Francois assures me that such affairs are by no means infrequent, although Thursday's rather surpasses any he has seen. In bygone times there were often pitched battles between the students and citizens or soldiers in which many were killed. I am glad we are living in the civilized fifteenth century.

⁴In the fifteenth century paper was becoming common. It was sold in large sheets, which the student cut himself or had bound. It was, of course, thick and rough.

I am coming along wonderfully well in my studies. I have learned to listen and take notes at lectures, of which I hear one or two a week on each of the first three of the seven library arts: grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. I am preparing arguments and theses in rhetoric and dialectics, and am consequently very busy.

Not all of the masters are equally popular. Many of the younger ones, who cannot get students by their reputation or learning, attempt to enlist hearers by sensational methods; but I hear only the well-established masters. Some of the things the sensation-seekers say are outrageous: one maniac even claims that the earth goes round the sun!

All things taken into consideration, though, it is a wonderful life, full of growth and energy. I am content now with the simple tunic and hose that the bejani wear; but I hope to be enabled to don, in good time, the bachelor's biretta; and I even dare to have hopes of attaining to a master's robes. But meanwhile I shall work and study, and in the fullness of time these things may come to pass. I shall try to finish this letter tonight; I must stop now.

.

Midnight. I cannot sleep; so I will finish this letter in the hope that Henri will take

it when he returns tomorrow morning. The great hall is bitterly cold; I have a small candle, but it gives no warmth and but meagre light. There are a few winking coals left of the fires that roared earlier tonight; they shift and settle, and grow dimmer, moment by moment, and will soon die. Francois, Jehan, Hugh de Bemis—all are asleep.

I can hear the snow whispering and tapping gently on the window-board. The watchman crunches past with clanking lantern, beating his arms against the cold. He pauses to cry his warning, which rings eerily in the still streets; a fretful, ghostly echo is carried back from the great black form of the cathedral; it murmurs into silence, and the watchman resumes his lonely round.

My candle is flickering, and will soon go out. I am very tired and cold.

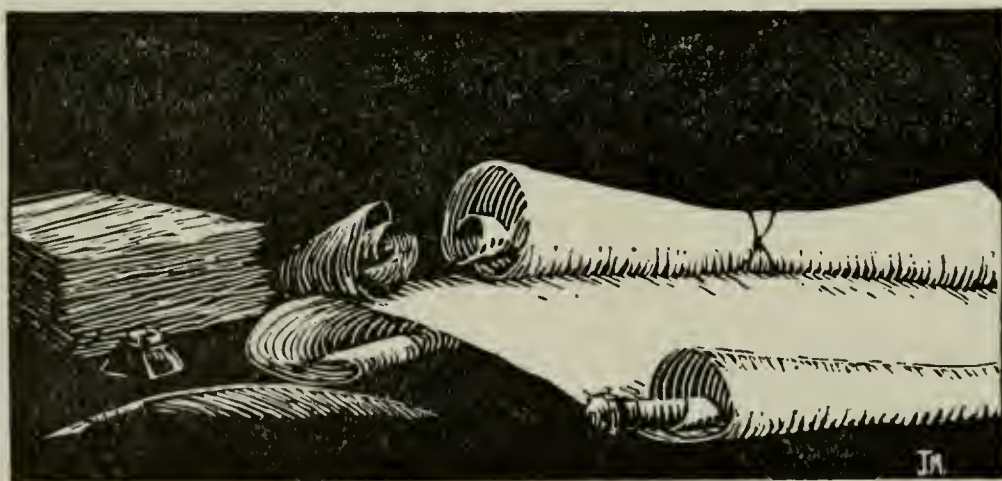
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THE GREEN CALDRON

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MARCH, 1935

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE STRONGEST INFLUENCE ON MY LIFE	1
Charles Dancey	
VIEUX CARRÉ	2
Samuel W. Hays	
WHEN THE FLEET COMES IN	3
Doris Mason	
JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES	5
Melvina Way	
"THIS WAY, PLEASE"	8
Laurence Rehm	
THE ONE-NIGHT STAND	10
Richard Chowen	
THE RIGHT TO AN OPINION	12
R. M. Ewald	
CHEMISTRY FOR PLEASURE	13
Herta Breiter	
MY ANCESTORS	16
Michael Connolly	
GIANT OF THE AGE	17
Betty Faris	
REACTIONS TO WALPOLE'S JEREMY	20
Anonymous	
THE LOST WORLD	21
Florence Newton	
THE GLORY THAT WAS MOMENTARY	22
Mary Jane Van Hoesen	
TWO DESCRIPTIONS	22
Hamilton Hall	
ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH	24
Earle Bickerton	
MOOD "NUDUS"	25
Edgar Parkhurst	
JENNIE	26
Mildred Spitler	
NOTHING ON THE PRINTERS	27
Ernest Tucker	
"DYNAMITE — SIR!"	28
James Van Doren	
ENTER MILES	31
Richard Alan	



The Strongest Influence on My Life

CHARLES DANCEY

Theme written on Rhetoric I final, January, 1935

MY father's long illness was the strongest influence on my life. When I was just a little boy in grade school, I felt the strength of that illness on my little-boy personality. Other boys were noisy and free, but I could not whistle, sing, or play noisy games. Instead, I huddled into a huge chair and devoured the books in our tiny study. I read history books, wild west stories, plays, school books, anything I could get my hands on. When my store of books had been exhausted, I read them over, again and again, until I was sick of them. Then I began to make up stories of my own. Robin Hood, Robinson Crusoe, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Henry of Navarre, and Nick Carter were all the same to me. They all lived and breathed in my imagination. The new characters that I invented seemed just as real. Instead of Don Quixote, I wrote of Don Quick-shot, and I thought him the better of the two. What power I possessed! Upon me and me alone rested the decision of whether the red-skins should kill Don Quick-shot or not. Of course, they never did. He always killed thousands of Indians, rescued the beautiful maiden, and "galloped into the west" or "disappeared over the last ridge." While I struggled with the future of Don Quick-shot and others like him, my original longing for freedom and noise dwindled to nothing. My imagination grew by leaps and bounds. Rough games held no interest for me. I absorbed history, philosophy, and English literature. All of this started simply because I had to interest myself in something

quiet, something that would not disturb my father.

As I grew older and drifted farther away from home, I learned to get along with other boys, but I never enjoyed their company as much as the company of a new book. However, when girls began to interest me, books lost their hold. A boy in love must have money, but since my father was bed-fast, money was quite a scarcity in the family. I started to work for it. Odd jobs in the neighborhood were my chief source of income until my twelfth birthday. That year I managed to get a job in a grocery store, and I have been working ever since.

When money came into my life, responsibility came with it. I had no sooner learned to save my earnings than a new and greater responsibility came to me. It was a moral responsibility. Realization of the suffering of my father, the sacrifice of my mother, and the kindness of our friends made me determined to do the best I could for all of them. I was idealistic. My brain was crammed with the glorious successes of history, and the glory and honor of such men as Roland, Leonidas, and the Knights of the Round Table. I felt indebted for my very soul to all my family and friends. Somehow, even now, I cannot shake off a feeling that I must do my best to be worthy of the sacrifices others have made.

In the last few years, just as I began to grow into maturity, the illness of my father had a new influence on me. I learned to appreciate the wisdom and

strength that grows out of long years of suffering. I learned at an earlier age than most people what pain and death really meant. I used to sit by the hour in my father's room, looking up into his shrunken face, and listening to his kindly words. He read constantly and taught me many of the lessons he had learned. Greatest of all lessons, he taught me true strength, true courage, and true love. The heroes of fiction with their classical features and magnificent bodies were crowded out of my mind by the bent and shriveled form of a greater hero who wore no armor and fought but one battle, an unceasing battle with death.

He was strong. He was brave. He was faithful. Illness twisted his body, but it could not warp his mind nor confuse his ideals.

Then he taught me the greatest lesson of all—death itself. He had shown me how to take the bumps of life. At last he showed me how to face death, unflinching and unafraid.

Many have said, "All that I am I owe to my mother." Certainly I owe a great deal to mine. But at the root of every lesson I have learned from life lies the thing that life in my home revolved around, my father and his illness.

Vieux Carré

SAMUEL W. HAYS

Theme written on Rhetoric I final, January, 1935

THE *Vieux Carré*, the foreign district in New Orleans, during the day is interesting and colorful; yet there is the familiarity of horns and autos, modern dress and English speaking people, and the customary bustle of the city. It is magically transformed at night. No longer does one feel "at home."

At night the *Vieux Carré* is a foreign city. The dark streets seem narrower. The balconies almost shut out a starlit sky. Everywhere it is quiet, mysterious, and strange. At first there is an element of terror attached to a walk along one of these crooked little streets hardly bigger than an alley. The gloom is intensified by the proximity of the houses which rise up from narrow sidewalks, and the walls and the balconies seem to lean closer, pressing and stifling him

who dares to intrude. There is a strange foreboding that tells of evil, and one glances back to the brightly lighted street from whence he came. But the fascination of the queer places beckons, and as one goes on, the fear is lost in the interest he finds in new sights.

Before long a person forgets the darkness and its depressing effect, and notices the people and their strange houses. Families gather on the two or three front steps of the doorway of each house. They no longer talk in English, but have retired into their native French or Italian. From the darkness one sees the glow of the father's pipe and hears the mother chattering incessantly, raising her voice now and then to call her brood together. The children play and fight with the neighbor children while older

daughters sit thoughtfully alone. The older sons are not seen until one passes the corner saloon or billiard hall. It is a quiet, peaceful scene, but with the strangeness of a foreign city. The houses are all dark, shuttered, one-story, wooden buildings, bare of ornament except for a balcony, and gray from lack of paint. Now and then a door is left open a crack, and one can look into a long hall or see a slice of a room lighted with a

candle or lamp revealing old furniture and curious upholstering. It is odd to hear the music of Wayne King filter with soft candle light through the apertures of the shutters. Then suddenly at the end of one of the quaint streets one finds himself on a busy thoroughfare brilliant with lights of advertisements and loud with the noise of street cars and busy people. The past walk seems like a dream.



When the Fleet Comes In

DORIS MASON

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

QUIET and peaceful is the little fishing village on the coast of Brittany before the fleet comes in. Old fisherwives sit on benches outside their doors knitting and chatting together about each other's neighbors. Dogs lie sleepily in the sun around the base of the fountain in the square. Cats skirt the fountain quietly and turn into the nearest alley in

search of scraps of food. A gang of youngsters tear up one street and down another, making a terrific racket with their wooden shoes on the rounded cobble stones. Some of the housewives, with the older girls to help them, are making bread at the great ovens of the town. Others are doing their washing at the foot of the quay in tide pools, and the

beat of their hammers can be heard only faintly in the town. The saloons are empty; the town is commonplace—but this is the day before the fleet comes in.

When, the next morning, the sun shines out from over the hills behind the town, the horizon of the ocean to the south and west, which has been blue and empty for many days, is broken by a bright, orange-red sail. Quickly following this come more sails of dark living blue, brown, maroon, the color they call concarnean red after the name of the village. Some of the sails are patched with big squares and rectangles of another color: blue sails with orange and yellow, red sails with yellow, brown or green sails with red.

The town comes to life quickly and thoroughly. A bell rings insistently, and windows facing the ocean are opened with a bang and are filled with faces. Some squint at the horizon; some have old spy-glasses. Then the town changes. Old men scurry about fixing things. Wives and daughters clear and clean the storehouses. Boys bring out big, two-wheeled carts with high sides and pull them to the quays, where they line them up in rows the whole length of the quays. Other old men and boys clear out the harbour, moving all the small boats to a remote corner where the water is too shallow even at high tide to accommodate the larger boats of the fleet. The saloon keepers are no less active, running around, lining up rows of bottles, filling kegs, unpacking and dusting off glasses and mugs. Old women stand in the midst of everything and talk. The cats and dogs have disappeared temporarily.

At noon the fleet is very near. Most of the town is lined up along the quay, waiting. Even the cats and dogs appear in

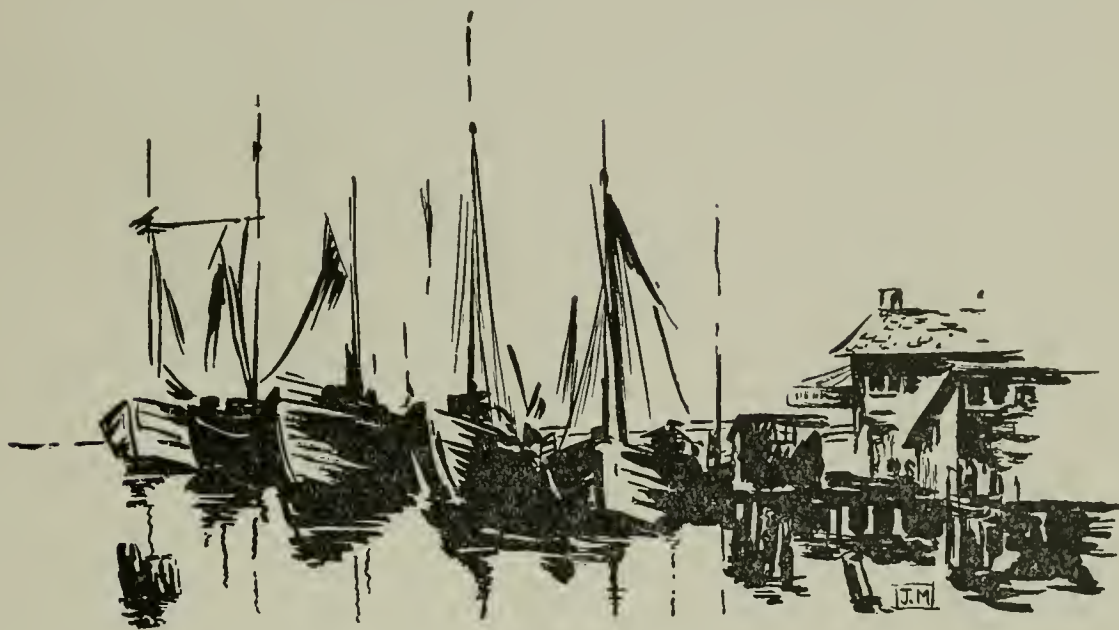
the background. Then the leader of the fleet rounds the first quay, and two long ropes are thrown out to the eager hands of the waiting villagers. A great shout goes up. The *Saint Pierre* has won the great race home. Wives, children, sisters, aunts—all the relatives of those aboard the *Saint Pierre* have come up nearest the ship. As soon as she is warped up alongside the quay and tied, the crew jump ashore and are immediately surrounded by their families. It is a happy day—the day when the fleet comes in—but it is also the busiest one. Very little time is lost in greetings. The cargo of sardines and tuna fish has to be unloaded.

The men of each boat form a line extending from the hold to the two-wheeled carts on the quay. With the women helping, they transfer the cargos of sardines in baskets to the carts, which the boys draw away to the cold-storage rooms where the sardines await shipment to the packing plants. The great tuna, which have been strung along the decks to dry, are stacked along the quays like soldiers' muskets, standing on their noses with their sharp, pointed tails intertwined. A careful observer will be surprised to notice, at this point, the great number of cats and dogs which are loafing around with the manner of interested onlookers. After the sardines are taken care of, the tuna, also, are carted away. After the cargos are all unloaded, the day's work is not done by any means.

The sails have to be hung out to dry so that they will not mold. They are draped on the decks and quays while the beautiful blue sardine nets are strung from the tops of the masts to dry. Then, after a hard day of fast and strenuous work, the last job is left to the wives. Each wife seeks out her husband, takes him firmly by the arm, or ear, or collar, and escorts him home by the most direct

route—unless, of course, the most direct route is past a saloon. The wives are the principal reason why the married men, despite the fact that they have more people to support, manage to live as well

as many of the bachelors, if not better. The latter, having no such authoritative person to watch over them, patronize the saloons and manage to get rid of their wages in a comparatively short time.



Jack-of-All-Trades

MELVINA WAY

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

“WANTED: a young lady, with a college degree, to teach in a high school of one hundred pupils.” That seems simple enough for any girl who has just completed her college education. If you were to accompany that young lady to a personal interview with the board of education of the school in question, however, you would find that the advertiser had omitted certain “minor” details. The demands made by such a board of education are often of astounding range. Can the applicant teach physical education as well as the subject of special preparation? Can she direct the glee club? Can she direct plays? Can

she give lectures on hygiene? Can she play any musical instrument? Can she teach biology if there is a demand for the subject? They fail to include the important question, Can she live in the community and meet the requirements socially of a bickering, fault-finding populace?

Many difficulties are due to the heterogeneous membership of the board. Each member has his idea of the teacher's duties, and, although he does not mention all of them before the teacher is hired, he expects her to perform them perfectly. But, you say, I am exaggerating the demands of the small community

high school upon the teacher. I do not feel that one can be a fair judge unless he has actually experienced teaching in a small town or has studied the problem carefully.

At the close of my high school education I was undecided as to what preparation to make for the future. After due consideration I decided I would be a teacher. I had enjoyed my commercial subjects taken during my junior year in high school, and because of this I determined to prepare, in as short a time as possible, to teach typing, shorthand, and bookkeeping. Since I was to be a teacher, I selected a teachers' college, near home, in which to continue my education. I entered a special course for the prospective commercial teacher. Practically all my subjects consisted of the main business courses; little attention was given to the general college courses. At the end of two years of study I had completed the minimum requirements for a commercial teacher.

At once I began writing letters of application and making interviews. Shortly before the usual time when boards of education hire teachers, I applied in a small town near my home. My father and I drove to the town and inquired where we might find the president of the board. We were directed to his farm, which was two miles from town. This man was of Italian birth and had very little education. He suggested that I interview the other members of the board and told me where I would find them. He also requested that I send a written application to him. He asked if I met the state requirements for the position, and when I told him I did, inquired no further. The other members of the board were a banker, a doctor, a farmer, and a farmer's wife. The most unusual of these interviews was with the farmer,

whom we found driving a pig down the road. My father watched the pig while I talked with the man. There we stood in the middle of a country road, I anxious to impress the man with my ability, he worried for fear my father would prove unequal to the task of tending the pig.

The board of education met shortly, and I was employed. My contract merely stated that I was to teach commercial subjects for nine months and was to be paid a specified sum for my services. The contract also allowed the board "to discharge me if I were guilty of marriage, misdemeanor, incompetency, or any action which might cause the board to feel that the school would profit by my removal from the faculty." No degree was required, and I was not questioned as to my social ability nor my previous experience. I had complete confidence in my preparation and in my ability to more than please the board.

The school was in a town whose population was about five hundred. The students lived in the town and the surrounding country. The school was the center of community life; the teacher was a part of the school and was expected to take an active part in community activities. All of the teachers, with the exception of the principal, had had no teaching experience. The school building had been built to accommodate fifty students; however, there were a hundred students, with five teachers on the faculty.

School opened at the beginning of September, and never had I been more anxious for September to arrive. The first day was spent in registration, which was followed by a teachers' meeting. There we discussed the registration and size of our classes. I learned that besides the regular commercial subjects, short-

hand, typing, and bookkeeping, I was expected to teach a class in commercial law and one in commercial arithmetic. I was not prepared to teach these subjects, but I resolved to keep a few chapters ahead of the students and thus to keep my lack of preparation a secret.

The first year passed rapidly, and I was rehired for the following term. By the end of this first year I had taught my classes, supervised a study hall, and acted as adviser to the junior class. At the beginning of the new term, however, I found that my duties had increased. Not only was I expected to do the things I had the previous year, but I was to direct the glee club and teach physical education. I had not prepared to do either, nor were they mentioned in my new contract. Luckily I had studied voice when in high school and had belonged to the glee club. My physical education study had been the required courses in the teachers' college. Therefore, I secured two books on the subject of "Physical Education for Girls" and studied them religiously.

The third year of my teaching found me even further involved. I again taught the same subjects with the addition of commercial geography. The girls organized as members of the State Girls' Athletic Association. I was leader of the group. In addition to the glee club I directed a quartette which entered contests with other schools. Outside interests were drawing upon my attention. The churches expected help when they gave entertainments. The Woman's Club wanted students to sing for them. At the beginning of my fourth year the board of education bought a new mimeograph. I was expected to operate it. I was not allowed to permit the students to do this, for they might harm it in some way. A new principal came to the school. Since

he did not have a secretary I did his typing and other office work. This could have been done very well by any second-year commercial student, but he did not wish the students to do it. The entire population felt by this time that they were well acquainted with me and could ask (demand) favors of me. Generally these were to sing at some entertainment, to type a letter for them, or to mimeograph programs. Thus it was at the end of the fourth year when employing time rolled around again. When one of the board members asked me if I could direct the plays for the next year, I thought it time to return to school.

I had prepared to teach commercial subjects. When I stopped teaching, I had taught the usual ones and commercial law, commercial arithmetic, and commercial geography. I had taught physical education. I had directed glee clubs, quartettes, and helped to direct plays. I had been adviser in turn of freshman, sophomore, and junior classes. I had been sponsor of the Girls' Athletic Association. I had made programs, tickets, and anything else one could make on a mimeograph. I had acted in the capacity of secretary to the principal and other townspeople. I had been school pianist during the entire four years. I had acted as chaperon on many and various occasions. I had given lectures on hygiene and manners. Webster defines a jack-of-all-trades as a person who can do passable work at various trades. From the above discussion I believe it is easily seen that a school teacher in a small town must indeed be a jack-of-all-trades.

My experience is not at all different from that of many teachers. Seldom is a teacher in the small school employed to teach one subject. She is always expected to help with extra-curricular activities regardless of her preparation for

this work. The townspeople do not come in contact with the teacher in her actual teaching of her subjects; they know her by her acts of helping the students become citizens of the town. They judge her by her ability to "get along" with both students and themselves. Many excellent teachers fail because they do not have the qualities of leadership outside of the schoolroom which are absolutely necessary if they are to succeed. Her actual classroom teaching, other than discipline, is of little interest to the ma-

jority of the people; some whose children she teaches will be interested.

Teaching is an excellent experience for any person. I enjoyed my time spent in teaching in a small high school. There is a closer relationship between teacher and student than will be found in larger schools. The teacher has the opportunity to make friends with the students and thus to understand them. Many teachers in the larger schools began their teaching in the smaller schools and to this owe their ability, in part, to perform successfully the specific duties assigned them.

"This Way, Please"

LAURENCE REHM

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

THE theatre holds a certain fascination for some people, and I am no exception. Unfortunately, I, also, lack the seemingly huge sum of money that one needs in order to be a successful playgoer. Christmas vacation, however, showed me that I can attend a large percentage of Chicago's plays, operas, and other stage presentations with an expense only for carfare. The system requires so little effort that I want to pass it on to any who may be interested; the system is summed up in the one word—ushering.

A matinee at the Brown Theater will offer as good a start as any. Present yourself at the main entrance not later than one o'clock. Elbow your way through the jam of boys already waiting, and proceed to look experienced. After an eternity of five minutes, a snorting briar pipe will make its appearance, closely followed by a bleary-eyed indi-

vidual wearing a heavy gold watch chain and an admirably dirty shirt. After he rasps out a list of names, about twenty boys will shove their way unconcernedly through the crowd and into the theatre. Upon inquiry, you learn that these are the "regulars"—boys and men who come for the afternoon and evening performances every day, week after week, regardless of program. They "usher" the entire ground floor and the most important box seats. After an intermission of forty-five seconds for relighting the pipe, its operator will begin burrowing through the mob, and occasionally will pick out an evidently familiar face with a "Hey, you! Here!" This procedure will admit ten or fifteen more, each one receiving a certain floor assignment. The remainder file in, one by one, and are sent on their way with a guttural "Third Division," "Cloak Room," or "Box." If you are lucky, you may get

the "first division." This is the first balcony, which, except for the main floor, is the easiest place to "usher."

About a half-hour later, you will be given a flashlight and a stack of programs. If the show is making money, a box of cough-drops is also donated. Then you are assigned an aisle, and you stand at the head of the stairs with a very gratifying feeling of importance. Soon an elderly lady will totter up the short flight, and you will strut down the aisle, locate the row, fold down the seat, and with a cheery smile hand the customer her stub and a program. This is repeated just a few times; matinees, naturally, afford rather lazy work for the usher. After the show begins, you may sit down in any vacant seat and enjoy the performance for the remainder of the afternoon.

Evenings are different; they are more exciting. The gallery, or "third division," is the most fun. It is often jammed to capacity, and always with a noisy crowd. No one is permitted to go from the gallery to the second balcony, or *vice versa*;

this has been true as long as I can remember. Yet people will try again and again to break through the lines of ushers at the top and bottom of the stairs. I am never filled with more self-importance than when I am able to stand there and politely say, "No, you may not go down, Madam." If a customer starts a loud harangue, I tell him where, as far as I am concerned, he can go. We do not have to be courteous, as, in reality, we are doing the management a favor. We receive no pay; therefore we can tell these social climbers with their fifty-five cent tickets exactly what we think of them. I am often amazed at the different shades of red the faces of these people can exhibit in a short time.

Many theatres in Chicago use the free usher method, the Civic Opera House being one of the group. They will never turn a boy away—if this is done once, he might not come when needed most. If too many boys report, those that are left are given free seats in the gallery with no work at all attached. This, for me, is the ideal way of play-going.



The One-Night Stand

RICHARD CHOWEN

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

IT is eight o'clock in the morning when I drive the truck to the theatre for unloading. Mr. Laurant, the magician, will arrive later. The town, like most small towns at this hour, is just beginning to awaken, and the sidewalks and pavements are still a trifle damp from the early morning dew. The sky is clear and the air is crisp. It is going to be a perfect day for working. The stage hands are already on the job when I arrive, and the box office, which has been busy for the past week, is about to open for the final sale. The auditorium of some two thousand seats is dark and gloomy. The only daylight that ever enters it comes through the cracks between the doors which open into the lobby. On the stage the work lights are on and the "batts" are lowered to working distance.

With the assistance of the stage hands the truck is quickly unloaded. The live stock, which consists of a rooster, a canary, two large ducks, three rabbits, and eight doves, are placed, with the exception of the canary, which is kept in Laurant's dressing room, in a store room just off the stage. An interesting bird with the show is Ajax, "the only living magic rooster." He is an old bird and has been from coast to coast. This summer he was at the Children's Theatre in the "Century of Progress" in Chicago for about two months. The canary, whose name, by the way, is Mephisto, came to a tragic end this summer when a bull dog, owned by a manager, found its way into the dressing room and killed him.

After the menagerie has been disposed, the "drops" are unrolled, attached to the

"batts," and hoisted into the flies. The trunks and crates are now placed in position for unpacking. Everything in the show has its proper place. It must, for the assistants pack the apparatus as fast as it comes off the stage; not a motion is wasted. In a whole season not so much as a silk is lost. There are hundreds of minute details to be attended to, one just as important as another, regardless of its size. There can be no mistakes in a magic show.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Laurant is on the job. He is an elderly man, nervous, as most magicians are, but very exact and systematic. Laurant is a very modest sort of person in spite of his success, and to meet him one would never suspect that he was a great magician of over thirty years' experience on the stage. He is patient and ever willing to listen to what you have to say. He now gives the conductor of the orchestra his cues, and what work remains to be done in preparation for the matinee is concluded.

The heat of the afternoon is stifling, but by two o'clock the theatre is jammed. The front rows are filled with a squirming, wriggling mass of sticky, hot children, who are eating candy and talking at the top of their voices. Already the floor around them is covered with torn programs and the wrappings of candy bars. A fever of excitement comes over the audience as the house lights fade out and the orchestra swings into a fantastic melody. The curtain rises, and Laurant makes his entrance amid a great clamor of applause. The matinee is never as long as the evening show, very few of the big illusions being used as a rule, but

the children are soon transported into a land of unreality and enchantment under the clever and artistic work of the magician. They forget that they are hot, and momentarily the candy is given a rest as their little mouths hang open in awe and wonder at the scene before them. There is a profusion of colored silks, flags, doves, and rabbits, the latter of which hardly seem alive at all. Finally with the crowing of Ajax the curtain falls and the show is at an end. Once more the children are carried back into the world of reality. For the assistants, however, it is more than ever a world of reality. The apparatus used in the matinee must be cleared from the stage, and that which is not to be used in the next performance is packed. Immediately the work of setting the stage for the evening performance begins, and once more the show is in readiness. But this time it is to be twice as long and will consist of two big acts filled with unbelievable wonders.

It is a quarter to eight; almost curtain time. The house is filling fast and the orchestra is already in the pit. The work lights are still on, and we are in our costumes making a hurried inspection of the set-up. The five-minute call is given. Mr. Laurant emerges from his dressing room in full evening dress wearing a flashy black cape with a bright crimson lining. He can tell at a glance that all is in order. We are given the word to take our places on the stage, and no sooner are we in position than the work lights are switched out and the orchestra is heard as it swings into the overture. The massive act curtain rises amid a blare of trumpets and the glare of a thousand lights. The music swells to double forte and the Great Laurant swishes onto the stage amid a burst of applause. The show is under way and the

first act well begun. A large butterfly completely covered with sparkling span-gles is produced, and hundreds of beautifully colored flowers fall from thin air. The audience see the glitter and glamour of it all, the tinsel and glory. They little realize what a tremendous strain it is; they forget that an actor must entertain, regardless of his own feelings, regardless of anything, for the show business is no merry-go-round.

With a bang the curtain falls on the first act, and the audience sit back at ease, either to read their programs or to enjoy a "smoke." Back stage the assistants are setting the stage for the second act, and Mr. Laurant is resting, in his dressing room. In ten minutes time the show is again under way. Doves come flapping out of bowls filled with water, the sands of the Sahara are caused to part, and once again Ajax, the rooster, crows; but it is not the end of the program yet. There still remains the giant drum production. The stage is filled with silks and flags, the proscenium arch is lined with brightly colored pennants, and finally an American flag, almost equal in size to the back drop, is produced as the orchestra plays *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. The audience is thrilled, and the curtain falls to a tremendous ovation. There is a curtain call, until finally the house lights come on, the applause dies out, and Mr. Laurant retires to his dressing room exhausted.

The work lights flash on, and the "drops" are lowered from the flies. The illusions and tables which still remain on the stage are quickly broken down and packed, the "drops" rolled, and silks folded. As fast as the trunks are packed they are loaded into the truck. The last piece of apparatus to go in is the animal cage. By this time the audience has left and the orchestra has gone. The audi-

torium is again in darkness, and the doors in the lobby are locked. Again the stage is empty, this time with only a single light left standing in the center. The truck drives off from the theatre,

passes through the deserted streets of the town out into the open country, and speeds off into the darkness of the night, leaving behind it a thousand pleasant memories.



The Right to An Opinion

R. M. EWALD

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

IN a speech on this campus several weeks ago the great scientist and thinker Professor Robert A. Millikan remarked that no greater fallacy was ever uttered than that every man has a right to his opinion. These words struck me as being most true, a statement long needed. The usual reply to an attempt to correct someone of a prejudice or piece of misinformation is, "Every man has a right to his opinion." This has been and continues to be the shield behind which people hide their narrow-mindedness and refusal to accept facts and proofs logically drawn from the facts. This fallacy is so convenient to mentally lazy people who follow the way of least resistance and has been used so much that it has become a nearly universally accepted axiom.

I am maintaining that no person has a right to an opinion that is more than a tentative one. If I were more idealistic, I would say that no person has a right to any opinion that is not the result of much study and thought on the subject or the result of the study and thought of a reliable authority. I realize, however, that one cannot delve easily into every field and that he must form some opinions, especially on philosophical subjects, merely on the results of his own observations. Certain convictions must be held and certain assumptions must be made in order for one to build up something to live by, to have a sound philosophy of life, without which man is like a ship without a rudder. One has a right to form an opinion which affects only himself (if such an opinion is possible).

One has a right to form an opinion that comes from the heart rather than from the mind. One has a natural tendency to form opinions on every subject on a basis of either knowledge or prejudice, but the point is that these opinions must be subject to change.

When is a person ethically or morally justified in saying that his opinion is such and such on a question that is more than a personal issue? In the first place, his method of approach must be open minded; he must cast aside all prejudice and bias. Then he must study the authorities and the facts and think these over with the dispassionate view of a scientist. But when he has arrived at the conclusion, that is not the end of the study. He must keep in contact with the developments and changes that take place in the subject.

Another means of rationalizing one's mental laziness is merely to say that one man's opinion is as good as another's. Such a view might be excusable if the issue were on a subject on which the authorities greatly differ. For example, the philosophies of Dante, Schopenhauer, Hegel, James, and Bergson are so much in contradiction that they cannot all be

accepted as a basis on which to build a philosophy. Since this is true, one's philosophy of life should be built up not on the basis of authority but on the basis of the individual's personal needs. But in more factual subjects which are not merely personal matters affecting the heart more than the mind, one's opinion must be formed from knowledge. Since some people are in a better position to know, then some people can and do form more accurate opinions than do others. For example, fancy comparing the opinion of the man on the street with the opinion of some eminent biologist on the evolution of man. It is absurd, although very convenient, to say that one man's opinion is as good as another's.

The keeping of one's opinion in a static condition cannot be morally or ethically justified. When the opinions of the people of a nation which is presumably a democracy built on public opinion become static, then progress ceases to take place. Thus every person should form his ideas and convictions on a basis of thought and fact, not only for the sake of society but for the sake of keeping his own personality alive.

Chemistry for Pleasure

HERTA BREITER

Theme 18, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

I AM taking a course in chemistry because I like the stuff. I realize that this reason is original and that I run the risk of being rushed to Kankakee or points north—but risks like that provide the proverbial spice for that questionable stew which somebody has labeled "life." I shall probably change my mind about chemistry before the end of the semester,

but, while the feeling lasts, I may as well air my views and hope there is something to this business of auto-suggestion.

My love for chemistry dates back to my junior year in high school. I admit that I took it then because all proclaimed it to be extremely difficult and not a girl's course. I was determined to change their minds. I doubt whether I would have

found that science half so interesting if it had not been for the efforts of my instructor. He tried desperately to make the course as interesting as possible, but he got very little cooperation from his class. He was always greatly concerned for our personal welfare—too much so. I cannot recall even the tiniest explosion in my four years at that school. We never handled anything even remotely dangerous. Is it surprising that our interest waned?

But I opened my eyes wide when I saw here in the University laboratory the rows of bottled reagents on the desks and the many shelves of chemicals around the pillars. Here, surely, was the land of the free—(and the home of the brave, experience soon taught me.) Nobody would fuss about risks here; I would be treated like a responsible individual; I would get what I wanted here. Well, I got it all right—right in the eye. It is bad enough to swallow chlorine gas, but I abhor red eyes—and I certainly got an eyeful of that gas. The natural results of swallowing chlorine are identical with those of a heavy cold—I looked like a dewy last summer's rose for a few weeks. But it was a novel experience, and I enjoyed it immensely. That is just one of the episodes which make chemistry laboratory work so enjoyable. Then, of course, there is always the chance that one's hair may catch fire; but the odor produced by such a conflagration can in no way compare with that of hydrogen sulphide. If you have never scented this "aromatic" gas, you have missed smelling one of nature's most respected vapors. It is commonly called "rotten egg" gas because it is just that; when the yolk of an egg decays, it gives off this gas of the unforgettable odor. I had to come to college to learn that this gas is violently poisonous, but I should

like to meet the person who could bear it long enough to be poisoned by it. Hydrogen chloride is almost as bad, but it has not the vile odor of its near relative. It makes up for this lack, however, by its sharpness. It is almost impossible to "sniff it cautiously," as the manual suggests; you are sure to get a lung full and just as sure to burn the mucous membrane of your nose. If you are fortunate enough not to inhale any of those gases, you undoubtedly will burn your fingers with the concentrated sulphuric acid which will run down the side of the test tube while you are admiring the lovely color produced by the formation of an insoluble sulphate when the acid was added. If you run true to form, if you are as sloppy as all amateur chemists are, you will certainly burn holes in your manual and in the clothes which are too good for laboratory work—a fact which you always forget.

So far, I have given only the physical results, but, strange as it may seem, I have a definite mental reaction to report. Perhaps it differs with the individual—perhaps everybody will not react as I did; I hope not, for I am sure my reaction was not a rational one. I blame it all on my instructor; he should not emphasize important points as he does. He said, for instance, "All things are composed of elements." He is right, I suppose; but why should his words keep running through my head? And they have had their ill effects upon me: water is no longer just water—it is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen; food is either carbohydrate or carbohydrate plus nitrogen; man is nothing more than a walking mixture of various compounds composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur, with a bit of calcium and phosphorous thrown in as a skeleton; glass is sand in disguise; and

paper and trees are brothers under the skin. Then there are questions—many questions which I ask myself because I am afraid to display my ignorance to anyone else. For instance, if paint contains iron, why are not houses coated with rust? Is “ferric” or “ferrous” iron used in making a truck chassis? Of what are vitamins composed if not of elements? Are they crystallized energy? Why does smoke keep the form of a cloud instead of precipitating soot instantly on its expulsion from the chimney? These questions probably have answers, but I would never have time to look them up; and, in the meantime, I slowly go insane. Then my attention was turned from elements into another byway. My instructor is also responsible for the following bit of wisdom: “Chemistry will become very simple and easy to understand as soon as you can visualize the atomic theory.” This theory states that “all elements are composed of molecules which are constantly in motion and

traveling in straight lines; as soon as they strike anything, they rebound without losing any of their speed.” If the “elements” were maddening, there is no word to describe the “molecules.” I did not mind wondering about the air molecules which were constantly hitting me from all sides, nor did I particularly care about those I chewed up in candy bars or those I fried in the skillet as pork-chops, but what bothered me was how the molecules formed my instructor’s nose—whether or not they turned a corner sharply—what they hit, if anything. I almost saw them chasing madly down the bridge of his nose. They bothered me exceedingly!

When the amateur reaches this point, he must take a vacation, or he will lose his wits entirely. If the malady has not progressed too far, he will recover fully in a week or two and come back realizing that there is considerable pleasure in chemistry—if one does not take it too seriously.



My Ancestors

MICHAEL CONNOLLY

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

MY "living ancestors" are limited, the two sets of grandparents on both sides having died before I was born. I know very little about them or anyone before them, and the little I do know has probably been discolored by reason of distance and sentiment.

* * * *

At the dinner table I would sing "Molly O" for my uncle Tom and receive a nickel. (Uncle Tom used to sprinkle salt on the table and dip his celery in it; he also buttered his apple pie and put sugar on his tomatoes; he went back to Ireland about thirteen years ago.) The meal finished and the dishes "over," the conversation usually developed into a Gregorian chant of "do-you-remember-the-times." Taking into consideration the amount of time out I had in order to rush beer, I think I got a pretty good picture of my forebears.

Granny Neville, my mother's grandmother, wore a poke-bonnet and shawl and had a face like a withered lemon. She defied the landowners once for a solid month, during the famine, and had to give in only when the potatoes gave out. They say she wore the plaid shawl and poke-bonnet through it all; and all you can see in the tintype in the album is lemon, bonnet, shawl. She was put in jail, but so was Robert Emmett. The mummers made up a song about her; I forget the words. Her maiden name was O'Connell, and she was a first cousin of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish statesman. She is the only one of my eight great-grandparents of whom I know anything; the others have no place in the stories.

Mrs. Sutton of Ramusgrange (that's

how it sounded anyway), Sutton's Parish, County Wexford, should be alive today: her favorite nephew is a "big shot" politician in Chicago, and all his relatives work in the City Hall. She was my mother's mother, with a face like an angel and a heart of gold . . . and angina pectoris. Her sons (she had nine, and seven daughters) are all alive but four. She resembled Queen Victoria, although she was not as stout. The favorite story about her, told usually between set-ups in McGinty's, at 74th and Cottage, Chicago, when the "tribe" gets together, is the one about

Punch Ryan's Wake

The River Suir is a mile wide between the towns of Ballyhack and Passage. The Atlantic dashes at the foot of the lighthouse, marking the point where a boat was blown off its course once and several hundred people were lost. The spirits of the dead people still haunt the Salty Islands, which are just south of Wexford, in the Irish Sea. They are said to be the banshees and leprechauns, but these are really the Northern Lights; Dad knew this because he had lived in Dublin for a while where the people are more sophisticated and hate Joyce's guts.

They were coming home from Punch Ryan's wake in Kilkenny one night, in a peat boat—Paddy Whalen, Bridget McConk, Moll the Charger, Patsy Shannon, The Dauber, the Mau Doyle, my grandmother, and several others. The men were a little under the weather, having partaken a little too freely of the liquid refreshment for which Irish wakes are noted. It was stormy; the banshees were wailing; they had missed the tide. The

next day was Sunday, and the women were anxious to get home so as not to miss Mass.

Mrs. Sutton kneels in the wet in the beam of the boat, her rosary dripping from her fingers. She prays aloud, stopping in the very midst of her prayer to yell, "Damn it to hell, Patsy, sit down or the wind will blow you all the way to Galway." My dad was leader of the mummers one year, and they wrote a song about this.

My mother's father was hit by a red-hot spike in a blacksmith shop and killed instantly.

I never learned much of my dad's father and mother because my dad set a

good example by never drinking beer when we kids were around. If they were like him, however, I would have loved them; he has such swell opinions about things — Sean O'Casey, for instance, "the dirty bricklayer" — that it is a pleasure to argue with him. Colum, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Russell, James Stephens, even Joyce, he will praise, but O'Casey—! *Juno and the Paycock* is his meat; he has memorized parts of it and hurls them at you during the course of an argument, asking if anyone ever heard an Irishman talk like that. I am convinced he would have been willing to throw the largest brick the night *Juno* opened at the Abbey.

Giant of the Age

BETTY FARIS

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

SURROUNDING us on every side, defying us to free ourselves from its reaches, is the giant of our age, Modern Advertising — a giant who looms before us at every turn — from whom there is no escape. The inner sanctuary of our homes affords us no protection. Radio, newspapers, magazines—all provide avenues of entrance. When we leave our firesides and go forth, we meet the giant in other clothing — outdoor costumes. Billboards line the highways to the right and left; cards hang over our heads on trains, street cars, and busses; electric signs flash before our eyes. Even if we could defeat this demand for our attention by closing our eyes, there would still be loud speakers blaring from commercial herald trucks; there would be

"dodgers" unwelcomingly thrust into our hands.

I am sure we would not resent so violently this constant demand for attention if the advertising which so intrudes upon us were truly a reliable criterion for discriminating between advertised articles. But many confusing claims are made by manufacturers of purchasable products. So many of them insult intelligence that advertising is a hindrance, not a help. Each manufacturer declares his product better than his competitor's for some specific reason which he sets about boring into our consciousness until he has worn us down and we, unable to resist the onslaught any longer, accept his claims as facts. Having made of us a convert, he knows we will henceforth

loyally purchase his product—his cigarettes (guaranteed throat protection) or tomato juice (new kind of vitamin) or spark plugs (quicker get-a-way) or shampoo (glossier, healthier hair) or anything he has set out to sell.

Now and then an advertiser with something bordering on a conscience does base his claims on scientific facts—facts which he goes great lengths to secure. More often the reverse is true, for modern advertising is concerned least of all with Truth. A recent government chemical analysis disclosed the amusing fact that a widely advertised soap contained no trace of either palm or olive oils—the precious ingredients advertised as the preserver of youthful complexions.

Several years ago, old Ezekiel Tirmons, then head of the Tirmons mattress concern, decided he really wanted to discover just what sort of mattress was most conducive to sleep and then to make, advertise, and sell that kind of mattress. He wanted to give the public the real facts on healthy, vitalizing sleep. He hunted up a university professor who already had made some investigations on the subject of sleep, and, fitting a laboratory for him, commissioned him to spend his full time ferreting out the secret of restful sleep. Mr. Tirmons cannot be credited with absolute altruism in financing this project, for two reasons. First, Mr. Tirmons expected to capitalize on the discoveries—to sell more mattresses because of them. Second and even more important, Mr. Tirmons suffered from insomnia.

The work took six or seven years, cost thousands of dollars, and is recorded on reel after reel of motion pictures taken of people sleeping on various types of mattresses. But by the time the proper mattress had been scientifically de-

termined and the data were available for advertising purposes, Mr. Tirmons had himself found deep and sound sleep—for Mr. Tirmons was dead.

The more modern young men who undertook the management of the Tirmons company half-heartedly tried using the scientific approach, then abandoned the so-called “vitalizing sleep” campaign, retreated, and joined the present popular school of advertising which, it seems, believes anything can be advertised best through the medium of the feminine figure. So Tirmons mattress advertising abruptly changed its appeal from the use of reliable scientific data to the picturing before the reading public of a charming girl sitting, scantily clad, of course, on the edge of a bed—the bed presumably fitted with a Tirmons mattress. And that, sad to relate, is the end of an old man’s brave attempt to do the right thing by the dear public.

This method of using the feminine figure for illustrative purposes is legitimate enough for the makers of foundation garments, but the pictures have become so stereotyped that they are tiring—always the X-ray type of picture of a lady in a formal gown. The advertisers’ one attempt a few seasons ago to be scientific covered our newspaper and magazine pages with outline drawings of spinal curvatures which they labeled the lordosis curve and *Ballyhoo* renamed, aptly enough, the Lord-help-us curve. This advertising campaign was short lived, however, for no woman would (by purchasing this particular garment) admit herself that much out of shape.

Nothing, it seems, is too remote to preclude its being advertised by some beautiful girl model. The makers of automobile bodies were first to utilize this medium. The young lady, in well-fitting clothing, illustrates the perfection

of "Body by Fisher." Not more than a half dozen people have ever noticed the company's old-fashioned trade mark which appears always on the same page—a medieval coach. After all, there isn't anything romantic about a metal automobile frame—and it seems that present-day advertising must be romantic. "Ads" may be untruthful, ambiguous, or just plain silly and still get by, but if the element of romance is neglected, out goes the copy-writer, branded a traitor to the present-day conception of first-rate advertising.

Now there are other types of current advertising which annoy me. The makers of advertising copy seem unified in the belief that all life is very dull and commonplace and that they are sent from God to glorify for the American public every item of daily use. They are slaves of the superlative. The product they advertise is never merely a good product—it is without question the *best* product of its kind. Others have no value at all in their estimation. Obviously they can't *all* be "best." But to go back to the aforementioned business of glorifying anything and everything, these copy-writers who are addicted to the exaggerated use of adjectives do irk me. At the corner soda fountain, the banana sundae which was my childhood love is now advertised in giant letters all over the glass behind the counter as Royal Banana Sundae De Luxe. If the day be chilly, the menu invites me to order a cup of Superfine Fancy Banquet Tea. Now a cup of tea is just a cup of tea to me—to anyone, in fact, except an Englishman. His is "a dish of tea," but it's a

very common thing at that. Knowledge of rudimentary etiquette makes the title Superfine Fancy Banquet Tea ridiculous. *Tea* at a banquet! *Tea* at a *banquet*! How Emily Post would squirm!

However objectionable they may be, the persons who concoct such overpowering adjective trimmings are not as obnoxious as the ones who are fostering the baby talk trend. This adolescent complex is manifested by such names as The Helpsie Selfsie Grocerie, The Goodie Nookie Candie Shoppe, The Waffly Goodie Waffle Shoppe. Every little store in the land seems overnight to have put on airs and emerged into a sort of *shoppe*. One community has an arcade of shops whose front windows announce them to the passing public as Bettie's Beaute Shoppe (a slight French flavor), Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe (old English flavor), Mummie's Meat Shoppe (plain American), and The Nuttie Shoppe (plain insanity).

Another group of "shoppes" are those whose owners have a genius for misspelling as well as alliteration—such as the Kopper Kettle Koffee Shoppe and the Kindly Kupboard Kandy Kitchen. The average person hardly suspects there are so many words beginning with "K" in the entire English language. Spelling has become a matter of trivial consequence. Let the stuffy old lexicographers have the jitters, seems to be the prevalent attitude, not shared, however, by Alexander Woollcott, who has gone on record as pining to give the proprietor of the Helpsie Selfsie a good kick in the pantsie-wantsie.

Reactions to Walpole's *Jeremy*

ANONYMOUS

Theme 18, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

SOMETIMES, under the influence of a book or in the thoughtful meditation which loneliness inspires, my mind turns to memories of childhood. Then I re-live in humorous thought many droll incidents which, at the time they happened, were serious matters to me. I am moved, in thinking back, by the same misunderstood emotions which so often led me to the solace of introspection. I cherish these thought-journeys, for I believe they will some day enable me to be a more understanding father than I otherwise would.

Jeremy, a book written by the versatile English contemporary, Hugh Walpole, has brought me for a time one of these periods of reflection. Walpole has presented incidents and emotions like those of my own boyhood, as they affected the life of an English lad, just arrived at the age when he is too big to play with his sisters, too young for the grown-ups to understand him, and not old enough to be accepted as a playmate by the older schoolboys. Although this little boy lived about forty-five years ago, surrounded by a very different type of community from any I have ever known, I recognize many of his experiences as also my own. I will not forget soon the first lie that I told, and its consequences; nor will I forget the unasked, unanswered questions that filled my mind when I discovered one of the grown-ups telling a very big lie; I afterwards found that this kind of lie was excusable because it was a diplomatic lie. I could, therefore, sympathize with Jeremy when he was faced with that same perplexing

problem. I can remember, also, how much I enjoyed the first American Legion carnival that came to town, although I probably would have enjoyed it more if my parents had been obliging enough to forbid my going, for I certainly was no angelic child. In fact, when I think of the annoyance I gave my teachers, I am convinced that I was fully as much an imp as Jeremy ever thought of being.

While some of Jeremy's escapades recall memories of my early pranks, the emotions felt by his sister, Mary, recall even more vividly the many heart-aches which were mine during those same years of my life. I have been told that I possess one feminine quality, because I have always had unconcealable affections, which were never returned so obviously as they were bestowed. Often, when my feelings were hurt, I would retire to a secluded haymow corner, there to brood over my troubles and to lavish self-pity upon myself. I believe I can understand Mary's jealousy of the little dog that supplanted her in Jeremy's affections, and I think I can understand her contempt for the new baby, which came as unwanted as a litter of new kittens, yet presented the same appeal.

My reactions to this book, *Jeremy*, however, were not confined to retrospection. I could not help noticing the effectiveness of Walpole's characterizations. Each of his personages reminds me of someone whom I know. While the mechanics of Walpole's writings do not always conform to my ideas of correctness, the continuity of the book is so

strong and the narrative so interesting that I would not wish to find fault with *Jeremy* on account of mechanics.

I think that I shall read more of Walpole's books, for he writes of incidents with which we are mutually familiar.

The Lost World

FLORENCE NEWTON

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

I SOMETIMES think that a child's world cannot be the same world that we see with the eyes of an adult. Remember how bright and freshly washed the world once appeared—how green the grass, how very yellow the heart of a flower? I feel that our perceptions have been dulled by haste to do the things that the adult world values as worthwhile.

Perhaps it is a blunting of appreciations. I remember the utter contentment of lying in bed of a morning, after having waked gently and not abruptly from the terrifying clang of an alarm clock, and watching the sun strike a broad band of light on the floor, and indolently noticing that the leaves on a tree outside my window made an intricate pattern on the blue sky. It was bliss, untroubled bliss; yet my nerves were sensitively alive to appreciation.

Today the alarm clock frightens me out of bed. I close my window quickly, and am launched on a day spent in being boisterously educated—hurrying from class to library, meeting countless indifferent people, people as indifferent to me as I am to them. The grass may be green and the wind warm, but my mind is too crowded for anything save a very sketchy appreciation. There are so many

tremendously important and worthwhile things to be done.

And faith—has our childhood faith in humanity, as it is and not as the world would want it to be, been left behind in that seemingly lost childhood world? If it has, we adults have lost something singularly flowerlike and good. We know that children are not critical; clothes, appearance, social standing mean little to them. Once I asked a little girl why she liked a particularly unprepossessing individual, and she replied decisively and surely, "She has such kind eyes." The child had faith in what she saw. The person had kind eyes, and the child did not question her feeling of satisfaction. I am afraid that we have lost the freshness of a child's vision, and that criticism has supplanted our childhood's optimistic clarity.

The cruelty of adult life often makes me wish to be again in the peaceful garden of childhood—a garden protected by walls of ignorance. But this is beating a retreat; instead of idly wishing, why not aspire to embroider on this thick unmanageable fabric of the grown-up world one simple unobtrusive design in white thread to remind us of our childhood appreciation of nature and our childhood faith in humanity as it is?

The Glory That Was Momentary

MARY JANE VAN HOESSEN

Theme, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

IF you are the kind of fool who can be even momentarily happy because green leaves, massed together on trees, look silver on sunny days or gray bricks seem green on a windy, cloudy, misty day, then you are the kind of fool who is above the king's jesters.

Knowing that growing is a disappointing, disillusioning experience for home-fed hearts, you can forget the truths your eyes have seen and your ears have heard and still be happy in the new use of your just-awakened senses. You can be happy now because you are receptive to all that life may offer you. You can love the slow glow of a fading sunset, exalt in the soaring sounds of a symphony, thrill at the feel of soft velvet or the warm furriness of a kitten, enjoy the fragrance of perfume or perfumed possessions, and live vitally and fully with the complete employment of your senses.

Besides enjoying the quiet use of your senses, you, if you are truly receptive, can appreciate more mundane matters. You can — and do — anticipate well-served, highly seasoned meals as much as you anticipate the purchase of a finely

bound classic. You can enjoy moving into a handsome room filled with well-dressed, attractive men and women as much as you delight in seeing the skyward flight of a flock of birds. Even the fluttering of a lone leaf can give you an elusive, fleeting happiness, if you are both observant and receptive.

In the love of the worldly and natural, you are a true exponent of receptivity, which is, for me, the keen delight in all that has been produced by God or man.

Gradually, unwittingly, I have evolved the belief that happiness is the result of receptivity. Smoke against the sky; flowers in a bowl; music through an open window; a deserted boulevard on a rainy, starless night; an illusory row of street lights in a suburban city—to the receptive mind and heart all these constitute a physically elusive, but spiritually lasting, happiness. Beautiful women in paintings or in person; handsome men in perfectly tailored clothes; chubby-cheeked children; glossy horses; domestic pets; travel pictures—to the receptive mind all or any of these are enough for a strange, momentary happiness, which is, paradoxically, the only lasting kind.

Two Descriptions

HAMILTON HALL

Themes 14-15, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

Fog on the River

IT was one of those nights that river men call thick and landlubbers call foggy. It was almost raining but not enough to roughen the black surface of the river that was sliding silently beneath

and around us. Instead of falling like rain, the water particles floated lazily in the air and made a cloud, not quite impenetrable, just thick enough to turn the usually bright river lights into dull yel-

low circles that changed into wraithlike shapes as I looked at them. There was no shore, no sky, no river except beneath us, nothing but curling fog, blurred lights, and an occasional hoarse blast of a steam whistle.

Our port and starboard lights made red and green blurs just above me. The running light threw the rear deck into faint relief, and the coiled stern line on it made a dark circle. The orange deck ahead of me was lighted dimly by the refraction from the brilliant finger of light from the spotlight mounted overhead. The white finger rose and fell with the slight rising and falling of the boat, which was caused by the low swell running before the upstream breeze. A long line of evenly spaced circles of whiteness took shape in the blackness ahead. The lights, like pearls on a string, seemed round, perfect, soft. Three darker masses began to take shape. They would be the bridge piers. My course was to the left of the center one. A whistle boomed out and seemed to rebound from the invisible floor of the high bridge now just above us. I answered with two blasts, pass to starboard. The thick fog curled more rapidly around the windshield before me and left large trembling drops of water that slid endlessly to the deck and formed a tiny, uncertain stream. Winding fingers of the gray cloud found their way in around the canvas curtains of the cockpit and disappeared in the warmer air of the enclosure.

But for the spokes of the wheel in my hand, the solid planking of the deck beneath my feet, and the rumble of the engine, I would have felt that I was flying through the air, instead of moving slowly up the Mississippi. The motor was slowed so that we were hardly moving against the current, and the deck pulsed slowly to its beating. I felt the thrill of uncertainty that is ever present on such a night when that gray cloud shrouds lights, channel marks, and worst of all, drifting logs. What is ahead? Nothing and everything. Rather like life, I thought. We moved on; more blurred lights, more booming whistles, another high bridge stretching proudly overhead, the damp, cool, pungent river smells, the clatter of a bell, and over everything the soft fog.

Rails

Two slender, shining streaks of steel raced from beneath the swaying car and ran side by side out into the vague distance and then drew closer to each other as if pulled by a desire for companionship like two lonely human beings, alone in a mad world. In their straight, apparently endless course, there seemed to be expressed all the eternal striving of mankind, all the futility of man's hopeless battle with that prime factor of all life, time. Dusk was falling. The sky was darkening. The racing rails still reached out hopefully but gradually dissolved into nothingness, into only a suggestion of existence.

St. Martin's Church

EARLE BICKERTON

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

A TALL, towering steeple against the sky, an equestrian statue high above the front door, ancient weathered walls of gray stone, narrow deep-set windows, old ivy—these are the striking things about St. Martin's. No semi-Gothic university chapel or movie palace style of architecture is this. Medieval Gothic of the purest type, the spire is high and incomparably graceful in slender thrust. The coloring of the aged walls blends into the drab neighborhood. It is the sort of church one would expect to come suddenly upon in some ancient walled town of the Middle Ages.

Inside the church, the air is cool and moist. The whole church is very dark; the flickering red of the vigil light at the altar constitutes the sole illumination. Little sunlight enters through the stained glass of the panes; the sounds of the

everyday world outside are soft and remote—almost meaningless. Here and there drift wisps of fragrant incense, ghosts of benedictions and masses that still remain.

Everything inside is of carved wood rich with the dark patina of age. Fluted shafts rise to the shadowed arches overhead. Carved fretworks, panels depicting the crucifixion, statues, all were fashioned from wood cut by some master-artisans of years long past. In one of the pews a figure kneels, bowed in prayer and lost in meditation. Nameless, motionless, utterly without the world, she continues her devotion. It seems sacrilegious to disturb her. Thus does St. Martin's offer refuge, peace, and solace to those who would escape from the world to think or pray.



Mood "Nudus"

EDGAR PARKHURST

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

I STEP up on the platform with the peculiar feelings always experienced by a person about to make his first speech. My heart pounds. My knees shake. My breath comes in short gasps. I pick a spot in the center of the dais. Here I place one foot in advance of the other, square my shoulders, place one hand on my hip, and turn as though to address those of my audience on the right. During this time, my optical nerves refuse to transmit anything the least bit tangible to my mind. I seem to see only billowing clouds of a foggy substance containing ghostly faces peering through at me.

But now the fog is dispersing somewhat, and more distinctly I can see those around me for whom I form the center of attention. I focus my eyes on a convenient spot on the wall and try to forget what most speakers try to forget—the audience.

At this time my feelings are very peculiar, to say the least. I am perspiring, and yet I know it is actually too cool for comfort. This latter fact is quite emphatically proved as now and then a cool current of air wraps my body in its frigid embrace. I cannot move. I must remain immovable as a statue riveted to the floor. A fly approaches me and buzzes around my legs seeking a favorable landing field. I very decisively dislike flies, especially on occasions similar to this one. . . . Just as I feared—the fly makes an irritating three point two landing on the lower extremity of my left leg. At least Mr. Fly was very thoughtful, or should I say not very thoughtful, in avoiding other more sensitive parts of my body. I do not dare to send Mr. Fly on his way for

fear I will disrupt the concentrated attention of the audience. Through "personal contact" I am aware of Mr. Fly instituting a systematic search for an elusive something. After encircling my leg several times he begins a slow ascent toward more lofty regions. His moving feet produce in the adjacent parts an intolerable "itchiness." It seems he has decided to prolong my misery by ascending gradually to a more tender spot where the torture of my agonized body would be complete. My kingdom for a can of Flit!

The effects of my motionless "attitude" are already beginning to take their toll. A dull, wracking pain is slowly making progress along one arm until it finally merges with other such pains originating in my feet and neck. The creeping torture of a fly and the tired muscular torture of prolonged immovability bring me close to the limit of my endurance. With perspiration on my brow and with a feeling of clamminess, I become increasingly aware of my importance; an awareness which, for obvious reasons I have tried to keep from my mind. I now realize to the full extent that my body is clad only in a trifling "gee-string" and that I have been the subject of intense study.

These thoughts, of course, bring mental pictures of a critical audience in the depths of despair at my seeming loss of tongue. With the final disappearance of my psychological smoke-screen, mental reactions are rapidly replaced by physical realities. People completely surround me. On large sheets of paper fastened in front of them, they seem to be "jotting" down their impressions of me. A man walks among the people giving them

hints on their "notes" and continually referring to me. I am very tired by now and find myself automatically waiting for this particular man to pronounce the single word, "Rest!" The pain in my legs, neck, and arms has changed to a prickly numbness. Mr. Fly has sought and found new fields to conquer on the diaphragmatic muscles separating the thorax from the abdomen. I try to move imperceptibly in order to ease the tired muscles, but with the gleam of an in-

tensely white light focused on me the slightest motion would be too easily discerned.

Just when it seems that I have reached the limit of human endurance, a voice repeating the word, "Rest," reverberates in my ears. With the motions of an old man crippled with rheumatism, I limp from the platform amid no applause whatsoever for my "pains." Why should I receive applause when I am merely performing my duties as an artist's model?

Jennie

MILDRED SPITLER

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

I LIKE maiden ladies—old maids, if you prefer. I have known only one, but my association with her has left many pleasant memories. Across the street from the place I used to live, twelve years ago, there was a brownish white house that twisted and turned itself into many ells. It was a house of high-ceilinged, spacious rooms, rooms that were gay with brightly colored wall-paper. Here Jennie lived, alone with her mother and a small legion of pets: Billy, a trilling, throat-puffing canary; Nebuchadnezzar and Hezekiah, the two goldfish; and Disraeli, the kinky-haired, stub-tailed poodle. Jennie was skinny, and she wore high-neck collars, but she had beautiful hair; it was black and curly, and her eyes were as black as her hair.

I liked Jennie. I never met anyone who could play house better than she. I was always the mother, and she was everything from the bad child to a neighbor coming to call. Sometimes she would take my hand, and together we would climb the three flights of stairs to the attic. Here in a dusky haze, characteristic of all attics, I could see stack after

stack of boxes, but always we would go to a certain corner where a big trunk stood. This she would open and from it tenderly bring out some remembrance of her girlhood. Maybe it would be a doll, or a set of tiny spoons, or maybe a small dish. These she would give me, and, drawing me on her lap, would tell me stories of how she had used them when she was a little girl. There we would sit until she would remember that she had baked some cookies that morning.

Then Jennie and I would visit my favorite of all her rooms—the pantry! It was old-fashioned, much larger than one of the step-saving affairs the modern housewife calls a kitchen. Here in this storeroom, filled with spicy odors, was a shelf just high enough for me to reach the five squatty jars on it; each of them was filled with a different kind of cookie. Jennie was enough of an old maid to have certain set ways and opinions. One was that cookies must never be mixed—hence the five separate jars. Since I could not read the labels on the jars signifying the type of cookie in each, she had painted the lids five different colors.

Green lid signified ginger cookies; blue lid, sugar cookies; red lid, molasses cookies; orange lid, fruit-filled cookies; and yellow lid, oatmeal cookies. It was Jennie who with her five jars and her delicious cookies taught me my first sense of five colors. However, I had difficulties when I started to school, for

I had associated certain colors with certain cookies, and since my teacher knew nothing of Jennie, she was incapable of comprehending the connection which I insisted existed between molasses cookies and the brilliant red disc she was showing me.

Nothing on the Printers

ERNEST TUCKER

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

DOC Potter sat on the rim of the copy-desk, in the seat that he had occupied for twenty years, and dreamed. His eyes hurt, and he shut them. He was nearly through with another day's work; half an hour would see him waiting for the street-car that would take him back to his little hole-in-the-wall apartment on the near north side. Things were quiet now, and the "slot man" in charge of the desk had gone downstairs for a cup of coffee. Doc was the only one left on the rim. He blinked his eyes to ease their aching, and looked at the clock. . . . Ten more minutes. He would make a last check of any possible news stories, and go home.

"Boy!" he called. "Check the printers!"

The copy boy ambled toward the little room where the news teletypes rattle out their stories twenty-four hours a day. He was in no hurry; it was late, and the news was coming in slowly. Doc Potter closed his eyes and resumed his dreaming. He had Chuck's last letter in his pocket. Chuck, his boy, coming home! It had been nearly a year since Doc had seen him; nearly a year since Chuck had proudly sat here at the desk and written the headline announcing his own graduation from Harvard and his sailing on a protracted European cruise. And now he was coming home!

Twenty years on the copy-desk. Twenty years, since Chuck's mother died, of saving, planning, hoping, dreaming for Chuck. He had been afraid, before, to let himself be carried away by his dreams; but tonight he let his heart lead him. How many times had they talked it over together, about the wonderful things Chuck was going to do when he graduated; joking about it when each knew the other was not joking. The list of Chuck's undergraduate achievements almost frightened him. That one boy-man could do so much! He was bound for success; no, he was fated for success. He could not avoid it. And as for Doc, he forgot the years on the copy-desk—years of writing about people being born, marrying, dying, fighting—the same old stories year after year, writing the same headlines to fit each one. People are all so alike—except Chuck—so wearily monotonous, doing the same things in the same way as long as he could remember. He was through with this, through; now would come happy years that they had both looked forward to so long, when Chuck would have a good job—he could not help getting one—and Doc could sit back a bit, and light a cigar, and look around at some of the things he had missed these twenty years.

He had not seen Chuck for eleven months. And now he was coming home!

.

Tommy, the copy-boy, stood watching the printers. One story coming in; he would wait until that finished, and then take it to Doc. The clacking of the teletype stopped. Tommy ripped the paper from the machine, and began to read it, idly. He caught his breath, and the paper trembled in his hand.

NEW YORK NY JAN 6—(AP)—
CHARLES POTTER, 23, OF CHICAGO, WAS KILLED TODAY AS HE TRIED TO SAVE A CHILD FROM AN AUTOMOBILE.

That was all. Tommy blinked his eyes.

Damn this cigarette smoke! Just like Chuck. . . .he'd been a swell kid. And poor Doc! Writing the obit headline on his own son! And then Tommy did something he had never done before and has never done since. He deliberately tore live copy in two and crumpled up the pieces. Doc would find out soon enough anyway.

He walked down the narrow, paper-littered aisle between the desks. Doc was putting on his overcoat. "Nothing on the printers, Tommy?"

Tommy bent his head to light a cigarette. "No, Doc," he said. "Nothing on the printers."

"Dynamite---Sir!"

JAMES VAN DOREN

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

THE battery is standing along the west edge of the oval "bull ring" which was set down so thoughtfully in the middle of a woods and about two blocks from the stables. Each cadet in the battery who has never been in summer camp before is tightly gripping in his right hand the reins that lead up to the head of a very, very large horse. Those who have been in camp before and know all about horseflesh are holding the reins nonchalantly. Both the "basics" (first-year men) and the veterans, however, have one thing in common: they are all facing the captain and the dazzling eight o'clock morning sun, and are cussing about it.

If somebody were to attempt to pick Private Schultz out of that battery from a little distance, he would find it impos-

sible. Each man is dressed exactly like the next, with his perky, olive-drab overseas cap, his straight, black tie, and his khaki shirt and breeches melting down into brown leather puttees and shiny army shoes. If, however, Private Schultz were told to take one step forward, that somebody could by careful scrutiny detect a slight variation in Schultz from the other summer camp students. He is of medium stature and has brown curly hair above his brown square face in which are implanted two squinty, black eyes; his pug-nose seems to have waged a losing battle to precede his wide, jutting chin, and his mouth, wedged in between the opposing pressures of his nose and chin, appears to want to spread into a smile over any little thing. Tell Schultz to take one step backward now, and he

will be absorbed into the line of horses and men along the edge of the riding track—merely another uniformful.

Captain Stalnaker sits his horse as though he were molded to the exact measurements to fit it, and from his comfortable position he quickly explains, without examples, the execution of the commands, "Stand to horse!" "Prepare to mount!" After exercising the cadets in these commands for a time, the captain leaves them mounted and describes the position of the mounted soldier. All that is left to tell them now is how to move the horse out at the command, "Forward, Ho!" Captain Stalnaker imparts these last minute instructions, and then—

"Forward, Ho!" sings the captain, with just the right inflection.

The line of mounted men hesitates momentarily, then advances jaggedly toward him. But what is this? He halts the riders and advances through the one vacancy in that otherwise splendid attempt at a phalanx. He rides up to the man who has been left thirty feet behind leaning forward expectantly in his saddle, and eyes him impersonally.

"What's your name?"

"Cadet Private Schultz, sir."

"Why didn't you move out, Schultz?"

But the captain has been looking at the horse in the meantime, and, before Schultz can answer, he asks another question.

"Isn't that 'Rock of Ages' that you're riding?"

Schultz answers in assent, and is immediately told to get that old nag back to the stables and bring a live one back with him. He dismounts and patiently leads "Rock of Ages" to the stables. Shortly afterwards he appears coming from the stables leading a horse which is holding his head high and has his

ears pointed skyward. The stable sergeant has told him that this "Lightning" was a horse who would move—Schultz would soon be convinced of that. As a matter of fact, he no sooner has one foot in the stirrup than he realizes that a sergeant wouldn't fool him. "Lightning" lights out diagonally across the "bull-ring" and rushes madly through the woods, wherein Schultz loses his hat, the majority of his courage, and, finally, his seat. The battery, good-naturedly enough, watches his return on foot from his ignominious downfall—minus his horse and his hat, and whacking the dead leaves and dust from his breeches.

At the captain's bidding, the Prince of Wales' imposter trudges somewhat painfully back to the dominion of the honest stable sergeant for another steed. This time when he returns with his new horse in tow, the battery is halted and the captain trots over to ask if Private Schultz has any pertinent questions.

Schultz turns over the words, "Rock of Ages" and "Lightning," in his mind as if to see if he can throw any light on the subject unaided; apparently he cannot, for he seriously asks Captain Stalnaker the much-mooted question of "What's in a name?" with special reference to horses' names.

Stalnaker replies, "Nothing, Schultz. We just name them with whatever name strikes our fancy. Of course any horse is apt to act up a little now and then." He then rides to the center of the ring, giving the command for the battery to walk single file around it as he does so.

Schultz's luck changes and he gets half around the track before anything happens this time. But half-way around, a newspaper blows terrifyingly in front of "Catapult," his latest mount, who gallantly and quickly lives up to his name, with the result that Private Schultz finds

himself suddenly sitting on the hard ground, leaning back upon his arms extended behind him, and wondering.

Leading "Catapult" happily, yet hopelessly, back to his stall, Schultz worries over his recent decision that horses' actions and horses' names are definitely connected, despite his captain's denial. On the other hand, worry is not the word to describe what poor Schultz is doing after trading in "Catapult" for his fourth animal. Schultz is aghast! His knees are jelly-like, his face pale, and his brow furrowed, as he returns to the now dreaded oval where these fearsome, four-legged creatures parade around and look so innocent. He glances fearfully up at the countenance of the docile thing plodding beside him, and trembles all the more. He can see through their guileless masks now! But—holy smoke! What a name! You might expect anything from a name like that! And no doubt that devil of a captain will try to force him, Schultz, to ride it. Well, here's the ring; maybe the captain will let him out of it.

He sees the battery is at stand to

horse; so he falls in next to the end man, hoping the captain will notice that he doesn't care to ride. The captain does not notice.

"Prepare to mount—Mount!" chants the captain.

Thoughts of "Catapult," "Lightning," and "Rock of Ages" race vividly through Schultz's mind; then horrible pictures of the dire consequences should he mount this demoniacally named horse flash before him. He is horrorstricken! He can't mount. He shoves his jaw out so that it gets half an inch in front of his nose, and resolutely stands firm.

The captain notices him, and orders cryptically, "Mount, Schultz!"

"No, sir!"—from Schultz.

"What do you—why, what the—umm—well, what now?"

"This horse, sir!"

"What about that horse—what's his name?"

Schultz explodes all his emotions in one word; his whole being is behind his voice:

"Dynamite—sir!"



Enter Miles

RICHARD ALAN

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

"FOR LOOK!" cried Priscilla with an arch wiggle of her eyebrows. "Yonder comes Miles Standish."

(*Enter Miles right*, dragging antiquated piece of ordnance, some six feet in length. Upon his head rocks a tin helmet of questionable period. Hung from his shoulders are paired "back-and-breast," replicas of what the well-dressed man-about-Plymouth wore in 1621, although the same armor had been used by Hector, Caesar, and King Philip, and gave every indication in appearance of having also done duty as a Chinese gong. Dragging behind, for all the world like the leeboard of a canoe on the weather reach, is a huge English cavalry saber. Miles' crepe-whiskered face takes on a semblance of ferocity as he turns toward the cowering women.)

"Be not afraid," I said reassuringly, "'tis only I, Miles Standish." And, with a nonchalant gesture, I hung my helmet upon the nearest chair. I had but turned around, when I heard a shattering metallic clangor behind me. Priscilla giggled, and, out of the corner of my eye, I saw my recalcitrant headgear clattering about the cabin floor in the most unnerving manner imaginable. My histrionic instinct bade me ignore the incident; so I turned to Priscilla, who was still tittering, and glowered with genuine dislike. She countered with a charming saccharine smile and we spoke at length.

Upon the word "calumny," young John Alden, long, blond, and quite the Puritan macaroni, entered airily. His high Pilgrim's hat was perched jauntily over one eye and his hands wandered vaguely

up and down the seam of his flimsy trousers, searching for pockets which some crafty costumer had failed to put in. Very calmly and with an air of great unconcern, he stooped and picked up my battered helmet. Time and cue held no terrors for young John, for he very carefully hung the thing on a chair amid a tense silence. Then he turned and began to spout his lines, but his first words were marred by a triumphant clatter from behind. We flinched as we saw the devilish thing roll gleefully about on the floor; even Priscilla was deeply moved, for she did not laugh; she sat, pensively chewing her gum, at the old spinning wheel, which had not been spun for almost a century. John was visibly shaken, but he went on with his lines like the seasoned trouper that he was.

All too suddenly, I found myself trying to pick up the now truly battle-scarred helmet. My unyielding armor squeaked, buckled, pinched, and bent, as I leaned toward the floor. I was still dazed. I didn't remember a single moment of action after the second crash, but I must have gone through my lines, for the stage manager was well on the way to apoplexy over my hampered efforts to get off. At last the armor gave way with an audible crack like that of a carelessly bowed, starched shirt-front. I set the thing on my head as I turned to go off, and it settled down over my ears with a faint demoniac chortle. For the first time I heard the comments of the small children on the first row. I saw John standing beside the ancient mahogany spinning wheel, absent-mindedly kicking it a foot

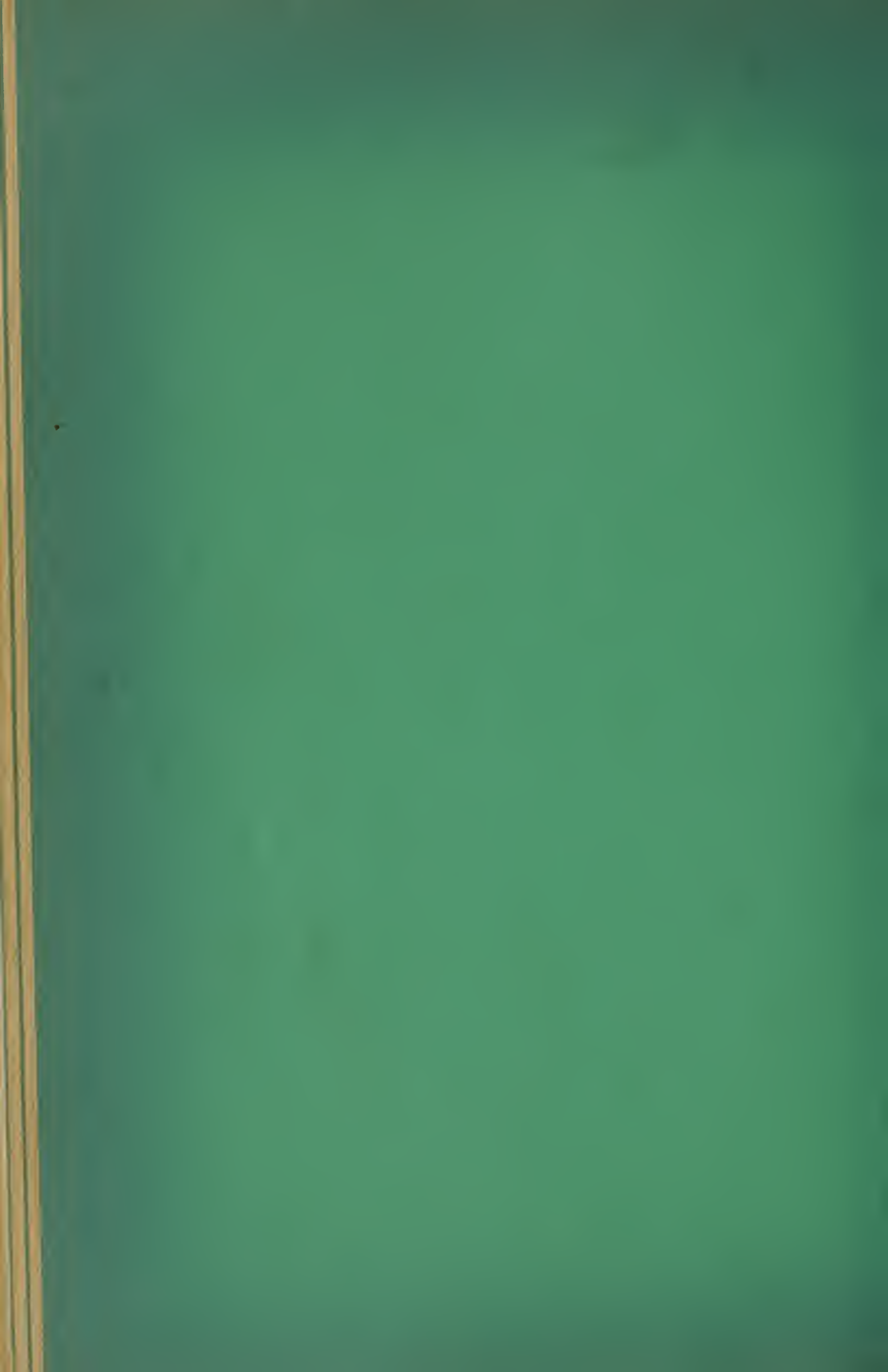
to the left and then back again. Priscilla stood in the wings with tears in her eyes and a handkerchief in her mouth.

Slowly I walked toward the right exit. "Clonk!" rang the helmet on my fore-

head; "Clunk!" on the nape of my neck. Heavy ordnance and cutlery made a barely audible sarcastic rasping noise as they followed me along the boards.

(Exit Miles right.)





THE GREEN CALDRO

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

HAYSEEDS, GRAIN DUST, AND GREASE	1
Frances Sheetz	
A CHINESE PROVERB	3
Juanita Skelton	
BUSINESS BIKES	5
William J. Moreland	
PLAY'S THE THING	8
Mary Jane Adsit	
THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYGROUND	11
Warren Young	
SIX OF A KIND	14
Elsie Mitchell	
WAR IS NOT A NECESSITY	16
Lou Ray Spence	
WORDS ALONE	20
Charlotte Johnston	
THANKS TO VESALIUS!	21
Mary K. Dearth	
OUR NELL	22
Herta Breiter	
CASTOR AND POLLUX	24
Joe Crabtree	
YESTERDAY	25
William Holly	
ELWOOD	26
Harvey R. Fraser	
A ROMANTIC BRIDGE	26
R. H. Colvin	
MRS. MINCER, EFFICIENCY PERSONIFIED	28
Anonymous	
PORTAGE TO ASHEGAMA	29
Ernest Tucker	
ICEBERGS OF EMERALD	31
R. J. Steiskal	

Hayseeds, Grain Dust, and Grease

FRANCES SHEETZ

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

HAYSEEDS, grain dust, and butchering grease—the undesirable things, yet the spice of farm life. Who would consider his life fully lived if he had not had the thrill of having one seed tucked away in the depths of his hair or felt the grain dust piling up one-fourth of an inch thick in the cracks of his ears, between his fingers, and in the corners of his eyes? Who has not longed to see the making of sausages from beginning to end? All of this you're sure to experience if you're on the farm the three most important days of the year. Two of these days unfortunately occur within a few weeks of each other. It seems to me that when there are only three important days in a year, they should be well scattered.

Haymaking days come first. With the beginning of the haymaking season comes the tedious and hateful job of taking from the shed the machinery to be used during the process. The needed machines are in the farthest corners, with a regiment of other machinery in front of them. I don't know why systematic arrangement is completely forgotten when machinery is put away in the fall. During this taking-out process, someone is bound to let a heavy tongue fall on his toe, or get his finger in between the moving object and the one standing still. Such incidents may cause a little blue smoke to rise. But what's a little blue smoke?

The machinery is finally brought out. The first machine, the mower, consists of a couple of wheels and a seat, with

a big scythe (to cut the hay) sticking out five or six feet. After the mower has gone around the field three or four times, the rake follows and puts the hay into windrows. Then the hayrack with the hayloader attached follows the windrows, picking up the hay and running it up into the hayrack; that is, providing the driver is someone besides myself. I never could, and I guess I never shall be able to pick up the hay in the corner windrows. I can follow the straight line perfectly, but I never fail to miss a corner completely. To me a corner means a miss, and a consequent guffaw on the part of the hired men at my ignorance. The hay is loaded to quite a height. Sometimes the height becomes too great, and a tip-over results. Tip-overs are not bad, however; in fact, they are rather thrilling when one remembers the correct way to jump—opposite the way the hay is falling.

The hay is put in the barn by three people. First, someone in the wagon "sticks the fork." When he thinks he has a worthwhile fork-full, he calls lustily, "All right!" The man in the mow repeats the call to the boy sitting below, whose purpose it is to give the call to the driver on the fork. Upon hearing the call, the driver on the fork begins to hound his horse. (I say *hound* because the kind of horse that is driven on a hayfork has to be hounded in order to make him move. He is usually a lazy lout that can't be used for anything else, and his very slowness is an asset on the

hayfork.) The horse begins to move. The big, long rope creeps along in the dust like a snake in the grass. When the rope has stretched its length, the fork carrying a huge amount of hay begins to rise from the rack. The horse at the end of the rope has to pull harder and harder as the fork moves up the side of the barn toward the cubby-hole through which it goes to the haymow. The rope quivers and shakes as if it were going to break under the strain. But, luckily, it never does. It always manages to struggle through the crisis until the fork is in the barn. While the horse on the fork is backing up, the man in the mow jabs his fork into the hay and swings it. When he calls "Jerk," the man in the rack jerks the rope and the hay falls. It takes approximately five forks-full to empty a rack. Four loads can be stowed away in the barn during the course of an afternoon.

While the hayrack is going back after another load, the man in the mow, the boy who calls, and the man driving on the fork have their in-between siestas on the cool, shaded house lawn, or their lemonade and cookies—just as their hearts desire.

With haying over, the next big event is threshing. This is different from haying in that the farmers organize into rings and buy a threshing machine, while in haying each farmer has his own equipment and does his own work. While the machine is being set up by the manager of the ring, the men gather with their varied implements. Most of them bring teams and racks. Their duty is to carry the bundles of grain which have been cut and tied by the binder, and which have been picked up and put into their racks by the "pitchers." The grain bundles are pitched into the rattling ma-

chine. They come out in two parts—the grain itself and the straw. The grain is caught by a truck, taken to the bin, and shoveled in. The straw is blown out of a long extended pipe onto the ground, where men arrange it in a neat stack. The amount of dirt acquired there is surprising. One cannot recognize his own father when he comes home from a day of working in the stack. If nothing goes wrong, a big field of grain can be put away in a day.

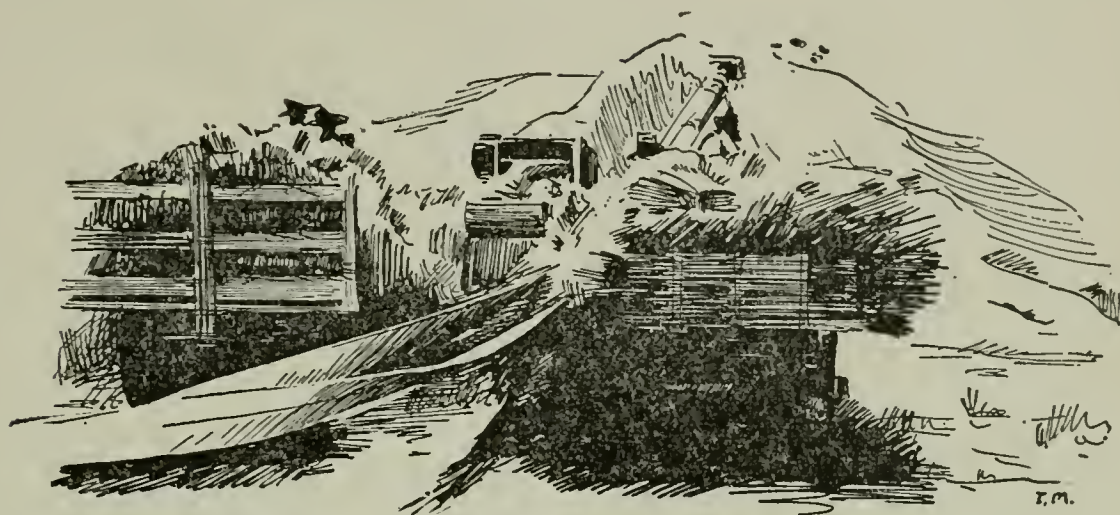
The women at the house on threshing days are just as busy as the men. A huge dinner must be prepared to meet the equally huge appetites of some thirty men. With the table stretched to its fullest length, the meal is served four times and without any particularly dainty manners at any time. Just try serving a threshing dinner in good style! All the men want is good food and plenty of it—bread, meat, potatoes, cake, pie, and coffee. A salad is superfluous.

Another interesting farm day is butchering day—interesting not in the respect that it is pleasant but that it's something different. They tell me sticking is the best method of killing hogs. I cannot say myself because I always avoid this preliminary but very necessary step in butchering. So we'll start out with the hog already killed. He is then doused in a big vat of water heated to 150°F. and containing a goodly amount of lye. The hog is supposed to be kept moving in the water until the hair slips off easily. Pleasant, isn't it? Then it must be scraped. But let's skip that too, shall we? Then it's hung up by its hind legs and cut into its various parts. All this is done away from the house. Then it is brought to the house and carried to the basement. The hams, spare-ribs, shoulders, and bacon are separated one from

the other. The pork chops are cut and fried, then put into big jars and covered with boiling lard. The lard, when cold, seals the meat from air and bacteria, and the meat will keep for many years. The meat for the sausage is ground and dumped in a big tube along with so many pounds of salt, pepper, and sage. Fifty or sixty jars of lard are made on butchering day. A fire is made beneath a big, black kettle of cracklings. These cracklings are boiled or fried (I never could

figure out which) for many hours. They rise to the top of the kettle and the pure lard settles to the bottom. The hot lard is piped out of the bottom of the kettle, and carried to the basement, where it is poured into the cans it is to stay in all winter long. With the making of the lard, butchering day's over. Ah! but the grease still remains.

You do not think these three important days are interesting? Go out to a farm sometime and see for yourself!



A Chinese Proverb

JUANITA SKELTON

Theme 3, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

“IF you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily,” expresses the birthright of every Chinese, a love of beauty.

The Chinese today, a plodding, toiling race, have not lost their inherent love of beauty which four thousand years of civilization have developed. Because the country in its present state is wretched with poverty and oppression, we forget that China had its glorious ages of art and learning long before even the European beginnings. Do not think that this

nation accepts its immediate fate as a matter of course. The people still harbor the old spirit that was once high during the years that China was a world power. Evidence of this was brought out during the uprising against the intruding foreigners, in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. These people are patient; for thousands of years they have multiplied, changed rulers, retained old ways, revered their ancestors, and throughout this evolution have held sacred this proverb in all that it means.

China has honored her great men. There is Confucius of twenty-five centuries ago, whose beautiful words of ethical teaching are law to millions of his countrymen. And although a Chinese prince, a few hundred years after the death of Confucius, burned the latter's works, he is to be forgiven for creating a thing of beauty as a recompense. I speak of the Great Wall as a thing of beauty, indeed. The finest Chinese workmanship in walls was put into this huge fortifying edifice that stretches across fifteen hundred miles of the northern border. It is twenty to thirty feet high and twelve feet in width, faced with granite and hard brick, and supplied at intervals with towers of defense. This ancient structure runs over hill and valley, sand beds and rivers, cliffs and deserts, stretching on seemingly endless. Chinese walls are the finest in the world, and although this one was built primarily as a protection against the Mongolians, it possesses lasting beauty—a preservation of the first Manchu dynasty.

The Golden Age of China's history was one of art and learning, comparable to a degree with the Renaissance of the western world. It began with the Buddhist religion, and continued for the three succeeding centuries of the Ming dynasty. Splendid remnants from this age are still in existence. It was during this period that Marco Polo returned from the East with glowing tales of the magnificence, the wealth of China. Today, shrines of Buddha, built in the deserted hill country, the mountain districts, and in the populated areas are yearly visited by pilgrims. Processions of them with their prayer wheels, bells, and trains of lamas stand in awe of these images of the Saint, cast by skilled Chinese craftsmen. There are still the great

stone camels, kneeling and guarding the entrance to the Ming tomb. There are the temples, the tombs, the porcelain, the china, the splendid memorial arches all reminiscent of the Golden Age.

Remnants of the second Manchu dynasty, during which a slow retrogression began, prevail yet in Peking. The city is divided into two parts, the outer city being purely Chinese, and the place where business is conducted; the Manchu-Tartar section is the inner city containing all the foreign embassies, and embracing the innermost sanctuary, the Imperial City, wherein the rulers dwell. There are many splendors in the Forbidden City; it is one of the few places not open to foreigners. There is the Temple of Heaven to which the Son of Heaven goes once a year to pray for a good harvest. The festival is picturesque, as are all Chinese festivals.

These are the beauties of old China. I love the China of today with its ancient religions, its quaint customs, its pagodas. Among these are the Bronze Lion at the old Imperial palace, the Great Pagoda at Canton, the Lung Hua Pagoda at Shanghai, the Porcelain Tower at the old summer palace in the outskirts of Peking, and the Hall of Classics of 182 slabs, containing all of the Chinese classics, also in Peking.

I like the Festival of Lanterns, the beauty in the Festival of the Dragon-boat. Even the common tea houses in Shanghai and the straggling streets of Peking hold an interest of their own.

The architecture, the silks, the porcelains, the handiwork of the Chinese, together with their observance of tradition, make obvious their love of beauty. They love the natural beauties of their country, things that have not been the results of their work but which have lived for these centuries because of the

Chinese sense of appreciation. The upper Yangtze river is a sanctuary of flowers, larkspur, jasmine, white lily, sunflower. The Chinese prove their love of flowers as well as of other objects of loveliness by the preservation of these.

They tender a deep regard for even the yellow sands blown by strong winds down from Mongolia, over all the northern portion of China. Valleys and hills

are covered with it. China is a yellow land with yellow rivers winding their way through soft soil, carrying with them thick yellow water down into the yellow sea.

Just as the dust of Peking covers the palace as well as the lowliest hovel, so does the love of beauty abide, in wealth or in poverty, with the Chinese people.



Business Bikes

WILLIAM J. MORELAND

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

BICYCLES have taken people to many places, but last summer they took me on a tour of business experience, for I actually earned money with them and enjoyed myself while doing so. Unlike most people earning money, I was my own employer, as I was what is commonly called a rent-a-bike dealer. My parents and relatives had persuaded me to open a rental station in our neighborhood. At first I was not in favor of doing so, but after I talked to a suburban dealer and discovered that the average income from a single bicycle was over a dollar a day, I decided to become a business man, after a fashion. I rented a very desirable location in the city where I live. It was directly across from a forest preserve, with a baseball field, picnic-grounds, and swimming-pool. Then I went to a sign painter and had him make several large signs for me. After that I had three

thousand cards printed, as well as five thousand contracts. I was truly proud of this card, for it represented my first business venture, and it bore a slogan which I myself had thought of. The card looked something like this:

Phone Your Reservation

WHY HIKE? BILL'S RENT-A-BIKE

No Deposit Required Wm. J. Moreland, Prop.

Meanwhile, after inspecting the various makes of bicycles, I negotiated with the Chicago Cycle Company for the purchase of twenty sturdy, balloon-tired bicycles, equipped with stainless steel fenders, bells, and lights.

I began to feel like quite a business man, but I experienced my first real

thrill on the Fourth of July, when I opened my station. The day before, my bikes had not yet arrived, and I spent the entire evening and part of the early morning making frantic telephone calls to the factory, trying to insure their delivery in time to open the next morning for the holiday. They weren't ready in the color I had ordered, and, after arguing until two o'clock in the morning, I finally agreed to take the twenty orange and blue bicycles that were in stock and could be sent out before six o'clock. I went to bed with spokes and wheels before my eyes, hoping that they would arrive in time. At five-thirty I was awakened by the factory hands, who had my precious cargo waiting outside. Together we drove to the place I was to operate from, and my bikes were rolled off the truck. They were beautiful, gleaming in true Illini colors, and trimmed with spotless, snow-white tires. I felt nervous, anxious, and important all at the same time. I was like a little boy who is permitted to go downtown by himself for the first time; uncertain about the whole thing, wondering whether or not he has made a mistake, yet anxious to be off; feeling important in accepting responsibility, yet doubting his ability to succeed. After I had arranged the bikes in an impressive array, it began to rain, and I could see my heart sinking in the puddles forming at my feet. The skies soon cleared, however, and picnic trucks arrived one after another. My spirits rose, and why not, for were not these people who were arriving my prospective customers? They were, and as the day wore on, additional truckloads of holiday frolickers arrived. As they did, I found it necessary to set out additional benches to accommodate the many people who were waiting to rent bikes. Some waited two and three hours before receiving

one. My first day was a successful one, for I took in over sixty dollars, regardless of the weather—more than three dollars per bike, three times the average income.

I was overjoyed at my initial success, and at the end of two weeks I was averaging close to forty dollars per day, in spite of the rain and cold. I purchased ten more bicycles, hired a man to do most of the hard work, and ordered a tent that cost over a hundred dollars. Yes, I was tasting the fruits of success, but things were not quite so easy as they may seem. I worked long hours, sometimes from ten in the morning to long after midnight. There were no holidays for me. I was "boss" and I had to see that my business was carried on in the proper manner. I had to look after the advertising, supervise the repairing, pay the bills, purchase the necessary supplies, and endeavor to keep competitors from opening rental stations in my vicinity, which I did to a certain extent.

The management of the station was chiefly in my hands, although I had a helper. We charged the standard price of twenty-five cents per hour, which a renter paid before signing a contract liberating me from all responsibility. Before renting a bike to a person unknown to us, we made him identify himself to our satisfaction. In order further to insure against theft, I later bought a fifty-picture camera, and whenever we did not know a prospective renter, we took his picture. We also had poll sheets of the voters of the various wards of the city, and when a person gave us his address, we would look it up in these sheets. If his name was not there, then surely his neighbor's was. In this way we had an almost perfect check on every person who rented a bicycle, and it was only through carelessness during rush hours,

when we neglected this procedure, that we lost a bike. Other tasks, besides the renting of the bike itself, included opening the stand at eight in the morning; staying there till noon; repairing, washing, and oiling the bikes, and cleaning up the stand in general; and preparing the flashlights for night-riding. We worked in three shifts: my helper in the morning, I in the afternoon, and both of us at night and on Sundays, except for one night a week off, on which one of us would operate the stand alone.

During the course of the summer I lost a total of three bicycles, and I believe that I was fortunate in losing only that many. One of these I myself rented on a Sunday. There were a great many people waiting, and we were renting bikes as fast as they returned. We were so busy that I decided to trust my judgment in determining the honesty of customers. My judgment was faulty, and I lost not only the twenty-five dollars I had paid for the bike, but the use of the bike during rush hours. I learned my lesson, but my helper did not profit by my experience, for he lost two more of my two-wheeled money-makers.

I met many interesting people while operating my stand. Often millionaires, politicians, and celebrities would drop in for recreation or exercise. Their visits would break the monotony of renting to the ordinary run of people, although

these were of all nationalities, religions, and prejudices.

About twice a week, on warm clear evenings I would sponsor "treasure-hunts" to various points of interest. Everyone always enjoyed himself on these late-hour escapades. We would pedal for several hours, stopping here and there to hunt for some hidden "treasure" until we finally reached a designated spot where we would roast marshmallows and frankfurters, tell stories, and sometimes dance to music from an auto radio. It was something different, and every time I announced a jaunt of this sort, the reservations exceeded by far the number of bikes I had on hand, which was now about forty, counting my racers and tandem. After closing time on other days my helper and I usually rode several miles to a barbecue stand in the country for a sandwich, just to top off a long, weary evening.

So it was that I spent my summer last year. By working I not only gained experience in business and in dealing with people, but I profited financially as well, for I took in over fourteen hundred dollars in two months. Of course, my investment was large, but I still have the bicycles and the accessories. Next summer I intend to operate my rental station again, provided the fad still holds sway, and I hope to have many more interesting experiences.



Play's the Thing

MARY JANE ADSIT

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

I LIKE to think that Wordsworth, when he wrote, "The Child is father of the Man," meant that in children are developed the characteristics and character of the men they will become. A cross section of a child's life will show the beginnings of complexes and beliefs that determine the ultimate individual. Since the child is glimpsed most naturally at play, I believe my own personality can be revealed by my youthful recreations.

I was well equipped for my most important childhood occupation, play. The latest facilities were mine; I had a real playhouse, a playroom in my own home, and toys of every description. These were all lost on me. I immediately began to show decided inclinations in other directions: I could make perfect mud pies; I was an excellent little hole-digger, having helped to dig two lovely, large ones in the yard of one of my girl friends; and I remember with much pleasure the hours I spent in cousins' haymows. With the loveliest of real dolls, I would invariably turn to the Sunday cartoons to cut them out for paper dolls. One new friend visited me especially to gain entrance through the enchanting portals of my playhouse; but I, tired of its charm, enthusiastically recommended the incredible charms of my latest and dearest possessions, cut-outs from a last year's Sears-Roebuck catalog.

Invented recreations seemed always to fascinate. I never did play much with the jumping shoes that mother purchased for me; but there was no sport that my sister and I liked better than that of "jumping on the bed." We had a very definite story of a man who was walking down the street observing all the

window displays when suddenly he slipped on a banana peeling. This point of the story halted the walk around the bed's edge with a merry tumble and gales of laughter. We usually reserved this game for mother's club nights. Once, inspired to make my aunt's four-poster bed a real colonial one, we took one of her best quilts to make a canopy. We pulled the corners to the poles and tied them there. A small tear in the quilt was just above us tempting; we took turns pulling it. We felt decidedly early American after our aunt discovered our well-meaning efforts. Bouncing on the cushions of our davenport, holding an umbrella covered with a blanket over our heads, was suggestive of any real or imagined mode of transportation. An open umbrella sitting on the floor could be furnished with pillows and toys to resemble anything from a general's tent to an upper berth in a pullman. We also used our front stairs as a train to good advantage. The landings were private cars while the steps were ordinary day coaches. The kitchen was always in the little closet beneath the train and was always well supplied with soda crackers and water, if nothing else.

At eight I was an established writer with a public and was even a best seller in the third grade of Lincoln School. My chosen career was beyond doubt inspired by my reveling in the various and sundry adventures that Peter Rabbit had in library books. I wrote a series of continued stories, each about the length of a tablet sheet on both sides, on the adventures of Bunny Cottontail. These were in great demand by my classmates and were handed around in their chrono-

logical order. However, my flourishing business was shortly ended by a heartless teacher who secured Chapter VI, "Bunny Cottontail Makes Candy." My next teacher was more sympathetic to genius; for, although I didn't resume the continued stories, I remember confidentially revealing to her my ambition and intention to become an authoress.

Not long after this I began managing a show of my own. Our playground at school accommodated some one hundred and fifty girls, ranging from the first to the fifth grades. There was no organized play; but leaders usually had a large group engaged in the intriguing game of "Old Witch" or "Bad and Good," with occasional epidemics of hopscotch, jumping ropes, or jacks. Once some group conceived the bright idea of having a play. The play was impromptu and related to the mischievous adventures of a certain Sally Goodin. For the first few days business was good and all the playground attended. Unsatisfied with only watching and unsuccessful in getting a part in the play, I started a rival concern. My show featured "The Tattler," also a mischievous young imp. Her chief concern in life was the involving of her sister in various difficulties. We had good crowds for quite awhile; but, as the plots began to come hard to my mind, all the playground began producing their own plays. Audiences were as rare as parts had been before. Rarity and oversupply do mightily affect values.

I must have had an unusually large touch of the secret-society mania that strikes youngsters and never seems to die out entirely in men. The "Ruby Seal" society had quite an elaborate ritual on which I spent much time and great imagination. The idea had grown out of a book, as most of my ideas did,

in which the ruby seal meant lips sealed to all secrets. There were two offices, princess and queen; I drew the higher office by lot, but singularly enough, the other member soon lost interest. Later my cousin and I organized the Bookworm Club with our playmates. The name came from the passion my cousin and I had for reading; but it had little or nothing to do with the club's activities, which consisted, in the main, of rummaging in all the garbage cans in our back alley. Once we made the exceptional find of the stays from an old umbrella. We could never figure out, with all our ingenuity, any practical use for them; but we had no doubts as to our being extremely fortunate in having made the lucky find. Our alley was set apart from the usual run of alleys by the fact that we boasted a greenhouse. At the times when the operators were changing their flower beds, many homeless and numberless homely flowers were ruthlessly cast out into the blazing "alley" sun. Of course, we tenderly bore the bedraggled blossoms home to drop their sad petals in our mothers' living rooms. While two of us were on an alley excursion one day, we came upon half a bottle of milk of magnesia which had been discarded. Its creamy whiteness couldn't be lost to the world in this manner. Into a dish we poured it, thick from standing, and with a maraschino cherry enhanced it. Most graciously we then presented it to another playmate as some melted ice cream left from dinner. The Bookworms were eventually displaced by the earthworms that followed. Steeped in pirate literature, we soon were digging into the earth. We hunted out all our old jewelry and discarded old treasures to be put reverently into a common box. A blood-curdling warning to any and all trespassers was then

scrawled and signed in red ink—real blood from a chicken proved to be too unrealistic. Landmarks were carefully laid and the treasure, buried. For lack of a modern Jim Hawkins or John Silver, we had to dig up our own treasures every two or three days, thus keeping accurate news on the ant's invasion of our precious belongings.

A change of reading material revolutionized our playing. Now we were girls at a boarding school living the exciting escapades that always occur in girls' series books. One night my cousin, Eleanor, and I decided to be two such girls and, as one of our lesser adventures, let her brother climb into our dormitory window for a spread that night. After Eleanor and I had taxed our grown-up vocabulary to the limit and still Chuck hadn't come, we were beginning to feel ourselves deserted. Finally we heard him, not outside the door which was a "pretend" window, but on a ladder outside the window. Into the first floor room he climbed with very real provisions for a spread. Heavy penalty that was far from "pretend" went with piecing between meals. There was only one room in the house where we could retreat in perfect sanctity from our parents and lock the door: into the bathroom we went. Here we hastily gulped down an indigestible combination of ice cream, pop, and penny candy.

As I began to grow up—in the seventh grade—we advanced a step in recreation. We arrived at the well-known stage of "kissing" games. Postoffice, wink 'em, and clap-in-and-clap-out were immediate favorites. My sister had gone through the same state just long enough before to be thoroughly convinced of its utter foolishness. That this was all much nonsense was made unmistakably clear to me. Because of this I was quite fa-

mous as the prude of the party, and was left the unenviable job of "doorkeeper."

The summer evenings from seven until nine o'clock were spent, when I could get out, in the most vigorous games of Run Sheep Run or Dig Out. These were group hiding games that covered a whole section of town and gave excuse for getting in and out of the most unusual—and dirty—places that one could imagine. Senses were made keener by the fact that every one was a "big kid" and all were good runners. Signals of "Blue," "Raspberry," or "Green" rang out clearly. A rustle of a twig might give the whole group away now, so close was the other side. A fence must be jumped and two gardens crossed to reach the goal. One held one's breath expectantly. Anything could happen; something always did. There was suspense, excitement, intensity of feeling. A chill was at my spine, a glow in my eyes, and senses were sharpened ten-fold. This was being alive! There was also another sharp tingle of appreciation as I realized that next summer I would be too old to harum-scarum over the neighbor's pet flower gardens. I must soon leave all this behind. I kicked a pebble in disgust and felt very much the same way as when I couldn't get into my favorite left-over-from-last-year's dress. The noise of the pebble was all the enemy side needed. Staccato on the night air rang, "Break through the window light. Run! Sheep! Run!" Pent-up emotions broke forth in exclamation. The stillness of a moment ago was lost in the calls and trampling of the hurrying mob. There were excited "You're caught's" of the opposite side mingling with the triumphant "free's" of our side as some reached home safely. Over the base line I flew — free. Then someone called "Olly Olly Ox in free — o!" And I knew that the game was over.

The World's Best Playground

WARREN YOUNG

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

AT sunset, when a strong wind was beginning to blow, I stood on the top of a bluff looking down at the harbor. It was a small harbor, fit only for small sailboats and medium-sized power boats. At this moment I was watching a whole fleet of star and Cape Cod boats smoothly gliding towards their mooring buoys. The sight was very impressive. Sails, big, white sails, that only an hour ago were mere spots upon the blue water, came in, one by one. Then, as if by magic, they disappeared, leaving barren, deserted masts to take their place. Yachtsmen and young sailors were scurrying back and forth in performance of various harbor duties. I watched them for nearly an hour. Then I lazily shifted my position and gazed at the beach. There I saw the residue of the day's record-breaking crowd. They were busily playing and swimming, as if trying to utilize the very last rays of the sun. As this sight appealed to me, I looked up and down the shore line. There it was, beautiful Lake Michigan, affording enjoyment to hundreds, to thousands of people. Playing in the lake—our most popular summer sport!

The lake is the most fascinating playground in the world. It offers a very large selection of sports: sailing, pleasure-yachting, swimming, rowing, speed-boat-ing, aqua-planing, fishing, water polo; in fact, almost anything imaginable. Lake sports are becoming more thrilling and more daring every year. The steeple chase and obstacle races have even been introduced to attract the public towards out-board races. Gar Wood and Sir Henry Malcolme are pioneers in high-

powered speed-boat racing. However, we cannot hope to participate in all these sports. We must confine ourselves to a select group of three or four. Even then, the hobby would be very expensive, but to the young man who lives near the lake shore, it means just a matter of time and the ability to contact friends in and about the near-by harbor. For the most part of my life I have lived on the shore of Lake Michigan. About a quarter of a mile north of my home was the Wilmette harbor. When a young boy, I determined to make the harbor my "hang-out," and now I can thank this early determination of mine for making possible my fullest enjoyment of the lake sports. I have been sailing, speed-boat-ing, aqua-planing, and pleasure cruising for many years and at a very small cost. Now, if you live near the lake shore and if you are a true lake sportsman, the road to fuller enjoyment will be easy and simple.

But before you decide to engage in lake sports, particularly in sailing and boating, you must determine whether or not you are cut out to be a yachtsman. Have you a natural desire and love for the lake waters? You must know and experience the feeling of secluding yourself on a bluff or a sand dune overlooking the massive lake, to feel the importance and romance of it all. You must know what it is to camp on the beach, to lie on your blanket, which is spread on the cool, smooth sand, to watch the movements of the sky, and to listen to the swishing, ripple-like noise of the waves. Many summer nights I used to take a few blankets down to the lake

shore and camp there. The next morning I would return to my anxious, impatient mother and tell her all I had seen at the water's edge. It is this natural love for the water that determines whether you will enjoy yachting or not.

When you have found out that you are attracted to the water, that you are a natural seaman, go out and seek the necessary connections. The place to go is the local harbor. There you will learn to appreciate boats—all kinds of boats—from the largest of yachts to the smallest of auxiliary dingies. However, do not spend too much of your time at the harbor, that is, if you do not want to become a common sailor. We must all have some recreation and we must all have some special interest or hobby, but we must not neglect our education. Divide your time intelligently. You will then only loiter around the harbor during your spare time, making the harbor your hobby. Study the types of boats, pick up as many of the nautical terms and expressions as possible, and, above all, show yourself around the harbor. Don't sit on the break-water or pier all day long and content yourself with being just a spectator. Participate in the activities of the harbor. Of course, you must be careful to avoid annoying anyone, for sailors and yachtsmen despise "kibitzers." Instead, you must offer your services with moderation and show the aged yachtsmen all the courtesies that a young apprentice can show his master. You will soon become an appreciable asset to the harbor. The yachtsmen will begin to take notice of you. Then you know you have completed the first step; you have made your harbor friends and your harbor connections.

You are a young man of the harbor; a yachtsman without a yacht. If you have no source of income, the most log-

ical thing to do is to obtain some kind of a job around the harbor. There are many good positions, such as chauffeur on a power boat, fourth mate to one of the larger yachts, or general caretaker. I said "job," because you are paid for services rendered, but your work will be a real pleasure. It is sport to drive a high-powered Chris-craft; it is sport to be part of the crew on a large yacht, especially when the owner decides to set sail for an extended two-weeks' cruise. You will find that yachtsmen are the most lenient of employers. They grant almost too many liberties and privileges to their employees. I know of one who encouraged his young chauffeur to take his friends for thrilling speed-boat rides and for a good afternoon of aqua-planing. The employer is a wealthy man and had hired the lad principally to keep his Chris-craft in good condition and to take him back and forth to work. What did it matter to him if his boat was really being enjoyed while he wasn't using it? You will find many jobs like the one I have just described. But be sure to hang around the harbor so that the opportunities will come to you one by one.

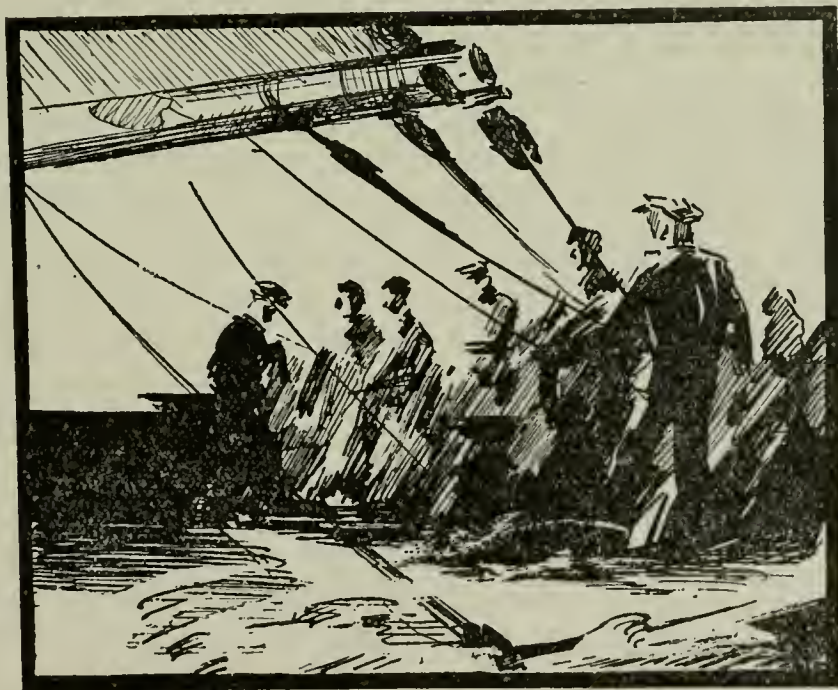
If you have saved enough money, or if you have a steady source of income, purchase a small boat. I will not try to influence you, but since I am a fond admirer of sail-boats, I advocate the purchase of a small cat-boat, a star-boat, or a Cape Cod boat. These are all medium-sized sail-boats which I am sure you will enjoy much more than any noisy, roaring motor-boat. I have always preferred the Cape Cod sail-boat, because it is large, roomy, seaworthy, and reasonably fast. There is room for at least eight passengers, and it is easily sailed by one man. If you have never

experienced the joy of sailing—of sailing at sunset when the reflection of the sun upon the sparkling water turns everything golden, or of sailing at night, steering your course in the path of a reflected full moon, you have a real treat in store. You can do this now, and what is more enchanting than to do it in your own boat?

Your boat will make you eligible to join the yacht club. Join it! Yacht-club dues on the average are small; very small, in fact, when one considers the benefits the club offers. You will enter races. Your first race will be an experience that you will never forget. As a member of the club you will make many more friends and connections. Possibly some member of the club may wish to cruise in the Indian Ocean. Nine times out of ten he will choose a young member of his own club to accompany him as a third mate. No matter how large your own boat is, you are now a full-

fledged yachtsman. You have fellow yachtsmen who will invite you to join them in other sports. You will go aquaplaning, pleasure-yachting, speed-boat-ing, and canoeing, and enjoy yourself in the best and most healthy way possible.

You have spent seasons of enjoyment on the lake, and now you have purchased a boat. It has been a very inexpensive experience, and yet, I imagine, you have enjoyed your recreation on lake waters as much as the wealthiest of yachtsmen. With your little boat you can be the host of many pleasurable parties. If and when you feel the urge to sail—to sail to distant lands, convert your Cape Cod boat into a comfortable cabin sloop. It is a fairly simple task. I have seen quite a few Cape Cod boats converted into cabin sloops that no one would be ashamed to own. To sail on an extended cruise in your own boat and as your own skipper is a joy that cannot be measured. Recreation on lake waters has no equal!



Six of a Kind

ELSIE MITCHELL

Themes 14-15, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

DRAMATISTS are but puppet-dealers who, like wise shopkeepers, have many varieties to sell. They have in their inventories puppets as manifold as the abductions of Edmund Rostand's *Straforel*; they can advertise very plain puppets in very plain settings; or they can announce a group of very select puppets for sale — "\$10.00 and up!" — just as *Straforel* could arrange for a simple abduction by post chaise or one in a sedan chair — by all means, a sedan chair — with moonlight at extra cost. Whatever the taste of the puppet-loving public, the dramatist can gratify it.

Like all dramatists is Henrik Ibsen — his *A Doll's House* is a true puppet show; his characters, true puppets. The puppet dealer needed a young creature — a woman to show how hateful is a marriage without confidence, and therefore no love, for love is confidence. He needed one that was full of life but lacking principles in thought, loving but undisciplined, gentle to those nearest her but not to others, an extravagant young girl who never had a mother. And, for such a character, Ibsen pounced upon Nora. He made her the gay little puppet who childishly tells herself stories about old gentlemen who will leave her fortunes so that she can get out of debt, who solemnly fibs about the sweetmeats her husband forbade her to buy, who thoughtlessly forges a name to "save her husband's life." In short, Nora is a little girl who has been babied by a husband who adores the wax doll in his doll's house. But Nora changes rapidly — so rapidly that we wonder if the Nora

at the end is the Nora of the beginning. They are the same, so far as Nora's understanding goes. To the last she reproaches Helmer for refusing to assume the blame for her crime. It is agonizing for her to think of plunging into "the cold, black water"; yet Nora-like she hopes that the water will not be cold. It is the same Nora, but a mature Nora whose quarrel with her husband puts an end to her youth. Ibsen's puppet is a strong woman, not a weak woman, for a weak woman could never have left her husband and her children as Nora did.

Sir Arthur W. Pinero's puppet is almost a replica of the Norwegian author's. Paula is, like Nora, a victim of circumstance. Young, pretty, she has thoughtlessly romped through life. "Why," asks Paula, "do you trouble yourself about what servants think? Why, goosey, they're only machines made to wait upon people and to give evidence in the Divorce Court." The second Mrs. Tanqueray is a woman of the world, not a toughened individual, but an innocent misguided creature who demanded of life only one thing — fun. A divorcee several times, the toast of a devil-may-care London, she settles down to live in Highercoombe near Willomere with Aubrey Tanqueray, in whose social circle she is unaccepted. "What is my existence, Sunday to Saturday?" she asks impatiently. "In the morning, a drive down to the village, with the groom, to give my orders to the tradespeople. At lunch, you and Ellean. In the afternoon, a novel, the newspapers: if fine, another drive — if fine! Tea — you and Ellean.

Then two hours of dusk; then dinner—you and Ellean. Then a game of *Bezique*, you and I, while Ellean reads a religious book in a dull corner. Then a yawn from me, another from you, a sigh from Ellean; three figures suddenly rise — ‘Good night, good night, good night.’” Paula, now belonging neither to her own set nor to her husband’s, finds that her friends of the past only disgust her. Tanqueray’s friends shun her — and Ellean, selfish, heartless Ellean of the Madonna face, refuses to accept Paula’s genuine love. But Ellean, Saint Ellean, can accept the love of a shameless man, one with whom Paula had lived! Whatever Paula may have been before, Paula in the last scene is a true gentlewoman, unselfish and sacrificing. Knowing how utterly she is ruining her husband’s life and Ellean’s life, how miserable is her own, she quietly commits suicide.

Ibsen and Pinero sold us a Norwegian and an English marionette, but what will Edna St. Vincent Millay offer? Ah — an Anglo-Saxon puppet. “See,” says Miss Millay, “how pretty Aelfrida is? How bright the red hair that lies in waves over her shoulders? how dark and wide the eyes! how soft but imperiously set the mouth! how dazzling the skin! Aelfrida is my best puppet, but, gentlemen, Aelfrida has no heart. Alas, it is all too true. Aelfrida’s only thought is of herself, her beautiful self. ‘But for thee,’ she mourns to Athelwold, ‘I had been Lady of England.’ That Athelwold should have left his beloved king and his all to be with her, Aelfrida, does not matter. Was it sick she promises to be when King Eadgar comes to Devonshire? To dress with ‘locks unkempt, and dusty with hateful meal’ to save her lover from certain death? Aye — sick and ugly she appears — in richest silks and golden bracelets!

Her love for Athelwold is so little that she would rather see his blood ‘splashed out in the dust like a bucket of kitchen slop’ than to appear ugly before the king. ‘Thou hast not tears enow in thy narrow heart, Aelfrida,’ says Eadgar, ‘to weep him worthily.’ Will you have her, gentlemen, or shall I show you another?”

The French offer us two products—genuine Rostand-made—the one named Roxanne and the other, Sylvette. They are two unimportant ladies who are loved by important men. At times we would like to shake the lovely and intelligent Roxanne for falling in love with the handsome young puppet coached by the debonair Cyrano de Bergerac instead of with the teacher himself. But, would a lovely woman look at Cyrano beyond his nose? Roxanne must be forgiven. And Sylvette? Ah, Sylvette is a romantic little puppet who loves fruit because it is forbidden. Percinet is twice as valuable when Pasquinot has branded him as the “no-count son of a no-count father.” But when she finds that this is the plot of two wily old fathers for a proper marriage, she sighs dismally and says, “Our beautiful bubble is now a tiny fleck of soap.” She then waits until Straforel stages another abduction before she realizes that she can be happy only with Percinet, proper marriage or no proper marriage.

But the Scotch offer us a puppet that is unlike all the rest. Maggie Wylie isn’t even a lady puppet—she is just a good Scotch dame, very good and very Scotch. “We could describe Maggie at length,” confesses our puppet dealer, “but what is the use? What you really want to know is whether she is good-looking.” No, Sir James Barrie is quite right. Maggie is not good-looking. Maggie is not even a lady, although Maggie tries to be. Maggie learns French, and Maggie furnishes her father’s home with com-

pany chairs and classics for social emergencies. But the sad truth of the matter is, Maggie wants to get married and no one wants her—not even the minister of Galashiels. “It is ill of the minister. Many a pound of steak has that man had in his house,” mourns David of *Wylie and Sons*. Enter into the picture, or rather into the Wylie library, one John Shand, who needs money for an education. Hoot, mon! Three hundred pounds, but ye must marry Maggie! Maggie, good, generous Maggie, who knows herself clearly, watches her husband climb and climb; she watches him fall in love with a pretty puppet called Sybil; and we wonder why John Shand begins to slip down when

Maggie fades out and Sybil flickers in! Ah, John, ’tis what every woman knows: “Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles and lets it go at that. It is their only joke. Every woman knows that.”

There they are, gentlemen, six puppets. Which will you have? I, for one, have chosen Maggie.

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War is Not a Necessity

LOU RAY SPENCE

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

BOOKS upon books and volumes upon volumes have been written about war; so what I say in the following pages will be of no great importance other than as the expression of a few opinions of a college freshman. To develop the subject of war adequately, one would probably need to write a book. However, in this small theme I have tried to the best of my ability to present the main points concerning the question which has puzzled sages and seers of bygone times, and which is still puzzling the master minds of today.

The question of war is as old as history itself, having its roots reaching far back into ancient times when man wrapped an animal skin about him and set

out with a stone hatchet over his shoulder, to kill or be killed. Since that time, man has gradually progressed, and the story of his progress has been woven into the fascinating story of history. One thing, however, mars this fascinating story; it is war. Progress has eliminated custom after custom and institution after institution, but war has failed to succumb to the steady advance of civilization. Instead of weakening and finally dying by the wayside, war has increased, become magnified, and developed until today it has grown into the defiant armed monster which towers above the world, ready at any time to wipe out the entire civilized human race, or to wreck the social structure so completely that it

will never recover. Wherever we go, wherever we turn, we see this giant in various shapes, forms, and fashions. If we pick up the morning newspaper, his grim face looms before us in the form of a front-page cartoon, or in thick, black headlines. If we turn on the radio, we hear deep-voiced economists or politicians discussing the pros and cons of our possibilities of having another war. When news is at a premium, Lowell Thomas and Boake Carter slyly turn to the most recent developments in the tense, complex European situation or to the latest actions of Japan and Russia. War news is choice news. Hardly a magazine is published which does not have between its covers one or more articles relating to some phase of war. And people read and seemingly enjoy war news, without taking into consideration how much war costs them personally. A check-up on our national budget shows that our government is spending more than one-third its annual income upon armaments; and including interest on the national debts incurred in former wars and totalling nearly thirty billions of dollars, about two-thirds of every dollar paid every year in taxes goes to pay for our past wars and to prepare for our next. Not only is this true of our own country but of European countries as well. In fact, Europe is more militaristic than the United States.

Europe is in a state of confusion and turmoil, waiting and hoping that the dark war clouds will "blow over" and allow the sun to shine peaceably once more upon her land already scarred by wars innumerable. Each nation is pitted against the rest, and, like incorrigible young ruffians, each wants to be "king on the mountain top." Germany, though humiliated by the Treaty of Versailles, is unwilling to remain the underdog and

is slowly but surely regaining her prestige. France, the arch enemy of Germany, not yet recovered from the scare of 1915, is secretly digging a great underground arsenal which in time will undermine all France. Italy, not to be bluffed by France or Germany, is steadily increasing her army and navy. Only a few days ago Il Duce said that he could put eight million men on the battlefield. Thus we see that the problem of war is today a giant to be reckoned with, to be analyzed, to be diagnosed, and to be tried before the highest tribunal in the world—the human mind, there either to be acquitted and allowed to terrorize civilization indefinitely, or to be condemned to death everlasting. Therefore, let us endeavor to find the causes of war and decide for ourselves whether or not war is a necessity. If it is a necessity, which it seems to be, because it has been handed down from generation to generation, it should not be condemned. If it is merely a menace, it should be eliminated. But first let us consider its relations to the Malthusian theory.

Malthus said that there must be an harmonious relationship between the population on the one hand and production of necessities on the other. When this relationship does not exist, there are certain forces which either decrease the population to the food level or increase the food level to that of the population. Our object, then, is to find, if possible, the factors which keep the relationship in balance.

The positive factors, or perhaps I should say checks, which tend to eliminate excess population are of ancient origin—namely, famine, pestilence, and war. The preventive checks are of rather recent development, and are listed under the headings "moral restraint" and "agricultural improvement." But first let us

discuss the positive checks. The western civilized world has for years struggled with nature to reduce the death rate, and to a great degree has succeeded. The discoveries of Lister and Pasteur have revolutionized medicine; the germ theory of disease gave a tremendous power of control over contagion and infection, and thereby over epidemics and pestilence. Preventive medicine has done much to eliminate some of the worst plagues that were visited upon mankind for generations. Pestilence, too, is almost a thing of the past. When an emergency arises, a flood, a tornado, or a drouth, the Red Cross and Salvation Army rush food and clothing to the people in distress. Then, too, the state, besides the individual societies, is devoting much attention to the condition of the needy—those who have little or no capital, or those who have but a narrow margin between themselves and a mere subsistence. The positive checks, we see, have been and are being modified, with one rather startling exception.

While the western nations have been alleviating famine and removing pestilence, at the same time by every conceivable device of science they have been increasing the destructiveness of war. Chemists now produce gases which are capable of wiping out whole cities in a night's time; munition makers build guns which can shoot seventy-five miles or more; army planes can lay smoke screens as thick as the heaviest of London fogs. People's minds are filled by custom and familiarity with a tacit acceptance of war. People have paid taxes for armaments all their tax-paying lives. They see army units and the fleet. Some have attended military schools; some have been in the army, others in the navy. Consequently, the individual mind

finds no shock in considering a resort to war as a means of adjustment.

The preventive checks, as before mentioned, are moral restraint and agricultural development. Since 1800, the force of moral restraint has grown amazingly, until its effects in some countries have been to annul practically all action of the positive checks. A hundred years ago the preventive checks were assigned a much smaller value. In harmony with moral restraint is farming, which has developed so much in recent years that one now hears the cry of over-production. I said that farming was in harmony with moral restraint. That is because they work together in keeping an adjustment between population and subsistence. One has caused the increase in population to be slower; the other has provided for subsistence for the increase beyond the point where the pressure of want would otherwise be felt. But let us assume that the preventive checks prove insufficient. Then the positive checks—famine, pestilence, and war—have to act. But we have seen that famine and pestilence have ceased to be checks; in fact, it is unreasonable to believe that the human mind would revert to pestilence or famine. Rather would it tolerate the alternative, the idea which is daily accepted. A resort to arms, therefore, would be the only positive check left to meet and adjust economic pressure according to the Malthusian theory.

Besides the distress caused by lack of necessities there may be, and generally are, other economic or political causes of war. Some of the chief conditions that incite war are inherent in our present system of industry. The industrial regime of the world has been, and is now, competitive. Among the various

nations there is a constant competition for markets, for trade routes, for opportunities for expansion, or, more accurately, the trading classes of the world are in competition. Naturally, hostile feelings are evoked, the government is appealed to, international disputes arise, and, the situation becoming acute, wars are declared. In most cases, wars are made by a very small group of men. It is amazing to note the ease with which these men lead the people by the nose. The methods they use are old, but invariably succeed. They begin by inventing stories of atrocities and injustices committed by some foreign power, of insults that can be washed out only by blood. Common people are persuaded that the interest of the nation bids them to rush to arms, when the truth is that nations are always ruined by wars and that wars invariably impoverish the masses and enrich only a very small number of lucky individuals.

However, it is hardly necessary for the little group of war-promoters to use these means. It is enough to beat a drum and to wave a flag to rally an enthusiastic mob to rush headlong into destruction and death. The truth is that after a few generations without war, the people forget the terrible crime of manslaughter and are really glad to go to war. Sure pay, a chance to see foreign countries and to win glory on the battlefield compensate for every danger. War gives men the intensest excitement they can experience in this world, that of killing men. To be sure, there is a great risk of being killed, but young men never really expect to die in war, and in the intoxication of slaughter they forget the danger. War does not call for minds of first rank, except in probably a few of its leaders; it does not demand any brain whatever of the common

soldier; and any man will make cannon-fodder. That is the universal endowment of the human race.

But a greater endowment, one which has not yet been used, is that of abolishing war. Anyone in his sane senses cannot fail to see that war brings nothing but evil and destruction, and rarely, if ever, settles questions aright. It will continue to exist, however, as long as its causes exist. Therefore, if we would abolish war, we must aim at its causes and extirpate them. The causes, we have seen, are chiefly economic and political. As long as hunger persists, war must remain. But hunger and the law of decreasing returns might conceivably lead, and ought to lead, to coöperative effort to produce food, rather than to produce war. If our government would spend as much money on agricultural research as it does on war, and would train our boys to farm as it does to fight, it is entirely possible that more than enough food could be produced to meet the demands of consumption. But our government should go further than that. It should discourage large families among the poor and should sterilize those whose offspring would be below normal—that is, those who would burden the rest and would add nothing to the human race.

Free trade between all nations and the development of each country's national resources would also lead to a higher standard of living. Each country could exchange its products for those of others and all would profit. This type of specialization between countries would lead to a higher standard of living in much the same manner as specialization in industry within a country does. This would eliminate want but would not keep down disputes between the politicians and commercialists of the

various countries. Naturally, if the mass of the people allowed themselves to be dragged into war because of these disputes between the few, we would be no better off than before. Our problem, then, must be to produce a type of government in which the people as a whole shall decide whether or not they will go to war. And then the people must be educated against war.

Popular education, it must be admitted, has not fulfilled our early expectation with respect to the promotion of peace. Indeed, it has miserably failed; for the results of increased popular intelligence and the advancement of science are manifest in greater destruction and more savage brutality in war. But the failure is not to be charged to education itself; in-

stead it should be charged to the kind of education—the education that produces false conceptions of national honor and patriotism, and the erroneous idea that the best way to prevent war is constantly to think about and prepare for it.

Now in conclusion, I want to say that the possible solutions that I have listed must be applied not only in our own country but in practically all countries before much progress can be made in eliminating war. It is highly improbable that this can be done; so we must look forward to another war, or wars. It is only when the people of the many governments of the world come to realize the various causes of war, and determine to expel them, that war will be no more.

Words Alone

CHARLOTTE JOHNSTON

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

WHY must we be blind to words? Although they are our medium of communication, they lose half their power in our everyday speech. We take them for granted, grasping only their barest meanings. We do not see them; we do not hear them; we do not interpret them. For instance, when we pass billboard signs, do we really read them? No. Our eyes automatically scan the glaring letters, but we let them impress but little thought upon our minds. Since we do not really read those posters, the advertiser uses catch words or slogans again and again, that through familiarity with them we may retain some phrase about the worth of his product.

If we stop to think of words as individuals, then we realize some of their connotations. Unfortunately, our lives

are so rushed and confused that in skimming over the waves and froth we miss the depths and heights of our vocabularies. William Blake was an extremist in the other direction. To him, words indicated not their meanings or definitions but their connotations or symbolic values. Therefore, we find many of his poems unintelligible. To most of us, a lamb suggests a young animal which will grow up to have its wool cut off or become a roast on the table. To Blake, a lamb signified innocence, weakness, helplessness, a sacrificial victim, and Christ as the Lamb of God. Naturally we often fail to understand him since he used words only for their connotations while we use words only for their base dictionary definitions.

We are also deaf to words. We could

tell the meanings of many words by their sound, but we do not listen. We lose the onomatopoeia. (The term, alas, is enough to discourage anyone from listening, much less from spelling.) Words like "shriek," "squeal," "bellow," or "murmur" we think of as mere utterance. "Tap," "clatter," "crunch," "sonorous," "hiss," "succulent," "tang," "melody"—all fall to earth unheard and, consequently, futile.

Perhaps our most common fault is ignoring the settings of words. For example, how few of us think of the background of "supercilious"! "Super" is the Latin word for over, "cilium" for eyelid. "Supercilious" indicates a lifting of the eyebrow, and, consequently, haughtiness or arrogance. Another delightful word is "halcyon." There is an old legend of the love of a young girl, Halcyon, for her lover. He was drowned on his way to her. Broken-hearted, she begged the sea god to help her. He transformed the

lovers into kingfishers, and promised that Halcyon could have the power of charming the winds and waves whenever her nest of eggs or of new-hatched kingfishers was floating on the sea. Therefore, we think of halcyon days as periods of peace and tranquillity, and of the word "halcyon" as meaning "undisturbed" or "happy." How do we think of our word "Monday"? To college students, it means a day of sleeping through classes to make up for sleep lost on Saturday night; to the housewife, wash day; to almost everyone, "blue Monday." The word itself comes from the Latin "dies lunae" or "moon's day." The French "lundi" is derived from this same source. If we could only think of the moon instead of lost sleep, dirty washing, or pensive melancholy, we would enjoy the word in its true setting.

Why have we blunted our senses, insulated our reactions, reined in our responses to words?

Thanks to Vesalius!

MARY K. DEARTH

Theme 3, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

RECENTLY, while nibbling on a delicious morsel of a roasted chicken's breast, I suddenly realized that I was not eating mere "meat" but several striations of *pectoralis major*, "the development of which muscle reaches its highest peak in Class Aves," and that the bone which I was firmly grasping in both hands was none other than the sternum with its varied xiphoid processes and its median prolonged keel. I immediately lost all interest in the process of eating and could hardly wait until everyone else had finished eating his dinner

and I could get my fingers on the rest of the skeleton of poor *Gallus*. After much tearing and scrubbing, I finally collected the bones and spent a most enjoyable afternoon assembling the skeleton as it had once existed.

Since that afternoon, the trend I have established in making use of my knowledge of comparative anatomy, knowledge gleaned from a practical hygiene course and a thorough examination and dissection of the physical possessions of a shark, has become almost an obsession. Before me I no longer see a man but

a great mass of protoplasm, shaped and held in place by an intricate system of bones, muscles, and tissues (the names of which I can spell as well as pronounce), and with an internal mechanism more fascinating and complex than that of a delicate watch or perplexing machinery. The old-fashioned condition of "buck teeth" has become "a hyper-extension of the pre-maxilla"; mere action has become a confused series of nervous reactions associated with various unpronounceable nerves, and a process involving almost every part of one's anatomy. I find myself staring at the shape of a person's head, or the size of his feet or neck, or the color of his com-

plexion, and I automatically correlate my results with a medical terminology and *raison d'être*. I find myself attributing flushed cheeks to various glandular disturbances, or a certain bluish pallor to a defective circulatory system, and I hastily review in my mind the "awful" names of the components in that vast system in order to decide just where the trouble lies.

It is my ambition, I must confess, to be a doctor. But at present, when I am trying to enjoy my youth, I find it quite annoying and often embarrassing to associate continually a person or an animal with anatomical and histological textbook charts.

Our Nell

HERTA BREITER

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

ALTHOUGH she had merited many other names in her time, Nellie undoubtedly was a horse. From a distance she appeared to be just another useful beast of burden; upon closer inspection she proved to be just a beast of burden. She was by far the tallest horse I have ever seen, and that is saying a good deal. Her bones were positively huge. Her color was supposed to have been white, but I still maintain it to have been the gray of old age. Nobody seems to know anything of her early history save that she had figured in a trade between the local teamster and a farmer in which the teamster got the worst of the bargain—he got Nellie. Mike, the teamster, was a clever man—and quite an actor, be it added. He thought of poor Nellie languishing in the barren pastures of her former owner,

still unclaimed by her new master. Even more he thought of the jeers and guffaws of his neighbors which Nellie certainly would inspire. Nevertheless, winter was coming, and shelter had to be provided for that miserable creature; after all, a man had to be humane.

Whatever prompted Mike to come to my father I do not know, but he certainly selected the right man. As I expected, my father proved to be a most sympathetic listener. To me it seemed that Mike's tale of woe reeked slightly of herring; but, since I had nothing to say in the matter, I held my peace.

"Why don't you take her, Mike?" my father asked.

Mike looked at him seriously—almost reproachfully. "Oh, she's a good horse, but I haven't any room for her. She's a good horse."

I didn't like his reiteration; it seemed as if he were reassuring himself. By this time Mike was almost in tears, and my father's resistance was diminishing rapidly. I could bear it no longer and went to prepare my mother for the inevitable.

I shall never forget my first sight of Nellie. I don't suppose I shall ever again laugh quite as loudly or as long. My older brother had been sent to escort Nellie to her new home. He had intended to make the six-mile return trip astride Nellie, but something had caused him to revise his plan; instead, he was literally pulling our Nell. At the time I admired my brother's kindness, but I have since learned that it was not purely kindness which prompted him to spare our Nell. And Nellie really was the picture of fatigue—she couldn't even keep her eyes open long enough to permit me to discern their color. Her lower lip hung loosely, and everytime she sighed it wobbled amazingly. I experienced an urgent and unexplainable desire to look into the brute's mouth, but apparently such things just are not done. She was incredibly tall as Mike had proclaimed, but he had neglected to mention her huge, dinosaurian frame-work, her sagging hide, her "scrubby" ears, her projecting joints, all of which my youngest brother so aptly summed up in his one comment. "Hey, Mom," he roared, "come look at the walking hat-rack." Certainly she suffered from malnutrition, but that was not the worst of her infirmities. At some time in her late forties Nellie must have sprained her left hind leg, for her

manipulation of that appendage was most extraordinary. Nellie always lifted that leg until it almost touched the underside of her body in quite the same manner as one who comes to the end of a stairway in the dark and lifts his foot to step on what is not there. I hate to think of what might have happened had Nellie ever tried to gallop.

For three long years Nellie lived in comparative luxury and privacy. Even the cats moved out when she moved in. It was then that I discovered a particular species of louse which apparently preferred an environment of cat fur to one of horse hide. Other than serving as a local curiosity and a part of the general landscape, Nellie had no practical value whatever. For a time I thought she might teach me a few things about the gentle art of horseback riding. In a way I was right. She did convince me that I could never become an equestrienne of any great renown and still retain my dignity. But she was an indifferent instructor. If my heels prodded her persistently enough, she actually increased her speed to two miles an hour. But she had her regular cruising speed and under normal conditions would never alter—not even in death. Her death was a drawn-out, almost luxurious process which terminated in her rolling over leisurely, blinking her almost sightless eyes, and heaving a deep sigh. My youngest brother looked at her corpse thoughtfully for a time and then muttered, "The old gray mare sure enough isn't what she used to be, but she'd make a darn good museum specimen just the same."



Castor and Pollux

JOE CRABTREE

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

AS I opened the door and stepped inside the chicken pen, a flutter of wings greeted me. Glancing up, I saw a young rooster descending upon my head. I attempted to ward him off, but it was too late. He had alighted already and had entrenched himself by firmly grasping my hair in his long yellow claws.

Not thinking it desirable to have a chicken upon my head, I pulled him off amid flying spurs and feathers and tucked him under my arm. After he found that he could not escape me, he lay still, calmly defiant, taking an occasional peck at my hand for old times' sake and to remind me that he wasn't licked yet. All the time I held him he uttered not a squawk.

I had just finished capturing the chicken when I heard another flutter of wings over my head and another rooster alighted. This was too much. I could not handle the second rooster without letting go of the first; and if I let go of the first, I would have two of them

upon my hands. I immediately beat a hasty retreat for the door; but before I got there, the rooster on top of my head flapped his wings twice, crowed long and loudly, and then flew off. This was my introduction to Castor and Pollux, together in war, together in peace, and together in the hearts of their lady-hens.

Despite their rough reception and treatment of guests, the roosters had won a place for themselves in my heart. The rest of the day I sat in safety outside the pen watching them boast to their harem about defeating the giant featherless chicken. While telling the story, they cast sidelong glances at me when they thought I wasn't looking. As they finished the colorful tale of their conquest, they flashed their eyes, puffed up their chests, flapped their wings, and crowed in unison. Then, finding even my presence contemptible, they strutted off to another part of the pen, followed by their admiring wives.



Yesterday

WILLIAM HOLLY

Theme 2, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

THERE is perhaps no recollection of my boyhood that stands out so vividly in my memory as that of the neighborhood feed and grain store. To the passerby, it was just a place in which to buy grain and feed, and in which orders for the winter coal supply were left. But to a select group of five boys, of whom I was one, it was a veritable fairyland.

The owner's son, big for his age, was a fellow-classmate. To be sure we were on very good terms, because he was a likeable chap, easy-going, and generous. His father was a taciturn individual whom the boys never did quite understand, but he must have been a kindly soul to tolerate the young scamps that we were.

The store had just one center aisle, on one side of which were bins of the various grains that we liked to scoop up and run through our fingers. We loved to fill the wooden grain measures, not that we were asked to, but because the easy flow of the grain from the scoop held a certain fascination. Then there were the sunflower seeds that we shelled and munched like so many parrots. However, the other side of the store was our chief source of delight—pile upon pile and row upon row of baled hay. Very ordinary-looking hay it was, to be sure, but not to us. The very mention of the word brings to my mind the pungent and distinctive odor of alfalfa. Here the bales were piled in disorderly array, the very irregularity of which formed our play-

ground. The high points were the "crow's nests" and opposite bays were the "forts." Any high, flat surface was an imaginary basking area where with straws in our mouths we lay face up, utterly disregarding time. There were also rough bales of straw in the climbing of which we were afforded all the thrills of mountain-scaling. The soles of our shoes attained such a high polish that they were the cause of many a slip that resulted in a bruise, a bump, or even torn clothing, the periodic rents becoming increasingly difficult to explain to parental satisfaction.

A wagon backed into the loading platform, at the rear end of the store, was something additional to clamber upon. On the driver's seat we vied with one another in cracking the whip, sometimes not just the whip but some one's legs, and there was a scuffle that was bound to end in a tangle of what seemed just arms and legs. This loading platform was a very effective means for making a quick exit—one jump, a run up a short ramp, and out into the alley.

Needless to say, after romping around to our heart's content we returned home with our day's allotment of energy expended, but happy in our fancied accomplishments. Today, I seek to fulfill these ambitions on perhaps a more practical scale, but with less enthusiasm, with less success, and with less satisfaction. It is with a touch of melancholia that I realize that those carefree days are irretrievably gone.

Elwood

HARVEY R. FRASER

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

A WEAK, pale, languid body scarcely able to murmur, "Hello, my boy, I'm glad you're here"—such was my last view of Elwood. The next time I looked upon him, it was not Elwood, but a cold, lifeless form resting, I hoped resting, in a sombre lead-hued coffin. Elwood was dead; I had lost a real friend.

Elwood was a strong, husky farmer, only in the prime of life when he died. Often when the farm work piled up, he would rise in the early morning and throw his whole heart and soul into catching up on overdue tasks. Many are the sultry summer days that I have seen good men sent to the shade; but not Elwood—he was not to be outdone. Even after a hard day's toil he would milk twice as fast as any help. And often

he would make ice cream; I believe I have never since tasted such delicious ice cream. I can see Elwood now, holding a bowl of creamy vanilla in one hand and a mammoth soup spoon in the other. My, how he did devour that ice cream! He would repeatedly say to me, "Have a little more, Harve; one more dish will do you good." After the fifth or sixth bowl I had to quit, but Elwood kept right on eating until the whole six quarts were devoured. Then he would laugh and say, "Pretty nice little lunch we had, eh boy?"

Those happy days are gone forever. Now there is no ice cream; there is no comradeship during a hard day's toil; for, though his death seems like a fantastic dream, there is no Elwood.

A Romantic Bridge

R. H. COLVIN

Theme 6, Rhetoric I, 1934-35

ANY resident of Olney, Illinois, will tell you that the overhead bridge on South Elliott Street is just an ordinary and very dirty viaduct. Perhaps it is only that, but to me it is a great deal more. Many happy care-free hours of my childhood were spent on, beneath, and around it, and I therefore look at it with partial eyes.

The bridge was the favorite place to play for all the active boys in the neighborhood. No mother would allow her boy to play there, but prohibition made it all the more interesting. Although the

actual span is only about one hundred and fifty feet in length, the bridge seemed an immense structure to us boys. It is made of steel, set in heavy stone masonry, with plank flooring and wood banisters. The banks on the sides are quite steep, large rocks keeping the dirt from washing away. Three tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad run under it, and most of the traffic from the southeastern part of town passes over it. A small stream runs on each side of the tracks.

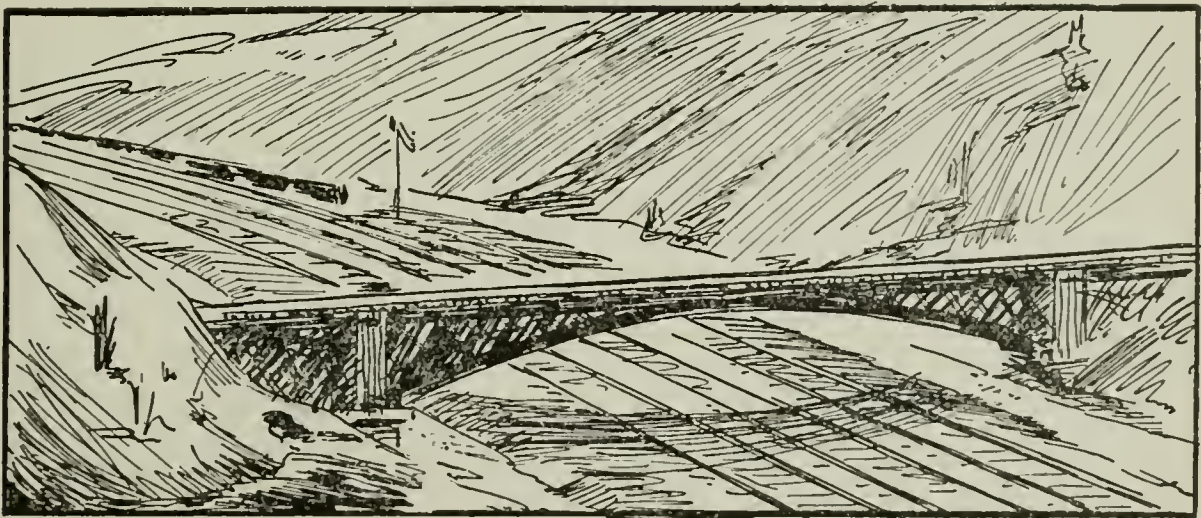
It was no effort for the boyish imagi-

nation to make castle turrets out of the masonry supporting walls and to turn the stream at the foot into a moat. There were usually some small boards nearby which could be utilized for swords, spears, and shields. Many a classic juvenile battle has been fought in this improvised fort. In the soft dirt above this stonework we dug a cave. In reality it was just large enough to hold four of us all curled up together, but in our imagination it held many bags of pirates' loot and many beautiful damsels, whom we had rescued and brought there. We tried to forget that the cave was the work of our own hands, and thought of it as an ancient cavern, hollowed out by some prehistoric monster.

The steel cross-beams were excellent places on which to lie and watch the faces in the windows of the passing trains. Sometimes we would gather pebbles from the gravel on the ties and carry them to these beams. We would hurl these at the vagrants riding atop the freight cars, and would be both frightened and amused at the oaths we received in return. When we climbed down from the beams, we would laugh at each other's black faces and limbs, and then

race down to the streams to wash away the soot and dirt. If the water was still, we could see a few tiny fish and a great many crawfish swimming among the weeds. Sometimes we would catch some of the latter, carry them to the top of the bridge in a can full of water, and dump the contents on an unsuspecting stranger as he walked along the tracks.

In the winter the bridge acquired additional charms. After every snowfall the banks would be alive with sleds and boys and girls. The banks were so steep that it was very thrilling to go shooting over the bumps, trying to dodge the rocks. Usually a foot-slide, which zigzagged from side to side, would be made. If one came early, before the main crowd arrived, he could see a maze of animal tracks at the bottom of the hill. There were dog tracks of every size, cat tracks going in a straight line to some house, the curiously bunched tracks of the rabbit, the smaller ones of the squirrel, the still tinier ones of the field mouse, and the very small ones of the sparrow. All of these things helped to endear the old bridge to my heart and to make pleasant, indelible pictures of it on my memory.



Mrs. Mincer, Efficiency Personified

ANONYMOUS

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

IN spite of my sadness at Mrs. Mincer's funeral, the odd thought struck me that the affair could have been far more efficiently arranged had she been able to take care of it herself. Although I, like everyone else, knew little about Mrs. Mincer's private affairs, I don't doubt that she had arranged as best she could every detail of the funeral. She already had a tombstone in a corner of the cemetery, upon which was engraved in large, neat letters the name "Mincer"—just plain "Mincer", nothing more. Under the next stone lay Mr. Mincer. He was already dead when our family moved to Mrs. Mincer's town. He died, I guess, of super-efficiency and the ever-loving, over-indulgent watchfulness of Mrs. Mincer.

But, getting back to the funeral, I am sure that it would have made Mrs. Mincer grind her teeth. She was a very sympathetic person, but she hated funerals and their accompaniments of useless sobs and tears, and she confessed that the odor of funerals nauseated her, although she loved flowers and kept a garden. I sent no flowers and wasted no tears over Mrs. Mincer, but I have often recalled how pleasant it was to know her.

Mrs. Mincer owned a large house which was painted white every other spring. She lived alone (except for a girl who did housework), although she had a host of relatives who used to come in swarms to visit her. She was an excellent hostess, but she never gave any guest a moment's peace, for I recall that she buzzed around the house organizing and promoting parlor games, and

being perpetually haunted by the fear that someone might possibly not be having a good time. For one who was so efficient and precise, Mrs. Mincer seemed to enjoy seeing her immaculate house mussed up.

Mrs. Mincer knew everyone in town. She could point out a dozen children whose births she had attended. She was godmother to many of them, but not content with that, she took upon herself the privilege of reprimanding them before their very mothers, and she did it successfully.

Although I was not one of "her children," I think that I was the most lucky child in town in getting on the "good side" of Mrs. Mincer. I once tossed a ball through one of her large front windows, and being a little too proud to ask my father to pay for it, I offered to work off the debt, with an eye on the smooth green lawn which surrounded the big white house, and on the giant shade trees, evenly spaced about Mrs. Mincer's miniature estate. I worked hard one day, under the strict supervision and guidance of Mrs. Mincer, and probably cut the lawn and trimmed the edges half as efficiently as she could have done it. When my job was done, Mrs. Mincer insisted upon paying me, and would not let me go home until I had eaten supper with her. From then on, full time during the summers, and on Saturdays during school, I was gardener-in-chief, superseding Adolf, one of the town's drunks.

Adolf was often the unwilling recipient of impromptu lectures from Mrs. Mincer on the evils of drinking, and she finally

gave him a chance to recapture some of his wasted life by hiring him as an odd-job man. She gave up in disgust, however, when one of Adolf's periods of indisposition left the lawn unmowed for a whole week. Mrs. Mincer predicted a sad end for Adolf, but, ironically, he outlived her by a year. With the exception of her own heart, Adolf is the only fail-

ure of that super-efficient woman. Perhaps the strain of always beating the doctor to the sick room and staying long after he had gone and the strain of the hundreds of things that kept her busy, was too much for the inefficient heart within her agile body. I am glad Mrs. Mincer was spared the knowledge that her funeral was somewhat bungled.

| | Portage to Ashegama

ERNEST TUCKER

Theme 9, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

DIP, pull, rest. Dip, pull, rest. On and on, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the trees on shore swing to the rhythm of the paddle. Dip, pull, rest. Today we ought to find the portage that will bring us to Lake Ashegama, refuge of impossibly gigantic muskies and incredibly game black bass. It is past noon; soon we will draw up to one of the small, rocky beaches to cook bacon and coffee and wrestle hardtack. Dip, pull, rest. There is a snort and crashing on shore and a deer goes flinging away through the trees. We do not bother to look; deer are common up here . . . far more so than human beings. We have not seen anyone except each other for three days. Last night we saw our first moose, a thrilling moment.

My uncle turns the canoe in toward shore: "Lunch time!" he shouts. Dip, pull, and then hold the paddles until the canoe loses way and scrapes on the bottom. We eat quickly, and clean up immediately; two weeks in the wilderness have taught us that. We spread our map upon a convenient rock, and estimate our position. We are nearing the upper end of Lake Pipestone. We have come, by dint of long and arduous pad-

dling and back-breaking portages, through Lakes Clearwater, Jackfish, Sashkong, and Footprint. (What an aura of fascinating primitiveness clings to those names!) We are on the last lap to that fabled *Utopia Anglorum*, Ashegama. It is only about ten miles to the head of the lake. There we shall find, says the map, a large island; if we go around to the left of it, we shall come upon a narrow inlet into a sort of sound, on the opposite side of which is the final portage and then Ashegama! We swing *au large*, singing:

"One more portage,
And then Lake Ash-e-gaaaa-ma . . ."
If we had only known!

Oh, how that map lied! Lied barefacedly, tauntingly—nay, took pride in its lying. It was an old map, an almost senile map; that might explain its duplicity. Perhaps, in the hoary time when the map was young, Ashegama had been where it was shown; and perhaps somebody had moved it. Let us adopt that viewpoint. It is only charitable.

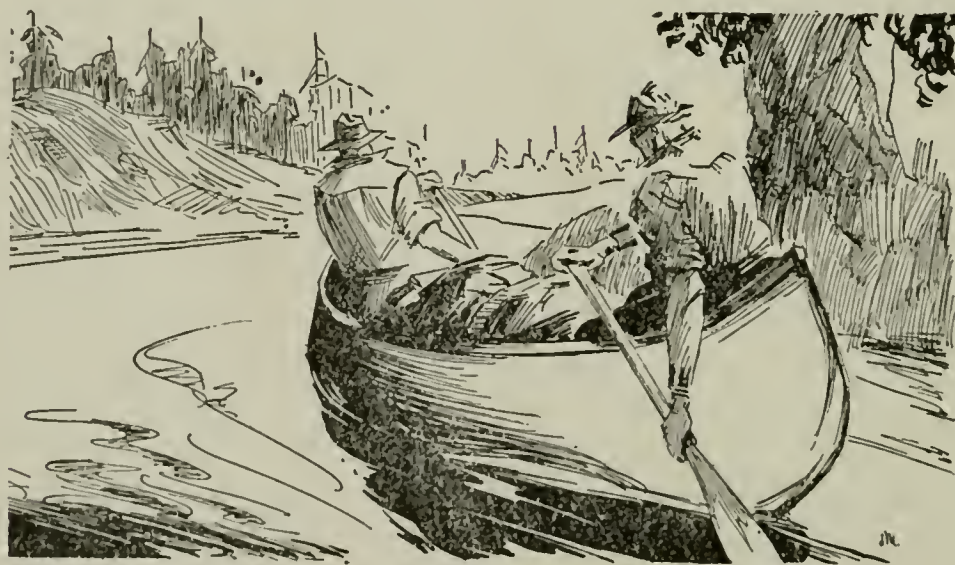
To make a sad story shorter and therefore less harrowing: it was twenty miles, not ten, to the head of Pipestone; there was no portage, there was no inlet,

there was no sound. I doubt seriously whether there was another lake. Islands, yes, a superfluity of islands, of all shapes and sizes and locations; but not one of them had anything behind it in the least resembling an inlet. We immediately lost ourselves in the labyrinth of islets and channels and bays, where every place resembled every place else and Daniel Boone himself would have given up the ghost. I wonder how many unsuspecting travelers, like ourselves, wandered into that place, only to struggle back disillusioned and broken, or else remain there forever, a pitiful, mute pile of whitened bones? We wandered (absolutely without exaggeration) for three days, searching for a way in on the first two, and on the last trying desperately to get out. The bitterest hour of all was when, after paddling all day against an obstinate head wind, we found ourselves back at our camp site of the previous night! Let the curtain be drawn on our sufferings.

Of course we never did find Ashegama. We did, though, explore every island and inlet and muskeg swamp in central Ontario from port to starboard

and from stem to rudder-post. We were perfectly well qualified to draw a map of the region from memory. Don't misunderstand me: we had a glorious time. I shall always remember it as one of the most enjoyable months I have ever spent. We sighted several moose and innumerable deer, and caught (and ate) a quantity of fish; we made an intimate study of the wild life of the country—the loon and its weird cry, the great bald eagle, the friendly "porkies" and the far-away wail which was identified as Wolf—and we added an inch in height and ten pounds in weight. But we did not find the portage to Ashegama.

I am glad that few people number it among their burning ambitions to look at and fish in Lake Ashegama, and still fewer realize that ambition. We, fortunately, were of sturdy stuff, and had strong, robust constitutions. But I shudder to think of what would happen if the whole vacationing population were to try to get to that fantastic mirage of a lake, and all were to migrate in a body to Central Ontario. The place would be a shambles.



Icebergs of Emerald

R. J. STEISKAL

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

A DROP of perspiration trickled from one eyebrow and burned in one eye. I shut that eye and squinted over the dusty grass tops with the other. At the base of the long, sun-scorched slope down which I peered was, I thought, the loveliest stream I had ever seen. Green coolness seemed to emanate from it; and even though too far distant, I could none the less hear the cool splash of its waters washing the shore. Clumps of green cottonwoods and masses of green reeds hugged the banks. Everything was green—a dozen different shades. I began to count them. I saw things that weren't there: moss-covered stones slick with wetness, dripping willows sipping the cool surface water, lazy turtles suspended by their necks in green depths. I envied them; it all looked so cool. But it wasn't cool enough. I wanted icebergs, emerald masses of them. I wanted to crawl and grovel in their chilly folds. I even envisioned polar ice-fields that wouldn't be too cold.

"Aw' right, keep yer' head down there," came a harsh, dream-scattering noise. It was the sergeant.

I pushed my nose into the sunburnt prairie grass and inhaled dust. But I was used to it by now—had been for the past hour. That was all we had been doing—burrowing in weeds and dust. We chewed weeds and spat dust. A high sun virtually burned through our olive-green wool shirts and broad-brimmed hats. It was like sitting too close to a red-hot stove. My pack felt like a five-gallon hot water bottle on bare skin. Trickling rivulets of sweat burned my eyes, tickled my nose,

and mingled with the dust coating my hands, to form a muddy paste. The sun grew hotter and the dust thicker. We were scorched from above and suffocated from below. Already the blood was throbbing in my temples, a dull portent of what might befall—and we hadn't done more than wriggle about on our bellies, "sneakin' and peekin'." But it was that insufferable heat and dust! Why even the troops lolling on the maple-shaded side-lines, watching our little "show," languished. All morning the "medics" with their red-cross-on-white brassards flashing through the tree trunks had been busy with stretchers and pale faces. A short hike, too much water (despite terse orders to the contrary), and the "green rookie," suddenly pale as water-thinned milk, crumpled. Soon a stretcher with two big leather toes sticking up at the forward end, would be borne away. And now we were out here like ground hogs, "sneakin' and peekin'," hunting the "enemy." Soon he would appear—along that gorgeous stream probably—and we would top the crest behind which we hid, "flop" on the other side, and commence firing. I lay quite still in hope that the throb in my temples would stop, and that the stretcher bearers would stay away.

Suddenly, "Aw 'right, up!" It is the sergeant cracking out an order.

"C'mon, move!" yelps a corporal.

A straggle of olive-green figures heaves out of the grass, and dashes crouched, over the crest, and "flops" down on the slope—me with them. Elbows propped, cheek resting on rifle

stock, I peer down the sights at my river, which, from the slope, is in clear view now—but there is the “enemy” on the far shore. The silhouette targets are up. The sergeant’s order comes, “Range, four-fifty, commence firing.” I set my sights, pick my target, and aim, but the sights blur as a globule of perspiration fills my eye. I blink and shake my head, and squint and try again. I draw a bead, hold my breath, and “squeeze” the trigger in the approved manner, but this time each pounding heart-throb rocks my head and shoulders, swaying my rifle. I wince, draw up my shoulders to ease the distress, and try once more, but to no avail. So I simply “jerk” the trigger and hope.

But some one on my right scrambles to a weak-kneed footing and lurches forward. It’s Jimmie—they’re building a new firing line. “C’mon, young fella, get going.” I rise, run, flop, and fire loosely. The process is repeated again and again; my ears ring to the tune of rifle reports; gray patches hover before me. But there goes Jimmie again; he’s always first. But no—the rest of the line doesn’t move; we have no order to advance. “Hey, Jimmie, where’re you going?” But Jimmie stumbles on until he reaches the road across our front; then his knees buckle, and slowly he folds up in the gravel. “Hey, Jimmie, get out of there; you want to get a slug in yuh?” He rolls into the roadside ditch, lies on his belly and shakes his head despairingly. I glance down the line to my left. There—that big Swede, the squad’s “auto-rifleman,” is “going.” His head droops over his sights; his rifle twists slowly from inert fingers, and he slumps flat, nose and mouth in the dust. “Damn, they ought to stop this!” I resume firing, but very slowly now, so as not to aggravate that throbbing pain in my head—I must look as if I’m doing something. “They can have their sham-battle. Hell with their

army!” But a whistle shrills over the thinning rifle fire. “Cease firing!” rings the order, and I release my rifle and lay my head carefully on its stock.

And now, body and mind unoccupied, the full force of my outraged body’s protest wells within me. Rhythmically, with each heart-beat I seem to alternate from consciousness to gray oblivion and back again. I hunch my shoulders forward and press my chin to my chest, shrinking from that hovering grayness. I concentrate my whole being in the effort. Someone shouts, “Ambulance,” and more insistently, “Ambulance!” I sit up. I don’t relish the thought of being carried away on a stretcher. But the grayness closes in and I sink back again. The heat almost beats me to the ground; I must get out of it. To the left a clump of “silver-leafs” glint. This time, very slowly as if treading among sleeping rattlers, I manage to rise and totter to refuge in the shade. I sit, and in my distress have eyes for nothing. I rock back and forth slowly, waiting for relief. Then I take my canteen from its pouch and rub its wet, chill metal over my face, my neck, my ears, my chest; then I begin to pour its contents over me, down my back, soaking my clothes. Oh—bliss ineffable! Slowly my hot skin cools, my heart beats less wildly, and I begin to take cognizance of the scene before me.

Men are lying in a straggle along the last line of fire, some very inert; a few are sitting; fewer are standing. Medics in twos and threes are grouped around the still ones. Now and then someone gives a signal and a stretcher, heavily laden, rises and bobs away between its bearers. My gaze wanders down the slope and there—I espy my little river! Straightway icebergs of emerald and snow-fields of white begin to hover as the turmoil within me recedes.

Lack of space prevents the publishing of some excellent themes by the following students:

HOWARD ALDRICH	BRADLEY MOLL
LOIS BAUMAN	HELEN MOTENKO
EARLE BICKERTON	FRANCES MOUNT
JOHN L. BLACK	RITA MOXLEY
ELEANOR BREUER	JOHN M. SCHOFIELD
BILL BROWDER	L. V. SIMMONS
ELAINE CROMWELL	EDWIN H. SONNECKEN
GEORGE CURTIS	GEORGE SOTOS
GEORGE C. DeLONG	MILDRED SPITLER
VIRGINIA DORMAN	ROBERT STICKLER
ELI ELLIS	CARMA G. STORM
CAROLYN GREEN	VIRGINIA STOTT
LEONARD HENDRICKS	RALPH E. SUDDER
FRANCIS P. HIGGINS	ARLENE M. TARVIN
WILLIAM HILL	JANE THARP
JOHN HOBART	NORMA TIR
WILLIAM C. IMHOLZ	RALPH TUDOR
FRANCES JANICEK	MARGARET VAN HORNE
JAKE L. KRIDER	DOROTHY WELLS
ELEANOR KRUGHOFF	VIRGINIA WILSON
MARGARET KUNZ	FREDERICK WRIGHT
EUGENE P. LUNDEEN	J. E. ZAKES
RICHARD MARSHALL	VERNON M. ZWICKER



THE GREEN CALDRON

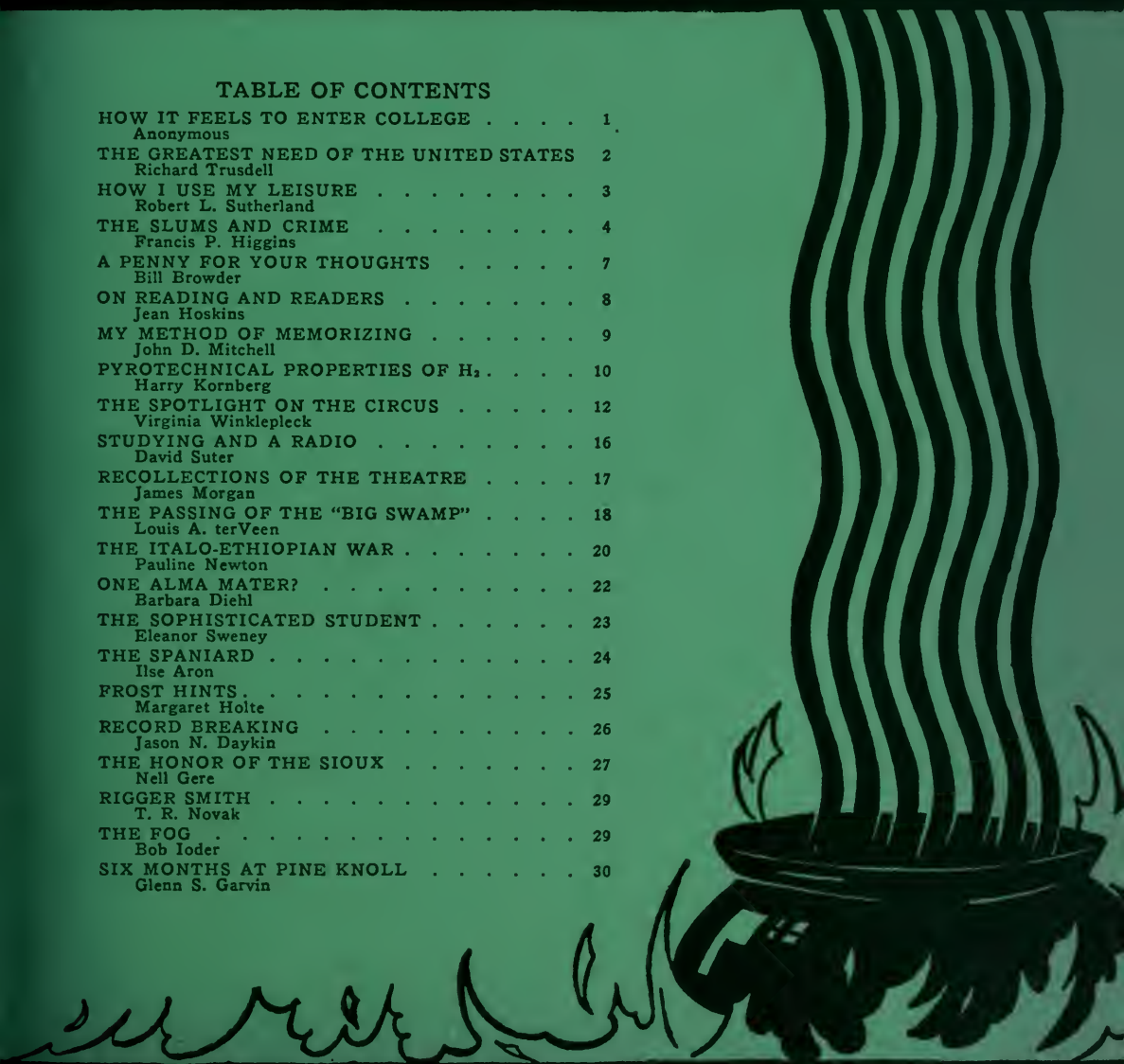
Vol. 5

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No. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HOW IT FEELS TO ENTER COLLEGE	1.
Anonymous	
THE GREATEST NEED OF THE UNITED STATES	2
Richard Trusdell	
HOW I USE MY LEISURE	3
Robert L. Sutherland	
THE SLUMS AND CRIME	4
Francis P. Higgins	
A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS	7
Bill Browder	
ON READING AND READERS	8
Jean Hoskins	
MY METHOD OF MEMORIZING	9
John D. Mitchell	
PYROTECHNICAL PROPERTIES OF H ₂	10
Harry Kornberg	
THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE CIRCUS	12
Virginia Winklepleck	
STUDYING AND A RADIO	16
David Suter	
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE THEATRE	17
James Morgan	
THE PASSING OF THE "BIG SWAMP"	18
Louis A. terVeen	
THE ITALO-ETHIOPIAN WAR	20
Pauline Newton	
ONE ALMA MATER?	22
Barbara Diehl	
THE SOPHISTICATED STUDENT	23
Eleanor Sweney	
THE SPANIARD	24
Ilse Aron	
FROST HINTS	25
Margaret Holte	
RECORD BREAKING	26
Jason N. Daykin	
THE HONOR OF THE SIOUX	27
Nell Gere	
RIGGER SMITH	29
T. R. Novak	
THE FOG	29
Bob Ioder	
SIX MONTHS AT PINE KNOLL	30
Glenn S. Garvin	



How It Feels to Enter College

ANONYMOUS

Theme 3, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

THE majority of people would be considering leaving college at the ripe old age of twenty-eight instead of entering. I am proceeding backwards.

Twenty years ago I sallied forth into the industrial world to earn my living. My first job was in a weaving mill, where I began work at seven o'clock in the morning and quit at six o'clock in the evening, with one hour for lunch—not that I needed an hour in which to eat my lunch, for many times I didn't have one. I was glad when the noon hour came, however; the looms were shut down and the big room was strangely still. Noise has always been one of my antipathies, and the constant thump-thump of the loom combs, coupled with the odd clacking sound of the shuttle and the whine of the belts when the machines were operating filled the room with a deafening sound.

I think it was my dislike of noise that led me next to work on a farm where all was quiet. For the magnificent sum of three dollars a month I milked cows (three of them, Daisy, Dinah, and Nellie) chopped wood, carried water, washed dishes, and swept floors. Clothes were seldom washed, but when they were, I helped do the washing too. In my spare time I cared for the children. I was very fond of the children; they were younger than I and couldn't whip me. I did my best for them and fed them as well as I knew how, and if they are all living today, they are proof that the importance of a balanced diet has been greatly exaggerated. At that time I would not have known a vitamin if one had sat down beside me.

I remained at the farm from my ninth year until I was eleven years old and left then only because peritonitis had resulted from a ruptured appendix. Still, my agricultural venture was a profitable experience to me because it was at the farm that I learned to read. I don't remember how I learned—perhaps one of the hoboos, who were frequent visitors, taught me. At any rate I learned to read and discovered the world of books. I read everything I could find; Shakespeare's plays, the *Bible*, and yellow-backed novels were all one to me. I do not remember all the books I have read, but I know that much that I found was beyond my comprehension. I formed a habit, which persists even today, of reading the dialogue and omitting the description, and I still have a tendency to "skip the big words."

My jobs were many and varied. I have sorted candy, knitted stockings, and worked in a tailor shop. One thing I do know: each successive place was less noisy than the preceding, until finally, after four years of being jack-of-all-trades, I entered a hospital as a student nurse. I cannot explain how it happened that I was admitted. I had absolutely no formal education. What little learning I had was gained from reading. I was taken on probation, however, and I must have given satisfactory service since I eventually became a registered nurse.

Only someone who has had the same experience can appreciate how keenly I felt my lack of adequate schooling, and understand the discouragement I knew many times; but I was young and, like

all young people, thought it was but a matter of time until I would set the world afire. In due time I began private nursing and as the years went by I gradually realized I was not going to set anything afire; in fact, I was not going to cause the tiniest spark. I learned, too, that it didn't matter very much. My love of books had not lessened, and my desire for knowledge was more for my own enlightenment than to dazzle my friends with a store of information. Therefore when it was no longer an economic necessity to continue nursing I decided to begin at the beginning and become "educated."

Since I wished to enter college as soon

as possible I gulped down the required elementary and high-school work in one year, working harder than I had ever worked before. My efforts were well rewarded, however, when I succeeded in gaining admission to the university this fall. I am delighted. I love it all. For the first time in my life I am attending school. I walk on the campus and say to myself "Well, I am here at last." And although I know I shall never be quite one of the student body, I am rejuvenated by associating with the younger students. I am rapidly forgetting my chronological age. I shall laugh, and play, and dance. Life is wonderful. I have gone "collegiate." Whoops, my dear!

The Greatest Need of the United States

RICHARD TRUSDELL

Rhetoric I, Proficiency Examination, September, 1935

ACROSS the water nations eye one another suspiciously; Italy rattles the saber and glares at frail Ethiopia, Germany watches in the hope of regaining lost African colonies, France anticipates temporary relief from her tedious job of out-guessing Hitler, and Britain roars a warning. To the south of us the smaller countries play their nasty little games of revolution and bloodshed. We send notes to nations protesting propaganda, and simultaneously fill our papers full of it. We are nervous, jittery, and suspicious.

Education, long touted as a one-way ride to Utopia—a panacea for humanity—has been perverted into another means of propaganda; while newspaper editors shout about subversive influences and communism, professors skirt and fre-

quently embrace, if not Fascism, at least Nationalism. We are a nation of "ism-izers," shouting about curing Europe of her belly-ache in the delirium of our own politico-economic fever. What are we doing to improve ourselves—you and I, I mean?

Well, we read the morning paper, and feel sorry for Ethiopia and mad (I mean *mad*, not angry) at Mussolini—and turn to the sport pages and read "Orphan Annie." On the train to the city we shove and glare at our fellows (small-time Mussolini stuff). We edge away from that colored fellow (Hitler's little act; different breed). We give a dime to a pan-handler and don't think about whether it goes for a warm bed or booze. (Who said anything about the New Deal? Quiet, please.) And we become

more and more complacent as we do all this.

And Italy rattles the saber and Britain roars and Russia creaks and America snuffles and throws another dollar at something.

Would to God we were less human and more humane! Those old principles of Christ and the other great prophets should not be allowed to remain rheumatic from neglect. Buddha and his "self denial"; Christ and his "love thy

neighbor"; Confucious' mild admonition to efface ourselves and elevate our betters—who cares who formulated these precepts? We must care who follows them.

Not education, not charity, nor law-making; not Marx, or Roosevelt, or Henry Ford, or John Public; not Communism, Socialism, Capitalism, or Fascism; none of these or any other but *Understanding*.

That is the greatest need.

How I Use My Leisure

ROBERT L. SUTHERLAND

Rhetoric I, Proficiency Examination, September, 1935

IT IS SAD but true that my most determined decisions and efforts to put my leisure time to profitable use, with personal betterment, physically, mentally, and morally, as the result, are all beef-steaks cast on the waters—but the waters are full of sharks and nothing ever returns but the bones.

Many, many times I have looked back with regret on a day, or a week, or a month, or even a year in which I had intended to write that letter, or mend my tennis racket, or build a pier, or read the encyclopedia four and three quarters minutes every day and put Mr. Einstein out of business.

There are a thousand and one things I have lain awake nights thinking about and planning to do in those small—but large in the aggregate—moments of idleness during every day. Exercise every morning for a moment or so after arising. Read through the Bible a verse or two at a time. Dig that grass out from the cracks in the sidewalk. Repair the fireplace grate. Read Plutarch's *Lives*. Read the best of poetry, prose, fiction, biogra-

phy, and drama alternately, for versatility of knowledge. (Everyone *intends* to read all kinds of the best of literature, and is always going to do it next week when he has more time. That's when I'm going to start—after this registration hurry and scurry is over.) And so, on and on go the plans for making myself the ideal man.

What's the reason I don't fulfill all of these high ideals? What do I do in my leisure? It won't take very long to explain quite fully and satisfactorily.

Once upon a time I had a few dollars saved up. Moreover I intended to keep them saved. But alas, past the house one day went three boys in—an old Model "T" Ford! Instantly, though I did not know it, my chances for being a genius, a success, and an educated man were killed—killed in an "automobile accident." For the very next day I bought an old Model "T" for myself. Does that explain my utilization of leisure time? I thought it would.

I am registering as a mechanical engineer.

The Slums and Crime

FRANCIS P. HIGGINS

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

TWO centuries ago in England there were a group of policemen known as the Bow Street "runners." These men had a reputation for apprehending criminals and sending them to the gallows. The attitude of the "runners" toward crime was novel, but a trifle inhuman; they took great pride in the number of men they directed to the gallows, so that, according to various writers, they would turn their heads while a criminal was committing a crime, but would stop at nothing to apprehend the perpetrator. This system was hard on the criminal's victim, but it served to swell the "runner's" list of apprehensions.

Today we look with horror on the Bow Street "runners," though our attitude toward crime differs but little from theirs. We disregard the old adage of an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure. We wait until a crime has been committed before we pounce upon the culprit, indignantly crying for blood. We close the prison gates behind hundreds of criminals every day; we supply the gallows and the "chair" with an increasing amount of human fodder; our police bathe the city streets with the blood of criminals who get in the path of their guns; but the number of criminals never diminishes, for each time a criminal dies, an adolescent springs forward to fill the gap in the ranks.

Crime is like organized baseball, for just as the young ball player starts his career on the "sandlots" and graduates to the minor leagues and thence to the major leagues, so the juvenile criminal

starts with petty crimes and works his way up to the "big time." If boys were denied the privilege of playing baseball, the game would gradually become extinct; and if juvenile delinquents were furnished with a better environment and discouraged from wrong doing, the crime rate, too, would fade into comparative insignificance.

To a great extent the slum is the "sandlot" of crime; children growing side by side with crime and vice cannot avoid being contaminated. Perhaps the fruit peddler on the corner is the first victim of the embryo criminal, who then graduates to "stripping" cars, then to filling station "stickups," and finally to the "big time" offenses. The criminal's career invariably terminates amid the spasmodic reports of guns, the clang of prison gates, or the deathly silence of the execution chamber.

Edward A. Seligman, a prominent sociologist, states that "there is no doubt that rural districts contribute less to criminality than do urban districts, and it is from the lower social ranks of the urban dwellers that most of the apprehended criminals are recruited." Is it any wonder that children who are permitted to imbibe the deep, slimy wisdom of the streets as soon as they are able to walk wander along the dark avenues of crime in later years? They grow up in bleak, unwholesome houses, separated only by thin partitions from thieves, dope addicts, and prostitutes. They cannot rub elbows with filth and remain clean.

Perhaps the child is carefully guarded

by his parents during the early years and attends school. Later on he gets a job and spends his days working. In the evening he goes home into a crowded street with its stench and noise. The curses of men and women, coarse laughter, and drunken shouts mingle with the cries of children, blending into a dismal symphony. Naturally he wishes to find more pleasant surroundings, so that he gulps his evening meal and sallies forth in quest of gay companionship. Where will he find it? The parks are too far away, the shows are boring, and concerts and books are too far above his poorly trained mentality to furnish him enjoyment. He turns to the pool room or the saloon to find laughter and false gaiety.

The educational system of the pool room and saloon is quicker than any that college can offer. In a short time the young man learns the art of "palm-ing" an ace or the safest way of introducing a pair of "friendly" dice. His companions, with their expensive clothes, subtle wit, and generous supplies of money, seem to him gods. The daily routine of his job looms up dismally before him; he suddenly feels a desire to be as free and prosperous as they, to break away from monotony and poverty. There are always friends to show him the means of realizing his ambition. His first escapades in crime are easy and lucrative; he advances to bigger crimes; he knows he can "buy" a few policemen and a politician or two, and he has nothing but contempt for the law. Then one night he is cornered and has to resort to murder. He is caught, and the indignant people demand an eye for an eye. They convict him and send him to the electric chair. He squirms for two seconds and dies. His family squirms forever after at the thought of him. The state has performed its duty. But it has destroyed

something that only God could create. And now it sits back to wait for another.

The necessity of apprehending and punishing criminals is evident, but in the face of the rising crime rate the futility is also evident. We should stop being Bow Street "runners" and seek to prevent crime rather than punish it. If slums breed criminals, as facts indicate, then the proper procedure seems to be to abolish slums.

The abolition of slums would be a huge task. First a plan would have to be devised whereby the men who own the property could obtain enough financial backing to destroy the old tenements and erect modern buildings in their places. At present the government is loaning huge sums of money for less important projects, so that this seems to be an ideal time to obtain financial support for such a worthy cause. As a matter of fact the government should be glad to bear a just part of the expense involved, for the nation would reap the benefit of it through a huge saving in the cost of fighting crime.

After the financial support has been obtained and the building got under way, there would be the problem of providing temporary shelter. The building of temporary structures to serve as homes for the people would be necessary, but as the new buildings were completed the people could move into them. Then as the builders started on another section, the people there could move into the temporary homes and thence to the new tenement house. The rentals for the new buildings would have to be low enough to suit the purses of the people, but low rentals could still bring profit to the investors as the homes would seldom, if ever, lack occupants.

Upon completion of the buildings and the installation of the people in their

new homes, the government should then turn to the task of ridding the districts of undesirable persons. Shady characters such as petty thieves should be apprehended and placed in penal institutions. Dope addicts and prostitutes should be sent to government-supervised sanatoria and turned out into the world again only after they have regained a firm grip on themselves.

The next step would be to provide parks and playgrounds where the people could obtain healthy and up-lifting amusement. The benefits of playgrounds have already been proved wherever they have been built. A New York judge, upon being interrogated concerning the absence of a chronic offender in the juvenile courts, replied: "Johnny is far too busy stealing bases this summer to bother about stealing tires." Boys have a natural desire for action, and if they have no place to play their games, they often resort to the game of thieving as an outlet for this desire.

Often you hear people argue that the abolition of slums is impossible because the inhabitants are naturally slovenly. True, people are born and raised in the filth of the slums, but they cannot be condemned for that. No child is born slovenly, but merely acquires that quality from the example he sees around him. The problem of educating the people in proper living is but one of the many obstacles to hurdle to complete the plan.

The education of the people would best be accomplished by appointing various health supervisors to make regular inspections and to give the people the bene-

fit of their advice and cooperation. These jobs should be held not by incompetent politicians but by men trained in the problems of sociology. Perhaps this system would not show any great result if directed exclusively at the older people, but a major portion of the education should be directed at the younger generation to produce greater results. They are young enough to get out of the rut and change their mode of living, and then upon marrying and raising children they can pass their knowledge on to their heirs. We cannot expect great results immediately, but should look to the future for the reaping of the harvest from seed sown in this generation.

Slum abolition is a problem that will have to be tackled sooner or later, and there is no advantage in delaying the task. We must remember that the people living in slums were created by the same God as we; so we should do all we can to lift them out of a detrimental environment. Any one of us might have been born in such places and been guided along the scarlet path of crime, but as we were not, we can sympathize with and assist those who were.

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“A Penny for Your Thoughts”

BILL BROWDER

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

HERO-WORSHIP is universal throughout America, from our grandsons to our grandfathers. I do not know just how many of its stages we pass through in a lifetime, but by the time we are eighteen, I believe we have experienced three general periods.

President Cleveland's little daughter was in the White House yard one day, playing with the small girl of the grounds policeman. The latter's father strutted by with his shiny-buttoned uniform, neatly pressed and immaculate. Little Ruth Cleveland turned to her playmate and sighed, "I wish my father was a policeman!" Yes, I am sure that we all, at one time, would rather have had a brilliant uniform in the family than the President of the United States. This period, when policemen, soldiers, sailors, and doormen were our heroes, was our first stage of hero-worship.

Gradually our conceptions changed. We soon began to read and to attend moving pictures. It was then that adventurers received our greatest reverence. Why, I can remember when I would rather have been Robin Hood than anyone else in the world. In fact, I did spend most of my time in the Sherwood Forest of my back yard, robbing the rich to help the poor, and "picking off" the nobles with my trusty bow and arrow.

About this same time, great athletes began to impress me. I was so completely "cuckoo" over Red Grange that I gave my uncle no peace until he had promised to introduce me to the "galloping ghost." Finally he took my brother and me, and one of our neighbors (the chiseler!) out to see our idol. It was a day which I

shall never forget—we all three stood there and stared at him, with our mouths hanging loosely ajar. We almost became the heroes of the school, and we reveled in our glory.

I had not yet relinquished my claims on Grange, when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Then I (with the rest of America) immediately followed the name of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. His personal autograph became my prized possession. In this second stage of hero-worship, we praised those who had accomplished something spectacular, something daring and courageous.

Although we carry the enthusiasm of this type of idolatry with us to our graves, we have entered into a third field by the time we reach our later teens. We begin to pursue saner ideals. We admire character and intelligence; we look for men who have had high ideals and who have followed them. Right now, I respect and laud a truly cultured man above almost everyone else. My main ambition is intellectual success!

There is one hero who outlasts all of these, a hero who is constantly in our minds and our imagination from childhood to death. He is the one who makes the winning touchdown, shoots the final basket, and cleans up on all the toughs in town. It is he who gains the admiration of all the girls, and the respect of all the boys; who wins all his contests, and makes all of the honor societies! How many times have you been asked, "A penny for your thoughts," and could not answer because you would have been embarrassed to admit that you were thinking of yourself.

On Reading and Readers

JEAN HOSKINS

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

SHE is a friend of my mother's, and one of my favorite people—gay, funny, kindly; but I abhor the way she reads and her reasons for reading. She can't, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a member of the intelligensia; and magazines like *Colliers*, *Liberty*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* are suited to her mentality. Yet she delights in trilling the names of D. H. Lawrence, Henry James, Matthew Arnold, Lytton Strachey, and H. L. Mencken, and professes the greatest of interest in *Harpers*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Fortune*. The effect is marred by the fact that she frankly admits that she takes these meaty authors and magazines to bed with her and peruses them 'til sleep falls on her eyelids. Her conversation is to this effect: "George Jean Nathan? Oh, yes, I read his book on the drama night before last." And upon a little more questioning, "You know, I can't ever remember the names of the books I read very well. But I did read Nathan up to the fourth chapter, and then I got just too sleepy. And I just hate to finish a book the next morning, don't you? What was it about? Oh, I don't know—rather psychic and nasty. Made fun of the plays which I went up to Chicago especially to see. I think he is over-rated. He only kept me awake through the fourth chapter."

I dislike to read a really good author unless I am mentally on my toes. I

think it is an insult to the intelligence and ability of Joseph Conrad to read him until sleep comes. And, besides, he is rather too deep to make much sense of when the eyelids are flickering. A blood-curdling murder story is much more satisfactory as midnight reading material. I don't have to use my brain, and never have to re-read a page to get the sense. And if drowsiness begins to come before the book is read, I have no compunction about reading the last three pages and getting the whole plot. The morning after, I have no desire to read the skipped part; while with a truly good book, I will always want to read the center part whether or not I have read the end. I know whereof I speak. I tried to read Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* on two nights when sleep would not come, and these books were so interesting they kept me awake until early morning.

I read constantly, and yet I am appalled by the number of books which I have not read. I am always embarrassed to admit that I have never read *Swiss Family Robinson*, and I felt my neglect even more keenly after reading Christopher Morley's parody, *Swiss Family Manhattan*, this summer. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Hugo's *Les Misérables* also haunt me. I cannot see how anyone ever has the opportunity to read enough.

My Method of Memorizing

JOHN D. MITCHELL

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

A SEEMINGLY unimportant incident, a chance word or phrase may give impetus to an idea that will change one's entire attitude toward a person, activity, or subject. A sturdy bough falls across a sluggish stream; its branches become imbedded in the sand and silt on the bottom of the stream. In time by the collecting of sticks and leaves about these branches, the course of the rivulet is changed; by the narrowing of its channel, the stream has gained momentum and now rushes to the sea. Thus by a chance phrase I was able to overcome an obstacle and participate in activities that have quickened and enriched my life.

One day, for want of something else to do, I began to read the lives of the Barrymores in the *American Magazine*. John Barrymore was discussing his venture into acting in Shakespeare's plays; he mentioned casually that in order to memorize the role of Hamlet he went out into the woods. That day he learned the entire part as he walked in the cool shade; at the close of the day he was able to throw away the book. The ease with which he memorized such a voluminous part astounded me, for memorizing had always restrained me from venturing into dramatics and debate. However, being amazed at his mental capacity for memorizing, I was fascinated by the idea contained in the word *walk*. I began to think that perhaps the simple action of walking was the solution to what seemed to me an impossible feat, memorizing a role of several thousand

lines. When I had attempted to master a piece of poetry or a speech, I had always looked for the softest chair in the house in which to complete an arduous task; nevertheless my mind would refuse to retain perfectly the memory passage, even under such auspicious conditions.

After I had been fortunate enough to receive a part in the junior play, I decided to test my supposition. That evening when I was home alone, I proceeded to memorize my lines as I strode from one room to another. At first I was disappointed, for I could see no unusual results. The next evening I decided to test myself on the number of lines I had learned; to my surprise, as I began to walk the passages came to my mind with little or no effort. In a short time I had assimilated the entire role by the simple process of "walking" it into my mind. This success led me to other experiments. I would take a mental photograph of several pages of speeches, and then during an evening walk I would repeat aloud these lines. On my way to school I would stride along, oblivious of the world, muttering a debate speech, a piece of poetry, or the lines of a play. At times I would notice people on the street turning and looking at me in a peculiar manner, but I was too engrossed to think my actions were odd until someone reminded me that there are places for people who persist in talking to themselves in public.

Another practice that aids in memorizing and in retaining the passage intact in one's mind is to deliver it just before

going to bed. During the hours of sleep the mind seems to digest it thoroughly. The results are not only amazing but also inexplicable. But this habit of delivering nocturnal addresses is not apt to be without amusing consequences. For several weeks I had assiduously given my debate speech each night before going to bed. One morning the lady across

the hall asked my mother if we would please refrain from playing the radio so loud, especially when we were listening to political speeches. Therefore, although I recommend these methods of memorizing, I admonish the user to expect anything from being rushed to the hospital to being arrested for disturbing the peace.

Pyrotechnical Properties of H_2

HARRY KORNBERG

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

THREE 500 c.c. bottles and a one-pint milk bottle full of hydrogen were left over. John and I had just finished the last part of the experiment on the properties of the gas when we assured one another that to waste four bottles full of it would be a crime. But what to do with them? John suggested that we pour the hydrogen into smaller containers and ignite the gas. I said that doing so would not help matters any, for we had already tried that; besides, the little laboratory in the basement of Lake View Evening School was still resounding with the loud "pops" from other experimenters' tests. Making the racket louder probably would cause the windows to fall out. But I don't suppose that would have mattered much anyhow, for the little square windows situated near the ceiling were always so dirty and smoked with chemicals that to blow them out would do no more than allow some of the rays of the setting sun to enter the dingy place, and let some of the ever-present, stinking fumes go out. Every Monday and Wednesday about twenty people working

for credit in high school chemistry met there to burn their hands and clothes in flames and acids, to cough a little louder and more frequently, and to break some more glassware. Breakage was so frequent that John and I, partners for the course, felt fortunate in having three 500 c.c. bottles between us.

John was still insisting that we explode small quantities of the gas when I remembered that hydrogen burned with a very hot flame, and I made a proposal. He caught on at once. We would make a blow-torch. A large two-holed stopper and a small funnel with a long, thin stem, called a thistle tube, was hunted up while I bent a piece of glass tubing to the shape of an L. We put the thistle tube through one of the holes in the stopper and then tried to fit the stopper into one of the bottles. The stopper was too small; so while I held my hand over the mouth of the bottle, John found a larger stopper. By the time it was fitted into the bottle, some of the hydrogen had been displaced by air.

Nevertheless, the improvised blowtorch was ready, and I ceremoniously handed

Recollections of the Theatre

JAMES MORGAN

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

THE theater is still a wonder to me: it is a strange, hallowed world apart. Very few and far between were the chances I had of seeing a legitimate drama. I recall how jealous I was of my parents when they talked of having seen such persons as Irving, Barrett, Terry, Mary Garden, Sothorn and Marlowe, Fritzi Scheff, and a host of others slowly becoming immortal. I despised the fate that forced me to live in the theater-less backwoods.

My first experience with the theater was going with my brother to see Walter Hampden in *Cyrano de Bergerac* in Peoria. I entered the theater proudly; in my pocket my hand was clutching that little white envelope with the precious green pasteboard inside. I was surprised at the shabbiness of the place, which was used but several times a season. I was used to gilded movie foyers and darkened auditoriums. When I entered the hall I was disappointed by its dirtiness; the curtain was ripped and the paint on the walls was flaking. After what seemed a long time the house lights were lowered and the footlights were turned on.

I no longer saw the flaking walls, and the ripped curtain had risen into the flies. I saw only the Théâtre de Bourgogne in the year 1640. From that moment till the final curtain dropped on the leaf-covered convent yard I was in a new world, a world which for me had never before existed. I had not found it in movies, and it had not the same enchantment as books. I was part of it—

my voice choked with Cyrano's pain, though I never said a word aloud; my heart burst with hopeless love for Roxane; and at last in the garden I felt a fragment of me die with Cyrano. Overromantic I suppose it was; a damned fool most people would call me. Perhaps a part of my sympathy arose from the fact that I myself possess a nose of no mean proportions and have friends who constantly remind me of the fact. When those lines came—"One thing without stain. . . . Mine own!—My white plume. . . ." I felt a cold shiver creep up my back and tingle behind my ears. My mother afterwards told me she remembered distinctly having the same sensation a number of times: once when Maude Adams as Peter Pan stepped close to the footlights and cried to the audience, "Do you believe in fairies?"; once when she saw the aged and frowsy Bernhardt, in the white uniform of the pathetic Aiglon, seize the reins of the horse "to tie him to a star"; again when Anna Pavlova as the Swan sank dying to the stage.

I was quiet on the way home—very quiet, my brother must have thought. In the jolting car on that crisp autumn night I relived the whole play. I had a taste of something that had created a gnawing hunger in me for more. I have since by conspiracy and industry been fortunate enough to see other plays, even operas, and once the glittering ballet. But these have yet to give me that speechless amazement of my "first night" in beer-brewing Peoria.

The Passing of the "Big Swamp"

LOUIS A. TERVEEN

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

A SHORT time ago, I had the opportunity to make a motor trip through Florida. There are many interesting places in Florida—the old fort of St. Augustine, the orange groves, Palm Beach with its ten and fifteen million dollar estates, Miami with its colorful resort hotels, Coral Gables—but the part of Florida which I was most interested in seeing, even more than the bathing beauties, was the Everglades. The name Everglades has held a fascination for me ever since I first read it in my geography book in about the sixth grade. The information contained in our old geography, although quite complete on the city of Tampa, was indeed meagre on the subject of the Everglades. I can remember vividly how sharply my teacher rebuked me—she was a sour old person anyway—for “taking up the class’s time by asking so many questions about such an unimportant place.” However, since that time I have come to the conclusion that the reason for my teacher’s irritation was not that I was taking up the class time, but simply that she could not answer my questions. There is very little information published on the Everglades, and very few people indeed know any more about them than “It’s a big swamp down in Florida.” Although the entire area is termed a swamp, there were always extensive islands, many of them hundreds of acres in size, which were never under water.

Before I traveled through the Everglades, I did not have even the faintest idea that such a wild country still existed within the borders of our nation. Some

sections of the swamp are as untamed as the African jungle; but the most amazing fact is that these sections are not remote, but rather only about an hour’s drive from the modern city of Miami.

In some respects it might be said that Miami is the most modern city in the world. At least it has the most modern jail. During the big Florida boom, the city and county authorities decided to build a skyscraper to serve as a combined city hall and court house, and along with that they planned to rent out most of the upper floors of the building as office space, since desirable office space was at a premium at that time. But along came Old Man Depression and away went the office renters. Not having any other use for this large amount of space, the authorities decided to use the upper floors of the skyscraper for a jail. Consequently the prisoners get the freshest air, plenty of sunlight, and a wonderful view. It must be a delightful place to live.

The Everglades were discovered very early in the history of America by the Spanish explorers in their search for the “Fountain of Youth.” The boundaries of the swamp were soon determined. It was found to extend from a narrow strip of high land along the east coast westward about forty-five miles and northward over one hundred miles from the southern tip of the peninsula. But after the boundaries were marked out, little else could be discovered, and until the end of the nineteenth century the dense undergrowth successfully resisted the efforts of all explorers

who tried to penetrate more than a few miles. Between 1850 and 1900 the United States government sent out several exploring expeditions, but all returned with the same report of failure to make any headway.

While the white men could never manage to penetrate over a few miles, there are tribes of Indians who live in and have roamed the swamps for centuries. About the year 1900 a party of engineers succeeded in persuading some Indians to guide them and were able to make a survey. Out of this survey there has grown the greatest drainage project ever to be conceived anywhere in the world.

The total area of the Everglades is about four and one-half million acres. The initial drainage project consisted of about 200 miles of canals 60 feet wide by 5 feet deep. Crossing the canals and draining into them, there was to be a network of smaller ditches, about 1500 miles of them. The project was so vast that it was necessary to design and construct special machinery, far larger than any ever built for this purpose before, in order to make the project practical. When this first project was finally completed in 1916, about one million acres of land had been drained. Experiments showed that this land was capable of raising a wide variety of produce; in fact, it was found to be the most fertile land in the nation. When it was seen that the drainage system was so successful, it was decided to extend it. At the present time about 1,500,000 acres have been reclaimed and are permanently dry. The total length of the canals in the system is over 600 miles, and there are almost 5000 miles of ditches. The figure "600 miles" looks large on paper, but it does not begin to convey a true idea of the actual length of the canals. It is

only after one has driven on a road alongside one of them for almost an entire day, and sees the sun go down, and the canal still stretching on and on, that one can appreciate their extent.

For their entire length the canals are flanked by roads. The roads were easily constructed, for when the canals were built, instead of throwing half the dirt on each side of the cut, all of it was thrown on one side. After the elevated ground which was thus created had settled, a layer of asphalt was put down, and the result was a fine road. Occasionally the road crosses the canal over a bridge and is built along the other side. I suppose that the reason that this happens is that the steam shovel operator's right arm would get tired, so that he would use his left, pulling the left lever and throwing the dirt on the opposite side of the ditch. Ten years later, when the road builders came along, they had to build a bridge every place the excavating machine operator had changed hands.

If you are traveling along a road in the northern part of the Everglades, where the land is well drained, you will see, on both sides, orderly and neatly-arranged farms with all sorts of flourishing crops. Occasionally there will be a busy little village. Where the road runs along a beautiful lake on the northern edge of the swamps, there are some small towns. Each small town has its hotel, strategically located to ensnare the tourist. Each hotel is dignified by a negro door-man in a general's gold braid, full dress uniform. But much of the doorman's dignity is lost by reason of the fact that, when no one is going in the door, it is his business to get out in the road and shout and wave and try his best to direct the motorist with his call

of "Ho-tel! Right this way! Ho-tel! Drive right in! Ho-tel! — —."

If you are traveling along the road running west from Miami, you will see no sign of human habitation except an occasional Seminole Indian village. The Indians live in huts made from cane poles and roofed with thatch. If the natives were a little blacker, and if they wore just a few less clothes, the village would resemble an African village. During the rainy season, the land on both sides of the road appears to be a great field of water, with thousands of islands, some small, some very large. But during the dry season much of the water dries up, and the islands are joined. The extensive territory thus formed, of which there is today about three million acres, then has the appearance of the African veldt. In places the trees and brush are so thick that it is a physical impossibility to force a way through. Great areas of this jungle have never even

been seen by white men. Other parts of the area are great plains with only occasional clumps of trees. These plains are the best hunting grounds in the country. All sorts of animals are there, from the rabbit to the brown bear. There are hundreds of deer. A species of panther roams the plains, and this panther is the largest to be found in America, since he has plenty of deer and other game to feed upon.

This picturesque remnant of the Great American Wilderness cannot last for long. Each year the drainage system lowers the level of the water a fraction of an inch. As more canals and ditches are dug, the jungle-swamp will be slowly won from the forces of nature. Peaceful, prosperous farms will replace the jungle, domestic livestock will replace the deer, and the Indians will live in modern houses instead of cane huts. Civilization will have scored against the forces of nature.

The Italo-Ethiopian War

PAULINE NEWTON

Theme 4, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

THE UNITED STATES proudly points to the fact that it is utterly unbiased concerning the Italo-Ethiopian war. With pardonable pride, we proclaim our neutrality. But are we as disinterested as we would like to believe? Will we, the neutral United States, become entangled in this war? Is this dispute the match that will be the beginning of a huge conflagration that might imperil civilization itself?

Today, subtle propaganda is implanting itself in the American brain. Our newspapers tell us graphically of the horrible body-mutilating devices that Mussolini is employing. We see pictures in the tabloids of aggressive Italians preparing to bomb the helpless little city of Addis Ababa. News reels show Selassie mobilizing his pathetic and ill-equipped little army. We hear of the pitiful arrangements of the Ethiopians to scurry

to the hills when an air attack impends.

There is a strange quirk in the American personality that feels a sympathy for the under-dog—and the Lion of Judah and his people certainly are under-dogs. Mussolini made sure of that before he actually went to battle.

The Ethiopians with their antiquated implements of war have little chance against Italy, European mistress of the air. Their only hope lies in prolonging the dispute through guerilla warfare. Here, the Ethiopians have a definite advantage. They are fleet-footed children of the hills, and can withstand all sorts of privations which the European, used to the pamperings of civilization, can never endure. The Abyssinians are used to tramping all day in the terrific heat of the desert sun; they know the meaning of hunger and thirst.

Mussolini's greatest advantage is in his great numbers of men. True, many of them will die of Ethiopian bullets, others won't survive the heat, the lack of good food and pure water, but always in the background will be more nationalistic young Italians to take their places. Children are taken into the army as soon as they are old enough to hold a gun. They are taught militarism from the very cradle.

Il Duce has the utmost in martial equipment. His air fleet is capable of unthinkable destruction; the minds of his chemists have been productive in devising weapons that will warp Ethiopian lives. Oh, yes, Mussolini will probably conquer Ethiopia, but how long will it take?

Italian allies would be of the greatest help. But to whom can the aggressive Italian dictator turn? England? No, the

relations between those two nations are already very strained. France? Probably not, for French and British points of view will undoubtedly coincide. Germany? Possibly, but improbably, for Hitler too is ambitious. If war were profitable enough, he might participate. It would, though, be very difficult to bring two such positive personalities as Hitler and Mussolini to terms. Austria might line up with Italy, but her small contribution would not be of paramount importance. Russia is too isolated to be helpful to Italy.

The United States today is supposedly thinking of peace. A war across the wide expanse of ocean seems very remote and innocent, but, underneath, it is of the greatest significance. The great war of 1914 started with a seemingly petty dispute. At that time, as now, the American people were strongly anti-war.

Will the pacifistic urge triumph, or will we disregard the warnings of good judgment? Stirring martial music, brass buttons, heroism, sweethearts waiting at home—all these things hold a glamour for young men. They don't stop long enough in their hysteria to consider the horrible aspect of war. They forget about the years of living death, men no longer what they were, thousands of fine young lives sacrificed—and for what? So some militaristic dictator can glory in his conquests or else grovel in inglorious defeat. They are told—and believe—that they are fighting for beautiful ideals, and go forth with staunch hearts, determined to conquer. But is any victory worth the price they pay?

Will purely emotional and unreasonable appeals again carry us into a war more horrible than any ever dreamed of? God forbid!

One Alma Mater?

BARBARA DIEHL

Theme 8, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

A NOVEL experiment in American education was announced recently by the Yale School of Law and the Harvard School of Business Administration. This experiment is a four-year college course in which the student spends one year in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at Harvard and three years at Yale, in New Haven, Connecticut. A novel experiment in American education, I say, for in Europe, and in Germany especially, the experiment has been tried and proved successful. There, students attend several schools, not just one. Many of them go to six or eight schools within the years of their regular college course. This idea of attending not one but several colleges seems to me the most likely way of molding a college student into a cultured man as Charles Eliot describes him, "a man with an open mind, broad sympathies and respect for all the diverse achievements of the human intellect."

When a student remains in one university for his entire college career there is too great a tendency for him to become narrow-minded and biased. Every college has its peculiar atmosphere where definite conventionalities of actions and ideas are observed. The student who is subjected to these same ideas and actions day after day for any length of time finally absorbs them until they become a part of him. It is easy to distinguish a graduate of Springdale Teachers College from a Harvard graduate. The Springdale graduate knows life only as it exists in the small midwestern town, and the eastern graduate forgets there is any knowledge west of Boston. This should not be.

Students can become mentally and spiritually stagnant too if they remain on one campus too long. When we encounter customary things our curiosity is not aroused and our interest lags, but not so with new personalities and ideas. Methodist ministers are required to move from one community to another every few years to prevent the church life from becoming stagnant. The congregation draws all the spiritual growth it can from one man and then it is ready for new guidance and stimulation. Since the college campus and instructor will not rotate for the student, I believe the student should rotate himself.

At present the student cannot rotate from one college to another without losing from several to all of his former credits and duplicating a course or two under the guise of a different name. Perhaps this is one reason so many students in America are content to remain in one educational center for four years or longer. Colleges cooperate wonderfully well in athletic contests, in musical rivalry, and in oratorical competition, but not in actual study courses.

However, I feel that if one has the time and money, the loss of credits is far less important to the individual than the educational losses he would have if he remained in one school. Surely some time in the near future we shall see students change from one school to another with little difficulty just as Rhodes scholars today go from America to England. Then we shall have a system of education which is far more capable of giving what it now tries to give—a liberal education.

The Sophisticated Student

ELEANOR SWENEY

Theme 4, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

THE most satisfactory college student is not the person who is genuine in his interests and enthusiasms, but the one who is sophisticated and "smooth." Just what the average collegian means by smoothness and sophistication is hard to determine. The type picture, however, is this: he (or she) is good looking, preferably in a striking, exotic way, dances "divinely," swears like a trooper, drinks not too much, but enough to make good company, has a ready store of good and bad jokes and stories, never studies, has a good "line," never profanes conversation with a thought-provoking or worthwhile sentence, and never betrays any interest in what goes on around him.

Indifference is the most important item in the make-up of the sophisticated. He goes to a football game not because he enjoys the game but because the rest of the house is going. He hears the band play a stirring march and yet he does not feel an insane desire to march, head high, eyes sparkling. He does not feel that today with its blue sky, bright sun, and brisk, challenging wind is any different from yesterday with its dark, oppressing coldness. He goes to a movie because he can think of nothing else to do, but the movie isn't interesting to him—it is like every other movie he has ever seen. He is enrolled in the College of Commerce not because he is really interested in business but because he had to enroll in something. If he reads the paper at all, he sees that several thou-

sand Chinese have lost their lives and homes in a flooding of the Yangtze River or that seventeen hundred Ethiopians have been killed by Italian bombs, but doesn't see why disasters befalling Chinese and Ethiopians should concern him.

The sophisticated person is rarely happy. At first he may have shown a spark of interest in his surroundings, but he has taught himself so well not to betray his interest that he has finally persuaded even himself that he is entirely indifferent. He misses the vigor of spirited arguments and the satisfaction of forming definite attitudes. He misses the awe of feeling beauty. He misses the joy of working toward a goal with real determination and enthusiasm. Because of his indifference he misses the happiness that might be his in all of these things. The knowledge that he is handsome and that he dances well appeals somewhat to his vanity, but he is not happy in it. He derives a certain thrill from daring to swear, to drink, and to tell off-color stories at first, but now these are merely empty gestures that give him no satisfaction. He may originally have intended to study, but he is afraid he will lose his reputation as a "good fellow" if he begins to study now. He finds that although the world is not unpleasant to him as long as he uses a flattering "line," he has made no real friends. No, he is certainly not a happy individual, but he comforts himself that at least he is "smooth."

The Spaniard

ILSE ARON

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

IN a drab and respectable living section of a drab and respectable manufacturing town there lived one Juan Ammaños, his name long since Americanized to John Manos, a white collar worker. In the same too-small house there lived Rosie, his pretty, trivial, little wife; John, his son; and his old mother, a poor deaf crone who spoke only patois Spanish. And it came about that little John grew up in that comfortably proletarian surrounding, went to school, got into fights, and returned home, somewhat battered, but nothing worse. When the old woman died, John felt only a suspension of the childish annoyance she had caused him with her deafness and her little crotchets.

Thus John became a typically middle class American boy, and in the fashion of that type which clings carefully to the path of least resistance, he studied the Spanish which his dead grandmother had made easy for him. Having a fair mind, and having acquired a decent knowledge of Spanish, he became, ultimately, an instructor in a small college.

If you were to ask in that college today for John Manos, you would get scant response, but Juan Ammaños, oh! the villagers would swell with pride as they give you the address of his "studio." There you would find a grand piano with a lace shawl draped over it, portraits of enormous-eyed madonnas, crude red and yellow pottery, and perhaps Juan himself in a black lounging robe with a flaming scarlet sash.

Probably he would be smoking one of the long, thin, black cigars which he affects. Waving airily at the gracefully

arranged art objects which clutter the place, he would say, "You weel pardon, señor. Those leetle theengs keep me—what is it you say?—contented. Now that bowl—eet ees from Madrid, an old water jar." If your eye or your attention once wanders from the water jar, he will remember his unconventional attire in sudden confusion: "Ah, señor. Forgeeve me. I had not dressed for company." Then with a laugh of studied significance, he murmurs, "But you will see, eet ees that I was out late last night!"

He has achieved that exotic English pronunciation by some method which combines the equally false French accent of Maurice Chevalier with a carefully consistent use of the lisped Spanish *c*. For one who started with a broad Mid-Western foundation, he has made remarkable progress. He charms his classes by stopping, distraughtly searching for a word: "But what ees eet that you the Americans call it?" He enjoys telling co-eds stories of a mildly censorable nature. Just before he reaches his point he stops, waves his hands about, and raises his blackened eyebrows very high, amidst appreciative giggles and snickers.

He has never married, though countless panting adolescents have fallen in and out of love with him. On windy days he can be seen walking, solitary, his long black cloak blown against his body. But if the weather is so bad as to discourage an interested audience to his outing, Juan remains in his steam-heated "studio" with a crimson robe on his shoulders and a long, bitter cigar in his lips.

Frost Hints

MARGARET HOLTE

Theme 3, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

ABOUT six o'clock in the morning, or in the evening after the sun is gone, the frostiness of the air reminds me of a place that is now but a name, not very well known to many people, and utterly unknown to some.

I will just call it the North, and try to tell something of the place from whence, each autumn, come those frosty messengers bringing to me thoughts of home and memories of ice and snow and cold—and grandeur too. Because the North is grand—a place of vast untouched forests where mighty rivers roar unheard, and where from late in August until late in May the snows lie piled high and white, frozen so solidly that they resemble granulated sugar and from a distance appear oddly blue. At night the stars seem to hang so low in the sky that one feels that he could reach up and touch them with very little effort. Perhaps distance does lend enchantment, as it has been said, but I've never known the nights here to be as beautiful as I remember them in the North, when the thermometer registered forty degrees below zero and I would go skimming over the gleaming snow, my skis singing like violins in the frosty air as I sped along in the half-daylight of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

There were so many entertaining things to do in the North: driving dog teams, racing on snowshoes or skis, or dancing in the evening on the ice in our

moccasins. Sometimes we went on long hikes through unbroken "bush," with a compass and our sense of direction guiding our way. We early learned woodlore, not as a hobby, but from necessity. Children of the North are taught the dangers of leaving glass lying about exposed to the sun, because during the short summer months the sun's rays are so intensely hot that if they chance to pass through glass they are likely to ignite the dry leaves or grass. Much damage and loss of life and property have been caused in this way and most "old-timers" have experienced the dreaded forest fire.

It is unlikely that I shall ever return North: there is no reason why I should. I have no ties of friendship to draw me back. The towns I knew are built up now and are much like any other towns. Civilization is rapidly pushing into the settlements. Churches, schools, and hospitals have been established. Roads have been built, and automobiles rumble over pavements which were once trails that knew only the soft, silent rush of the dog team. Man's ingenuity has conquered many of the forces of nature. The far North is fast becoming populated and consequently is losing much of its charming wildness. Even knowing all this, I still cherish a hope that some day I shall go back and find it all as it was when I left, a long time ago.

Record Breaking

JASON N. DAYKIN

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

THE superintendent came to the front of the group of men gathered in the shadow of the tipple and said, "Men, that record output of coal you set last week was broken by the crew at Old Ben yesterday. I want to see you get it back today." That was all he said. He edged his way through the men back to his office, and the men stared after him. What did he want them to do—break their backs? Well, anyhow, they would show the Old Ben crew that it could not take Number 9's record that easily.

A shrill whistle screamed through the early morning air, the signal to start the man trips. The men rushed forward to fill the cage, and as soon as it was filled the men shot six hundred feet down to their work. Cy (my buddy) and I didn't make the first load, but we were on the second. No sooner did we unload than we got on a motor and started for our work—northeast section, fourth entry, rear room.

We were soon working feverishly and getting a good many cars loaded. But Cy wanted a larger output. He raced the loading machine. The coal poured faster than ever into the cars. We didn't seem to be getting any air in our room, and the air was so filled with dust that my light was useless. I walked over to Cy and shouted in his ear, barely able to make myself understood above the roar of the machine, "Can't we get the boss to get us more draft? We can't live in this."

"No," he yelled. "We have to break that record."

"But, Cy, we can't watch the roof, and you know that it's bad."

"Can't help it. If it comes, it gets us—that's all."

"Well, then, how about getting a timberman in here? We need more props. We are in sixty feet now—way past state regulations."

"Can't do it. Record has to fall."

"Listen, Cy, forget the record. You have two children to care for."

"What's the matter, kid? Going yellow on me?"

"No! But I'm not going to get killed for a record."

"Go get a drink. Maybe that will calm your nerves."

I left to go for the water. But I just got back as far as the props when I heard a noise worse than the roar of ten express trains. For a second the din increased, and then gradually diminished. Yes, it was a fall—I could hear the rock sliding. Cy was trapped, and I would have been too had not luck been with me. No use to go back—dust too thick, and there might be gas. I ran for the boss and found him a short distance from the entry.

"Now," I shouted, "maybe you will get some air in there, and some men to work." I almost knocked him down, so violently did I express myself.

He grabbed me: "Take it easy, son. What's happened?"

"What's happened?" I shouted. "Why, the roof came in."

"Yes, I heard it. But was Cy in there?"

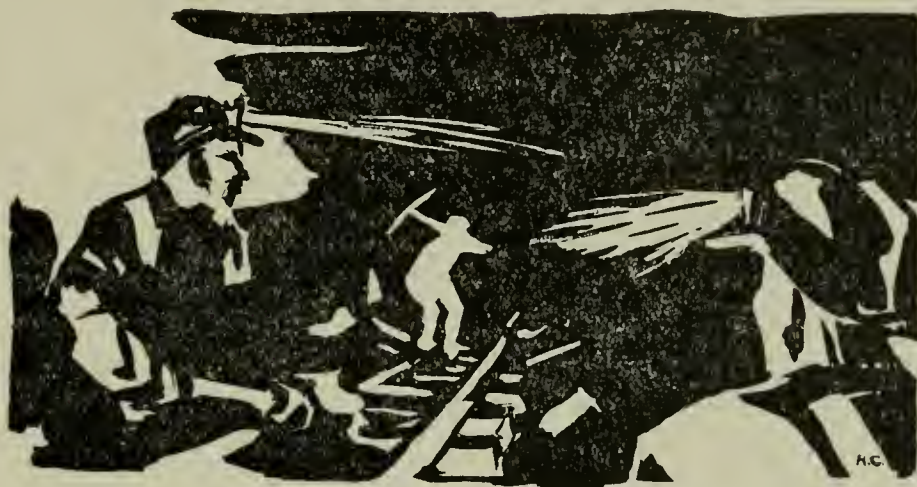
"Yes."

He left on the run, and I went back to see if I could get Cy out. I was helpless. Soon I heard the whistle—six shrill blasts that made me shiver. Everyone knew what that meant—a man killed.

Soon the room was cleared of dust and several crews of men started to get Cy out. After two hours of steady work they lifted him from the machine—a lifeless mass of protoplasm. He was mangled, bloody, black from the coal; and, well as I knew him, I couldn't tell that it was Cy.

Gently they placed him on the stretchers, covered him with a filthy canvas, and carried him to the cage. What a way to send a man home!

Their records! Does it pay to set such costly records? Most of the time the men almost work themselves to death, and yet do not break the record. But on this day something more valuable than a record was broken—one of the happiest homes in town was broken. And the only consolation the company could offer was that mangled mass of flesh—Cy's body.



The Honor of the Sioux

NELL GERE

Theme 9, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

OF ALL the experiences of my early childhood, one stands out much more clearly than any other. When I was young, I had very few little girls to play with, and, as a result, I was always with my brother and his friends. They were all older and larger than I, but I played their games, climbed trees, and ran almost as well as they did. I couldn't be left out of anything because my

brother had strict orders to take care of me, but I wanted to believe that I was included in their fun because they liked me. I would do almost anything to prove that I could "take it" just as well as they could.

So it happened that one day I was chosen to be prisoner of war after one of their famous Indian raids, and I was proudly preparing to be an unflinching

martyr, never dreaming of the awful fate that was in store for me. After a few feeble attempts to escape, I allowed myself to be bound tightly to the stake in the middle of the encampment (better known as the clothespole) and gave myself up to the delightful pastime of picturing myself as a fearless warrior about to meet his death in true Indian fashion—with courage. My brother and six other young hoodlums were dancing around me brandishing sticks, and at intervals one of them would move in closer and give me a poke. The circle became smaller and smaller, the dancing and fiendish yells became wilder and wilder, and the pokes became more and more frequent. It was getting just a little too realistic, I decided, and I would have liked the game to stop right then, but far be it from me to spoil the fun and be called a sissy and a bum sport by my young heroes. So the dance went on.

Soon the young braves tired of this and began to hunt around for more original methods of torture. I should have realized that something drastic was about to happen when I saw them huddle together around the campfire where my fate was being decided. The smothered giggles (braves never show emotion) should have been a further warning. But I, innocent child that I was, stood tied to my stake, enjoying my momentary peace and never dreaming that it was the last secure feeling I would have for days to come.

Then, all of a sudden, they came back, carefully carrying an old tomato can, and still I did not realize my danger. My brother reached into the can and pulled something out of it. Came the dawn!

They had yesterday's fishing worms and heaven only knew what they meant to do with them. I soon found out. They all began their dance again, long, squirmy angleworms in each hand and faces leering at me, for my dislike of worms was well known. This was to be the true test of my courage!

First, they dropped worms down my back and in my hair and ears. Inwardly I writhed, for the awful things were all clammy and they began crawling up and down my spine and all over my face. But I would not scream. I'd show them what stuff we Sioux were made of! I was perfectly disgusted, but I refused to let my tormentors have the satisfaction of seeing my discomfiture. Then came the last straw. Having failed to make me cry out even with these drastic measures, they went still further. They stuffed the nasty, creepy, dirty worms in my mouth! Never in all my life have I been so furious. Finally, after tugging fiercely at my bonds, I loosened them enough for me to slip free, and I ran home screaming at the top of my lungs, followed by the taunting cries of the warriors. I took baths, gargles, washed my hair and did everything possible to get rid of the terrible creepy-crawley feeling but it was not to be lost so easily. I felt wormy for weeks afterward.

I must admit that I pride myself on this one thing—in spite of my rage and discomfort, I didn't mention a word of this to my family. Thus was the honor of the Sioux maintained and a crushing defeat turned into an overwhelming victory, for the seven cruel braves were so grateful that I was allowed to be the King of France for the whole next week.

and still gain weight to remain up, except during rest hours. Although I could not leave the premises, or even visit (except at certain hours of the day) my mother and younger sister, on the floor below, I managed to cram enough into my hours of activity to keep myself occupied most of the time, even to the extent that many a rest hour was spent in planning the events to follow at its conclusion.

There were a great many things that I did while at the institution which still stand out clearly in my mind. I can remember how the cook scolded me for getting into a patch of raspberries in a near-by ravine, which she supposed no one knew was there, how I would bribe her for an extra glass of milk just before bedtime each night, how I loved to pump "Three o'clock in the Morning" on the player piano until all of the patients on that floor were driven to distraction, how I played the hero before the sanatorium school teacher by removing a tiny garter snake from her path, and how I used to hide in a tree along the front walk at the bottom of the hill and toss grapes on passers-by.

There were two other events which kept me long satisfied. The first was a huge grass fire in a large pasture back of the sanatorium. Not long after the fire started a fire truck came screeching up the hill and stopped in the driveway while the firemen ran to beat out the spreading blaze with their rubber coats. Never before had I seen a fire truck except from the street while passing a fire station. The truck was a large one and fully equipped with a big brass bell, a silvered siren, ladders, chemical tanks, lengths of hose, nozzles, fire axes, helmets, and coats. After giving the truck a hasty inspection, I ran to my room and brought back a scratch pad and a pencil

and sat down on the grass near-by and drew a picture of it. Whether or not the picture I drew was a good one I have no idea, but from the astonishment which the nurses and the doctor showed at seeing my drawing I feel that it must have been fairly accurate for a ten-year old. I have forgotten what the drawing looked like, but I do remember giving it away to a pretty little French nurse who asked me for it.

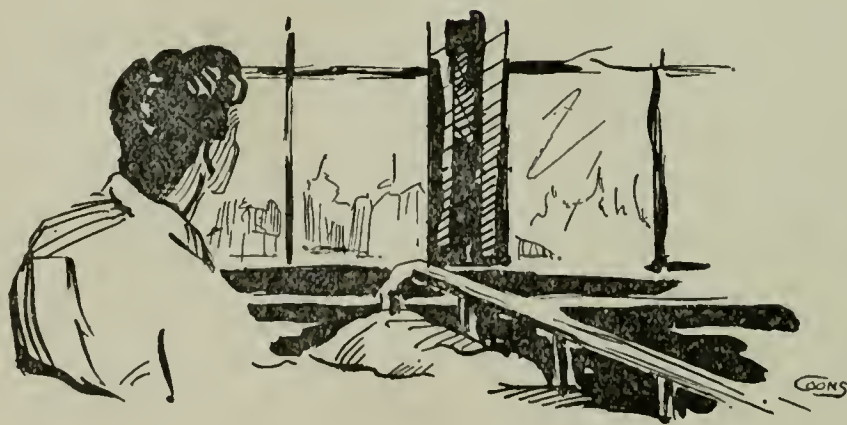
The other event developed from an idea I got one morning while the doctor was going over my chest. He told me that his little boy had caught a ground squirrel in their yard by putting a string noose over the hole and jerking it when the squirrel stuck his head out. I lost no time in trying the plan out for myself; for as soon as I had got back into my shirt and trousers, I went to the laundry room for a long piece of string, meanwhile selecting, in my mind, the most likely spot to set my snare. After a few unreported failures, I finally caught a squirrel which bit me before I could kill it. I succeeded by the simple process of tying a slip-knot in the end of a long string, placing the loop of the knot over the squirrel's hole, and laying the remainder of the string along the grass to the nearest bush behind which I could hide. When Mr. Squirrel popped his head up through the string to see if all was well, I yanked the string, and if I yanked quicker than the squirrel could duck, he was mine. I was working my new business quite successfully, having caught several, when finally either the supply of squirrels gave out, or they became too wary for me to catch them easily. It was at this time that I devised a plan that was the last word in the trapping of wild animals. I went again to the laundry and added more string to my outfit. Then I went to my

bed on the second floor porch and fastened one end of the string to my bed and payed the other end of it through a hole in the screen to the ground. Then I went outside, pulled the string along the ground to a hole where I know there was a squirrel, put my noose over the hole, and went to bed for the rest hour. The first day it did not work, because the old gardener unknowingly cut my string in several places while mowing the yard. But the following day it did work!

Needless to say, all of these operations had to be kept quiet, especially during a rest hour. Whenever a nurse approached, I would lie still with my eyes closed, but once she was gone, I was wide awake and watching the hole. Finally, the luckless squirrel popped his head up through the string and I yanked the noose tight around his neck and kept pulling until I had pulled him across the yard and up against the side of the building. All went well until I had pulled him up to the level of the sleeping porch below on which some women patients were resting. When that squirming and wiggling animal went past their screen, some silly "goose" let out a scream which brought three nurses to the scene and which waked every patient in the institution who was not deaf. Well, the jig was up; my scheme had been exposed with a vengeance. The head nurse came

directly to my bed with unerring accuracy (we had "tangled" before), and yanked the string from my hand, allowing the squirrel to drop to the ground and escape with that long string for a necktie. I spent a solid week in bed for my brilliance, but was finally "released" because my restlessness annoyed the other patients.

To relate such ridiculous incidents might cause one to think that a tuberculosis sanatorium is a pleasant place in which to be. But I assure you that such is not true, even for most small children. I was very fortunate in not being very ill, having only the small beginnings of disease in one of my lungs. Every day or so, among the other patients, things would happen, especially on visiting days, which would pierce my bubble of happiness and leave tears in my eyes where laughter had been only a moment ago. The parting of a husband and wife or child and parent, especially if the child was very small, always upset me. Sometimes their plaintive cries would cut through my heart like a knife, and surely they must have left aches in the hearts of those from whom they parted. No, life for a convalescent tubercular is bad at the best. My happiness while I was there was based upon the fact that I was not very sick and was a small, care-free boy.



THE
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE STATE I LIVE IN	1
Ilse Aron	
CHURCH LIFE AT HOME AND ON THE CAMPUS	2
Martha Pile	
PEASE PORRIDGE HOT	3
Raymond Pollard	
"NORTH TO THE ORIENT"—Anne Lindbergh	4
Margaret McMahon	
WHY NOT TO ASSIGN ETHIOPIA AS A THEME SUBJECT	6
William Percival	
"THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE"—H. M. Tomlinson	7
Roland McKean	
WHY I RAISE CHICKENS	8
Joe V. Crabtree	
FARMING IN ROUMANIA	11
Petru Pana	
MUSSOLINI AND CAESAR	13
Eleanor Sweney	
MONOTONY	16
Robert W. Brown	
WORKING FOR PLEASURE	17
William C. Imholz	
ALLIED AND GERMAN WAR CARTOONS DURING THE GREAT CONFLICT	18
Alfred J. Strohmaier	
FLORIDA SPECIALTIES	21
Helen Shoemaker	
HOBOS AND "TRANSIENTS"	22
Eli Ellis	
HOW TO SERVE A TENNIS BALL	24
Evalyn B. Evans	
ON GETTING ON IN A FRATERNITY	25
Stevens Graves	
THE FASCINATION OF BLACKSMITHING	25
Emil Pietrangeli	
THE PROCESS OF GROWING UP	27
Harold Kleckner	
CROSSING THE ILLINOIS IN WINTER	28
June Mamer	
SCHICK TESTS	29
Helen Church	
SATURDAY NIGHT	30
Mary Jane Adsit	



The State I Live In

ILSE ARON

Final Examination, Rhetoric II, January, 1936

IMAGINE, I say to my European friend, an expanse of land as flat as a table, without even a range of old, weather-beaten hills. Imagine in the south of this land a few hills like rumples and creases in the cloth of this table, and there you have the aviator's view of Illinois topography. Where streams amble along (there being no slope to hurry them) you can see soft patches of green, scraggly little woods desolately trying to mirror themselves in the sallow water. And my European friend groans with sympathy, for he loves clear streams and hills and woods.

But I have not given him a fair picture. Topographically, indeed, it is accurate, but land should have more than surface, and it is the richness, the "good Mother Earth" quality which makes Illinois as beautiful as she can claim to be. Nowhere in Europe can my friend see soil like this, black and compact, yet springy, kind to the hungry young roots. Nowhere can he see such fields of that hopeful, shimmering green which betokens our spring. And our golden autumns are ours alone, with the blue haze over the fields where the grain sways, ready for harvest. Our land, our soil is our wealth, and the proper care of that heritage is one of which we are jealous. Each year we gain more fruits from the earth without making that soil sterile, useless to our children. That is the pride of the American farmer.

Our climate, too, is unique. To the European, accustomed to a literally "tem-

perate" climate, it is a torture. Cold it is in winter, searing hot in summer, and rainy in spring and fall. Indeed, whenever the weather can find no other way to be unpleasant, it rains, and very often it rains just to fill the cup of discomfort during extreme heat or cold. Yet, for the crops we grow, the weather is (excluding recent drouths) suitable. We grow accustomed to it, and think primarily of its effect on the crops. Even we in the towns manage to say, without too much of an "it isn't raining rain to me" effect, "This rain will be good for the corn." In that attitude lies the dignified unselfishness of the good farmer, not the serf or the peasant, but the man who owns his land and lives from it.

"But that farmer," my European friend queries, "what culture can he have?" In comparison with people of your class, my friend, none; in comparison with the peasants and lower classes of your country, even with the class level in which, in Europe, he would belong, his culture is infinite. For America, together with the evils of her mass production, has produced certain benefits; the much-advertised advantage of general education, the mixed blessing of the radio, lately even a kind of native art. This culture, such as it is, is a native one; it developed under no rich patron; it is confined to no single class. We have made the agricultural profession an honorable one. Our rich loam has been our wealth in Illinois—financial, mental, and spiritual wealth.

Church Life at Home and on the Campus

MARTHA PILE

Final Examination, Rhetoric I, January, 1936

WHAT a difference there is in churches! All my life I have been accustomed to quiet, country-like churches. When a child, I attended church in small towns where the Sabbath was kept holy all day and where the congregations, with Puritan decorum, went quietly to church twice a day. I did not like church very much then. Instead of a feeling of awe and peace, a feeling of funereal sadness impressed me on Sundays. However, when I moved to Chicago, I was happy in joining a church there. Like the churches I was accustomed to, it was peaceful, but much more human. Sunday became for me a pleasant break in the monotony of the week instead of a much-feared day of quiet and sternness.

But I received a distinct and rather unpleasant shock the first Sunday I attended church on the campus. Where had all the young people come from? Why was the minister so vehement? Why did the congregation sing hymns so loudly and joyfully? I was greatly puzzled, and when asked to become an affiliate member, I doubted that I should enjoy the campus churches very much. After the quiet worship I had known, these churches seemed to me somewhat like the revivals I had heard described. However, after attending a few more services, I found that I fitted in a little better, and I became an affiliate member. Now I prefer my campus church to my home church.

There are great differences in attitude. At home, there are rarely more than a

dozen young people at church. The pews are not one-third filled. The minister rambles on quietly, usually avoiding unpleasant subjects. Collection is taken up by several ancient men in swallow-tail coats. After the service, people wander out, gossiping quietly. I, among other college students, feel strangely out of place. In the evening and during the week, organizations and clubs hold meetings in the church house. Our church isn't old-fashioned, but it does not like to face modern problems. My campus church is packed to the doors with young people every Sunday. The minister preaches energetically and to the point. Young ushers buoyantly take up a large collection. The whole congregation gives its best to the hymns. (When I go home now, my sister nudges me, whispering an admonition because my voice is not lowered sufficiently.) All during the week I am besieged by telephone calls and letters, asking me to speak at Forum, requesting my presence at some club meeting, or asking me to teach Sunday School. This church faces modern problems, is devoted to the student, and provides a new experience in religion for many young people.

I still like my home church, because it is restful, peaceful, and beautiful. My campus church seems to be an outlet for all the keyed-up emotions of the week. Between these two churches, I shall probably adjust my religious feelings correctly. I wonder what will happen to these feelings when I leave college.

Pease Porridge Hot

RAYMOND POLLARD

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

CONVERSATION is keen and flickering like a rapier; writing, its companion, is slow and unwieldy as a pike-staff. Where conversation nimbly pirouettes, thrusting and feinting, writing plods mechanically, lunging and lurching. Because of intimacy of contact, conversation is much more impressive than writing. Eloquent speakers often spellbind their audiences so completely that they may produce at will tears, scowls, or laughter. It is seldom that a printed word can induce any such effects as this, no matter what depth of feeling is intended. A talker can gesture, he can laugh, he can snarl, he can shout, he can prance; a writer can only wield his pen patiently and pray that his words may in a small way produce the desired effect.

One summer I drifted down to the backwoods of Kentucky. I penetrated deep into the hills, into settlements where the natives still cling to the superstitions and customs of bygone days. I discovered some marvelous "yarn spinners" among the grizzled "granpappies" of the hills. It was my greatest delight to corral three or four of these old mountaineers and start them to swapping yarns. I can see them yet as they lounged in their chairs with huge cuds of "long green" in their mouths, happily recount-

ing tales of their youth. How eagerly I listened to their bloodthirsty recitals of "feuders," "revenoors," and "bushwhackers." Such a deep and lasting impression did these glamorous homespun tales make upon me that when the summer was over I sped back to Illinois resolved to set them in print and weave from them a romance of the hills.

What disappointment awaited me when I sat down at the typewriter to begin the task! I hovered over the mute keyboard with a brain still more mute. Where were the words I sought? Where on the keyboard were the letters to portray that mellow mountain talking? With only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, how was I to compose words to do justice to those slouch hats, long-barrelled rifles, homespun jeans, and tobacco-bulged jowls? How could I put the flitting of the red-bird and the sweet fragrance of the honey-suckle on those cold white pages? Where was I to find words powerful enough to express love and laughter, hate and death, as they had been expressed to me? Written words were too stiff, too dull, too mechanical. The actual conversation had been warm and vital, pulsing with life; it was sacrilege even to attempt its conversion to the unresponsive pages.



North to the Orient by Anne Lindbergh

MARGARET McMAHON

Assignment 21, Rhetoric x1, 1935-36

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH'S story of the flight which she and her famous husband made to the Orient by way of the far northern route is not so much the history of a daring scientific exploration as a record of people and things, impressions and moods. Aviation, to Mrs. Lindbergh, is not science; it is magic. This impression predominates throughout the entire book. The orange-winged *Sirius* was to her not so much a craft, designed according to the soundest scientific principles of aviation, and built to carry them safely over an unknown route which promised greater accessibility and speed to the Orient, as it was a magic carpet on which she flew into a land of dreams and upon which she depended to carry her out of the prison-like wastes of the North which held all other human beings bound. She relates, vividly and charmingly, the story of their flight over the route which had been for hundreds of years the dream of explorers whose ambition was to "saile by the West into the East."

At Ottawa, their first stop in the North; she realized for the first time probably just how hazardous the trip was to be. Aviation experts there, after attempting to dissuade her husband from pursuing the course he had chosen, even to the extent of appealing to him for the safety of his wife, resignedly gave him what assistance they could and wished him luck on his adventure.

They flew into and away from Baker Lake with the independence of a bird while the ship which brought supplies

to that settlement once a year stood ice-bound hundreds of miles away. So it was on all of their stops in the remote North where even the sun was not the same sun they had known. "Going into that strange world of unending day was like stepping very quietly across the invisible border of the land of Faery that the Irish poets write of, that timeless world of Fiann and Saeve, or the World of Thomas the Rhymer." It was in this mood that Mrs. Lindbergh saw the North—Nome, with its proud, strong Eskimo tribes; Karaginski, where, to her surprise, women spoke both French and English in addition to the native Russian language; Point Barrow, where a minister must interpret the psalms by using Eskimo figures of speech: "*We have gone astray like the sheep*" must be translated "Like the reindeer who have scattered on the tundras," and "*Your garners will be filled*" becomes "Your meat cellars will be full of reindeer meat."

Mrs. Lindbergh paints a colorful, romantic picture of Japan, with its singing sailors, beautiful islands, toy houses, pagodas, blue umbrellas, and tearooms. She makes the reader see and feel the calm philosophy of the Japanese. "In every Japanese there was an artist." She was able to appreciate that artistry and, with the touch of an artist herself, to convey to others an appreciation of the art that is Japan.

Not all of their adventures in the East, however, were pleasant. Attempting to land in a heavy fog in Burton Bay, she

was convinced they were to die, and her description of the experience is dramatic. "We were blind—and still going down—oh, God!—we'll hit the mountain. A wave of terrific pain swept over me, shriveling to blackened ashes the meaningless words 'courage'—'pride'—'control' Oh, Lord,—here was another mountain peak! Was he going to try it again? Hadn't he learned *anything*? Did he think I really enjoyed this game of tobogganing down volcanoes?"

The Yangtze River, when they reached China, was in flood, "a huge lake smiling catlike, horribly calm and complacent, over the destroyed fields and homes of millions of people." Here, by the use of their airplane, they attempted to bring relief to the millions whom the river had made destitute. It was this same river which finally wrecked the *Sirius*. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were in the airplane when the roaring current conquered man-made power. "No one who goes under its yellow surface ever comes up again," she had been told; yet she jumped from the plane; her life preserver did not work; she swam to the lifeboat, coughing up Yangtze water and amused at the thought that for three weeks she had been brushing her teeth in boiled water!

Her humor is quiet, but effective, and most often directed at herself. She resignedly prepared for examination for radio operator's license, consisting of "comprehensive questions on the care and operation of vacuum tube apparatus," although she had never passed an arithmetic examination in her life and "never understood a thing about electricity from

the moment that man started rubbing sealing wax and fur." At the beginning of the trip, still hazy about the mysteries of radio, she attempted to broadcast, but with no success. Her husband told her to take out the fuses. "I would if I knew what a fuse looked like."

Mrs. Lindbergh has the gift of seeing, and her word-pictures are excellent. She followed the Mississippi River which "carried half a continent of farms magnificently on its far-reaching banks." The Rio Grande rode "like a plumed serpent through the sandy wastes of the Southwest." Night was "being lost and trapped. It was looking and not seeing—that was night." Her diction throughout the book is very effective. Every smallest detail is described with a concrete, objective illustration, as, "parchment-colored sails, webbed like a bat's wing."

Her description of people and countries has the same acuteness and sincerity of expression. Of Russia she says, "It isn't *It*; it's Them, and I like them." To her, a Japanese is "the eternal gentleman."

Her book would not appeal to scientists or to practical-minded people who turn to it for the sole purpose of obtaining mechanical information of the flight which blazed a new trail to the Orient. The only information of this kind in the book is contained in the maps drawn by Colonel Lindbergh and in the list of supplies and equipment which were carried in the airplane in anticipation of any emergency. However, the book will appeal to all others, so sincere, dramatic, and human is the story.

Why Not to Assign Ethiopia as a Theme Subject

WILLIAM PERCIVAL

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

(Written by Mr. Percival after he had read thirty-two themes on Ethiopia. It was Mr. Percival who, by a statement in class, occasioned the assignment.)

IN an unguarded moment I once made the rash and unqualified statement that every freshman at the University of Illinois had an opinion about Ethiopia. I now retract that statement completely and conclusively. In fact I would now hesitate to say that freshmen have an opinion on any subject.

Most of the titles of the themes I read were, "Why I Dislike Writing about Ethiopia." Such a title is a confession of dullness in itself. It is a confession of the inability of the student to write an essay on the outstanding news events of 1935. The students that did have an opinion usually prefaced it with a statement something like this: "I have an opinion about the Ethiopian situation, but it has been drawn from the newspapers, and newspapers are so biased that it is practically impossible to glean any knowledge from them." Again, "I hate to put my opinion on paper unless I know all the facts." What do these students think they are writing—articles for *Time* or *Fortune*? They were asked merely for their opinion, right or wrong, accurate or not. After all, our newspapers are not so utterly biased as some of our students seem to think. They may be prejudiced regarding political situations, but any statement issued by the Associated Press from the war front is absolutely accurate. Perhaps it is the students who are biased—regarding newspapers. The relative inaccuracies of the newspapers are unimportant anyway. Prejudiced or not, they provide a base

upon which an opinion could be built.

The themes were originally intended to be, "My Opinion of Any Phase of the Ethiopian Situation." The class as a whole did not seem to grasp that idea. Most of the students seemed to think that they must be veritable walking encyclopedias before they could write on the subject. There were a few classic examples of ineptness. One poor girl just didn't have the time or energy to read the papers, but she was very sure that the newspapers were prejudiced. One young man had up-to-date information, but disliked writing about Ethiopia because he didn't think he had enough material. What does this student need before he can compile such a tremendously important document as a freshman theme? Does he need first-hand information from the war zone, and personal statements from Haile and Il Duce? Perhaps he hesitates to express an opinion for fear of being quoted! Another student had no interest in Ethiopia; his sole reason for this attitude seemed to be that inasmuch as the fighting occurred outside the state of Illinois, it was no concern of his, and could not possibly interest or affect him. Another young lady seemed rather proud of the fact that she had not one whit of information concerning Ethiopia. Is it possible this girl is unaware that Italy and Ethiopia are at war?

There were several excellent, if not particularly interesting themes, written by students who had a comprehensive

grasp of the Ethiopian situation. A few students took a single idea, and with a little thought and analysis developed it. Certainly the rest of the class could do the same. It takes only one thought, one idea, one contrast, well developed, to make a complete and original theme. But the students don't want to write original themes—they would rather write inanities about newspapers. There were two students who really knew very little about Ethiopia, but who wrote cleverly and distinctively. They illustrate what I

meant when I said before the assignment was made, that every freshman at the University of Illinois could write about the Ethiopian situation if he tried. I meant that every freshman could take a scrap of information concerning Ethiopia, and, given the liberty of using his imagination, could write a really interesting and original theme. At that time, however, I thought the freshmen were capable of a little precise and discriminating thought. Perhaps I was wrong.

The Sea and the Jungle—H. M. Tomlinson

ROLAND MCKEAN

Theme 8 (Impromptu), Rhetoric I, 1935-36

I LIKE Tomlinson's method of writing a travel book. On the way across the Atlantic to Brazil, and through the jungle, he moves slowly and placidly; when the trip is over, he takes a fast train to New York from Florida and a fast boat back to London. The story is developed chronologically, but the interest is maintained by vivid figures of speech and gentle humor. He opens the book with a description of a November morning in London: "The day was but a thin solution of night." Later, in describing a character: "The nose sprang out of the big face like an ejaculation." In fact, the first part is a compendium of "Picturesque Speech" such as we read in *Reader's Digest*. Everyone enjoys this lolling, quiet, but striking description, especially after a month of restless college life. The action and fun give the impression of vacation days.

Tomlinson describes some interesting characters, too—the Doctor, with his humorous little stories, or the Skipper, with his mixed tenderness and severity. And through some of his characters,

Tomlinson expresses interesting ideas. He shows clearly his amusement at the religious practices of Englishmen by contrasting them with the practices of the South American natives. And by describing the kind of men evolved through terrible life in the tropics, he shows his disapproval of the capitalists who exploit people in the jungle. This is done well, but I enjoyed more his fresh, original descriptions of natural forces than his ideas on man-made forces.

I won't remember much of the information presented in the book; it isn't written that way. Only a few choice sketches of the sea or the jungle or of London will stay with me. But I do want to read more of this man's work. I like his habit of inserting short stories of dramatic or comic interest. This, and his entirely new figurative language set Tomlinson apart. His style is a rare combination; it quiets the body and stimulates the mind. The reader can relax and feel and enjoy—a very pleasant experience these days.

Why I Raise Chickens

JOE V. CRABTREE

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

BEYOND the fact that you prefer it fried, broiled, creamed, or roasted, do you know anything about chicken? Do you know that all species of baby chicks are covered with a soft yellow fuzz so that you can't tell a one-day old White Leghorn from a Brown Leghorn nor a Barred Rock from a Plymouth Rock nor an Ancona from a Buff Orpington? Do you know that a hen, having once "set" (been allowed to sit on a nest of eggs and raise a brood of chickens), is never again a good layer? And that a rooster is one of the most chivalric of all creatures? And, by the way, can you distinguish a rooster from a hen? Can you identify the species of a chicken by the size and color of its egg? Did you know that purple martins like to associate with chickens? And that all kinds of bird and animal life will come to a place where there are chickens—some forms being undesirable, such as rats, weasels, and foxes? And that you have to keep a close watch for these pests to protect your flock? When I think of the great number of people who can comprehend only vaguely the association between their breakfast omelette and a hen, I am inclined to think that they are missing a most interesting study and work—that of raising chickens.

When you decide to take up the raising of chickens, choosing the type of chicken is the first consideration. I think that the Tancred strain of White Leghorns is the best suited for my purpose. Mr. Albert Tancred, for whom the strain is named, raised White Leghorns all his life, trapnesting them and breeding a

finer stock all the time. Some of his prize cockerels sell for five hundred dollars, for one thousand dollars, and for even higher sums of money. Three years ago he died, and now his wife carries on the work.

I chose Leghorns because I am primarily interested in raising chickens for egg production. Leghorns are excellent egg layers, but their small size prohibits raising them for meat. I would not advise a person to raise Leghorns who is not equipped to keep their combs warm in the winter. If a Leghorn's comb freezes, the chicken ceases to lay.

In a few days after I have mailed my order, the postman delivers a cardboard box containing live, cheeping, yellow, fuzzy balls of cotton. This is the time when the chicken is the most interesting, and also the most helpless. The chick's chief occupation is sleeping huddled around the brooder, which must be kept at a temperature of from eighty to eighty-four degrees. Sick chicks must be removed and given special care consisting of extra warmth and cod liver oil or worm medicine, depending on the diagnosis of the trouble. The medicines named are just examples—the listing of the entire number of medicines would require too much space. The baby chick's mortality is highest the first few days; however, good, healthy, pedigreed stock is not so subject to death as chickens of mixed breed.

I have spent hours watching the chickens drink. They take a mouthful of water, point their beaks skyward, and allow the water to run down their

throats, repeating the process every few seconds until their thirst is quenched. Their eating is just as interesting a process. The chicks crowd around the hopper rapidly pecking at the food, their heads flying back and forth intermittently. Every one of the chickens cheeps contentedly to himself; occasionally one emits an angry "chur" because his neighbor is crowding him too much. He usually accompanies this "chur" with a peck at his neighbor's head.

The monotonous cheeping is an index to the chicken's health and actions. A sick chicken cheeps shrilly; a well chicken contentedly. A chicken going to sleep cheeps drowsily until he loses consciousness. If you thump the floor, pass your hand quickly over the pen, or in some other manner frighten the baby flock, some bold chicken will utter a warning "chur" and the entire pen will immediately become silent and frozen until the danger is passed. A few seconds later, another bold chick will resume his cheeping, the entire flock following suit.

Like human babies, baby chicks soon grow up. First, they lose their fuzz and begin to put on feathers. The young roosters develop combs and make some sickly attempts at crowing. You need not hurt their feelings, however, by saying what you think of their crowing, for they are certain that they have done well. Finally, a young pullet hides her first egg in a dark corner of the pen under an old box. With me, the first egg is always a time of celebrating. I display it to my mother and father with as much pride as if I had laid it. Then, I proceed to eat it for breakfast, praising its shape and flavor although I know that it is small and does not taste any differently from any other egg I ever ate.

I have mentioned only a few of the pleasures that a flock of growing chickens provides. You feel pride and satisfaction in your flock, for, being of good breed, they are healthy, good-looking, and profitable. A many-hued, drooping-feathered, and moth-eaten mongrel lot presents a contrast to my flock of well-plumed, shapely, graceful chickens with snow-white feathers, yellow-tinted ears, bright orange legs, and cherry-red combs. These chickens are profitable, for they lay more eggs than a mongrel flock. By culling, breeding, and trapnesting, I attempt not only to keep the succeeding flocks beautiful and profitable, but also to raise their standard. Trapnesting is a systematic recording of the number of eggs each chicken lays; under this system each nest is made into a trap which locks in the laying hen until released by the attendant, who records the legband number of the hen locked in the nest. In this way may be recorded the number of eggs a hen lays in a year. When eggs are sent to the hatchery, the eggs sent are those laid by the hens which have the best laying records. With good stock to begin with and good care, I have managed to keep a flock of chickens whose laying records run from two hundred and fifty to three hundred eggs a year. This is an excellent record even as compared with the records of professional chicken breeders.

I also pride myself on the uniformity of my eggs. By feeding the chickens a balanced ration I am able to maintain eggs with uniformly colored yolks. The eggs, also, are of the same size, shape, and weight—twenty-four ounces to the dozen. Since all of my chickens are of the same breed, the shells are the same color. Uniform eggs bring premium prices.

Although chickens have an appeal as a business venture, their greatest appeal to me is their answer to my desire for pets. In the first place, their actions are comparable to human actions. Like boys and some men, the rooster's chief occupations are fighting and showing off in front of the hens. In a fight, the challenging rooster approaches the defending rooster with great pomp, attracting the attention of the hens if possible. Both roosters lower their heads, stretch out their necks, ruffle their neck feathers, prance around each other for a bit, and then fly to it—beak, claw, and spur. In a few minutes the fight is over. The victor proudly thrusts out his breast, flaps his wings, and crows vigorously. Naturally, the hens gather around the hero. In the meanwhile, the vanquished one goes off to an inconspicuous corner, ruffles his feathers, shakes himself, cusses a little, and plots revenge. How comparable to human nature!

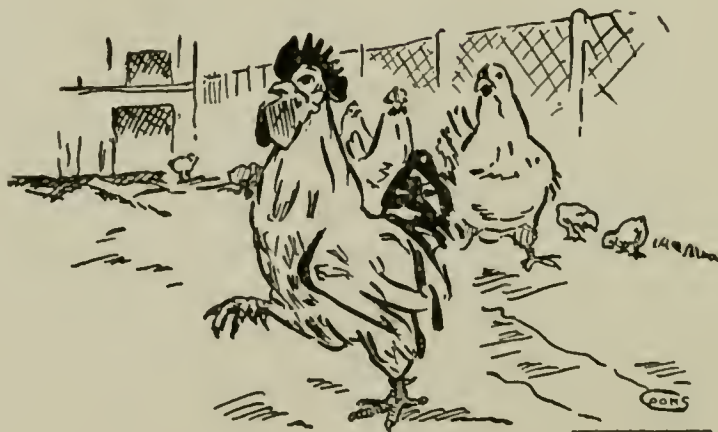
Chickens are always pleasant to watch. They scratch incessantly at the peat on the floor of their pen, now and then taking a couple of pecks at something they have unearthed by their scratching. I have often wondered if they ever really find anything.

The old saying, the early bird gets the worm isn't true in the case of chickens. If a rooster finds a worm, he pro-

ceeds to call all the hens. The first hen there grabs the worm and, instead of eating it, begins to run and to squawk. The other hens pursue the running one, and a mad chase begins around the pen, culminating in the cornering of the chicken with the worm. The first chicken rarely gets more than a nibble for its strenuous efforts.

Have you ever turned a pen of chickens loose on your lawn? When you open the door of the pen, the rooster rushes out calling the hens as he goes. They come sailing out the door, sometimes running and sometimes flying a few feet above the ground. When the flock is almost completely outside, the rooster leaves his position at the head of the flock, rushes to the rear, and hustles along the stragglers by running at them, calling to them with a curious noise that sounds like "Quit, quit, quit . . ." and flapping his wings. Upon safely conducting his flock to the grass, he crows proudly, telling everyone that he is a good provider for his wives. You may have opened the door to permit the hens to get out into the yard, but he, of course, discovered the grass and led his flock to it; therefore, he has a right to crow. Roosters are not very particular about the basis of their right for crowing, anyway.

Yes, I like to raise chickens.



Farming in Roumania

PETRU PANA

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

BIG-SCALE farming was practically the only kind found in Roumania before the World War. Farms covering from ten to fifteen thousand acres were numerous. There were also a relatively small number of fifty-acre farms owned by "mosneni," peasants who, for distinguished military service, had received land from Alexandru Cuza, a Roumanian ruler during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Immediately following the World War, in accordance with the promise made by King Ferdinand to the Roumanian army, all but one thousand acres were appropriated by the government from each large land owner and divided into ten-acre plots, which were given to the peasants who fought for a larger Roumania. Two main motives led the government to take this action. They wished to promote a nationalistic spirit in the army during the war, and prevent the spread of the communistic ideas which caused the Russian revolution. The result of this action was the formation of a class of small property owners, and a general lowering of the standard of Roumanian agriculture. The government was able to buy the land at a "bargain" price from the large owners, but it was unable to provide the new owners with the capital necessary to start farming. Perhaps the government was lucky this time in not having sufficient capital, for if it had invested money in the small farms, it would undoubtedly have received poor returns. This opinion is based on the fact that the new owners, who had never managed a farm before, lacked the initiative and skill necessary for successful farming. Even if they possessed unusual farming

ability, they were limited by the small size of their property. The government soon realized the difficulties of this new system, and tried to remedy them by introducing co-operative farming, by educating farm advisers, and by establishing agricultural co-operatives and agricultural syndicates.

Six main agricultural regions may be distinguished in Roumania. The grain farming region is the most extensive and important; it includes the western, southern, and eastern parts of the country, with the exception of a small section along the Black Sea in Southern Dobrogea. Corn is the most important crop in the country. The adaptation of this crop to the environment, as well as the fact that the peasants eat "mamaliga," a cake made from corn meal, with every meal, is a factor which accounts for the extensive cultivation of this grain. Wheat is second in importance. A reduction in the wheat acreage, however, has occurred since the breaking up of the large farms. During the last few years there has been also a reduction in the acreage of oats. The low price offered for it accounts for this reduction. Barley and rye follow wheat in importance. Alfalfa and red clover are probably the most important legumes. The foot-hills on the southern and eastern slopes of the Carpatian mountains are covered with vineyards and orchards. Apple and plum orchards are the most numerous, for both of these fruits are used for making "tuica," the national beverage. Most of the grapes are used for making wine, which is recognized as of superior quality. Just south of the foot-hills of the Carpatians in Muntenia,

and north of the grain farms, there is a tobacco region. The government controls tobacco raising since it has a monopoly on it. Attempts are made to raise cotton in the southern part of Dobrogea. The mild climate of this part of the country is the explanation for these attempts. Transilvania, Maramuresul, and Bucovina (Roumanian provinces) could be considered as the livestock and grain region. The land in the Carpatians which is not covered by forests is used for pasture and hay. Large flocks of sheep and cattle graze there during the summer months.

Farm power is supplied by horses, oxen, and tractors. The small property owners use horses and oxen. The owners of large farms use either oxen and horses, or oxen, horses, and tractors. Oxen are more numerous than horses on the large farms. There are quite a few farms which use both animal and tractor power, but none that use only tractor power. Tractors are scarce because they are expensive. Not only is the initial cost of a tractor about twice as high as in this country, but the repair parts are also very expensive. Besides being costly, repairs are found only in cities. Although the country is very rich in oil, fuel is expensive because of the high taxes. There is a struggle between the tradition that farm work should be done by animal power, and the new idea that it should be done by machinery. The low prices of agricultural products during the last few years have also prevented a greater use of machinery on Roumanian farms. If co-operative farming could be carried out successfully, or if there were more large farms, it is probable that more machinery would be used. The fact that the peasants have almost no knowledge of machinery could be overcome eventually, if it were not

for the other difficulties just mentioned.

Much of the work that is accomplished in the United States by machinery is done in Roumania by men. Most of the small farmers sow wheat and plant corn by hand, cultivate the corn with hoes, do the harvesting with the scythe, and thresh the grain with horses. During the threshing season a place is cleared in the yard, the ground is sprinkled, and a pole is set up. When the grain is brought in from the field it is placed around the pole. Horses are tied to a rope fastened to the pole and driven over the grain until the kernels are separated from the crop residues either by cleaning machinery or by tossing in the air and letting the wind carry away these residues. Man labor is also used extensively on large farms. The supply is gotten from the more densely populated hill and mountain regions. Along in January the large farm owner sends a man into the mountain region to make contracts with laborers for the coming season. In the spring, as soon as the land owner sends for them, they drive down to the prairie in carriages pulled by oxen. It takes several days for them to make the trip. They come in time to cultivate the corn and stay during the harvesting and threshing season. Late in July they return to the mountains in the same way in which they came down. In August they make their own hay, pick the plums and apples from their own orchards, and make *tuica*. In September they are again notified and come down to the farms for corn picking. This time they make the trip by train, because in late October, when they return to the mountains, the dirt roads are almost impassable. During the summer the men work from three in the morning until seven o'clock at night, taking two hours off for meals. They work in large groups under the direction

of a foreman, who is responsible for the job that each group is doing. As they move from field to field they build huts covered with straw, in which they sleep during their stay. Each group has a kitchen and a cook. A fresh supply of food is taken to them from the main farmstead every day. A one-room house on wheels, which carries the cooking utensils and provides a sleeping place for the foreman, moves from place to place with the group. Eight oxen or a tractor is used in pulling it. The camp is established around a well near which there is usually a pile of straw. The laborers are then provided with water, fuel for their fires, and material for the huts. The wells in the prairie are usually

so deep that water cannot be pumped from them but must be pulled up in a large leather sack which holds approximately twenty gallons.

As to the future of Roumanian agriculture, it seems probable that no further compulsory splitting of farm land will occur. On the contrary, there is apt to be more of an increase in the size of farms due either to co-operative farming or to a decrease in the rural population. Most of the farm boys who receive a higher education refuse to return to the farms, and seek employment by the government or in industry. Mechanical power will finally replace animal power on the farms, and as a result of this, better farming can be expected.

Mussolini and Caesar

ELEANOR SWENEY

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

THE glory that was Rome is the heritage of every Italian of today. Peasants and noblemen alike treasure in their hearts the memory of a Rome that once ruled the entire known world with a majesty and splendor unequalled in history, of a Rome that merged the beauty of classical Greece and the luxury of the Orient into a new and glorious civilization of her own, of a Rome whose army ruled all land and whose navy ruled all sea, of a Rome whose Vergil, Ovid, and Horace sang and whose Cicero and Caesar swayed the reason and the emotions of all their listeners, of a Rome that was highly civilized at a time when France, England, Germany, and the United States were inhabited by savage tribes. It is no small wonder that a people so conscious of their historic superiority should live with the constant

hope that some day Rome might return to her old position of unequalled power and beauty. It is not strange that the Italians of today hope that their generation may build a new Italy and that Benito Mussolini is like Julius Caesar, another forerunner of a Golden Age in Roman history.

Indeed there are a number of ways in which Il Duce might be compared with Caesar. Conditions in Italy are not so different today from the conditions of Rome in 48 B.C. The early careers of the two men have similarities. Both men centered all of their ambitions and their aims in one mighty cause, the glory of Rome. Even the methods of the two dictators are comparable.

Students of history will remember that in 48 B.C. Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon with his legions and marched

upon Rome to become its dictator. The Rome which he volunteered to govern was one torn with strife and civil war between the patrician followers of Sulla and Pompey and the plebeian followers of Marius and the Gracchi. Rome was rapidly becoming over-populated and over-crowded, and there were thousands of unemployed, and thousands who demanded a dole from the government. Roman rule in the provinces was weak and incompetent, and graft and dishonesty were prevalent among the governors. The Italian people had lost their power to rule themselves wisely and sanely, and welcomed a strong, self-confident ruler who would lead them as they should be led. There is a surprisingly close parallelism between Rome in 48 B.C. and Italy in 1922 A.D. when Mussolini and his Fascisti took over the government. Following the World War there was a great depression, and Italy was divided by rioting anarchists and radicals. Her population, already too large to be prosperous, was becoming larger every year. Her colonies were so loosely and inefficiently governed that they could not be expected to give intelligent and systematic relief to Italy's unemployed. The Italians had lost their morale, their strength, and their democracy, so that once again they needed a strong, firm leader to mold them into the race they wished to become.

Although Julius Caesar was by birth a patrician, his sympathies were all with the common people. He was shrewd enough to realize that he had to gain his offices through both the common people and the politicians; so for one he gave magnificent public banquets and for the others he gave generous bribes. He brought himself before the people first as an orator, then as a prosecutor of the lawless, and finally as a great soldier and

general. As the son of a blacksmith, Mussolini always felt a peculiar loyalty to the working class. He won his prominence through his ardent and active support of first the Socialist and then the Fascisti party in his newspapers, *Avanti* and *Popolo d'Italia*. Like Caesar, he gained favor with the government by helping to discipline rioters and anarchists. Neither Caesar or Mussolini hesitated to use force to gain his ends. Mussolini followed the footsteps of his predecessor when in March, 1922, he marched upon Rome at the head of his Black Shirts and demanded that Victor Emmanuel III make him prime-minister with all of the powers of dictator. Since that time he has maintained his Fascisti soldiers to dispense with his enemies, to curb any criticism of his policy, and to enforce his laws.

Even the aims and programs of Mussolini and Caesar seem to be almost identical. William Morey, in his *Outline of Roman History*, says that "his own ambitions and the highest interests of his country Caesar believed to be one." Gamaliel Bradford, in characterizing Mussolini, maintains that he "identifies himself with, merges himself in the grandeur and glory of Italy." These men both exerted all of their energies, their intelligence, their power, and their dreams for the development of a more perfect and glorious Rome. Each met the needs of his time: Caesar united the patricians and the plebeians, reformed the provincial system, sought to civilize Gaul as a colony for the over populated Rome, codified the law, reformed the calendar, readjusted the grain dole, built a navy, and planned the drainage of the Campania; Mussolini is trying to rejuvenate and harmonize the Italian people, to "civilize" Ethiopia possibly for future colonization, to make new and better

laws, to develop natural resources, to carry out an ambitious public works program in which is included the restoration of the Forum, to enlarge his army and navy, and to reform the educational, industrial, and governmental systems. If Caesar's program was great, perhaps Mussolini's is even greater in its scope.

In spite of the fact that there are many marked similarities between Mussolini and Caesar an accurate comparison cannot yet be made. A number of years, perhaps even centuries, will be necessary before the varied and distorted ideas of Mussolini will be clarified and before it can be seen whether his career will stand the test of time. Today we are too close to Mussolini to judge him sanely and impartially: we are likely to go to one of two extremes, either to sanction his actions, idealize his accomplishments, and glorify his motives, or to condemn his methods, ridicule his achievements, and oppose his progress. Only after a century or more will the world be able to get the perspective from which to judge accurately whether his reforms in education, in industry, in public works, in statesmanship, and in law were of lasting and actual value to his people. It may be that Mussolini will so antagonize the rest of the world by his actions in Ethiopia that instead of making Italy greater, he will ruin the nation. It is conceivable, too, that in the future, ideas will have changed so greatly that the selfish nationalism of Il Duce will be considered contemptible rather than laudable. On the other hand, the high-handed and undemocratic methods that Mussolini is using to attain his ends may be seen to be the only ones possible under the circumstances and if his ends prove to be worthwhile enough, his means may be considered wise. Still again, perhaps Mussolini, as an imitator

of Julius Caesar, should not be compared with the original. Perhaps, on the other hand, we have an altogether too glorified picture of Julius Caesar and his accomplishments, and we will discover that we are not wrong in comparing Mussolini with him. However much Italy in 48 B.C. and Italy in 1922 A.D. might compare, however much Caesar and Mussolini might have been one in their aim to make Rome "great, respected, and feared," and however similar might have been their methods and their rise to power, an intelligent and thoughtful critic would hesitate to draw the comparison to a conclusion until after the full effects of Mussolini's dictatorship can be seen.

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Monotony

ROBERT W. BROWN

Theme 12, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

I DEFY anyone to say that monotony in life does not exist. I have heard university students complain of the monotony of routine study, but that is not absolute monotony. One is always learning something new, encountering something different and unusual. An instructor or professor of these studies would have more claim to an understanding of monotonous routine. But I wonder if any of them has ever worked in a mouse trap factory.

A mouse trap factory! People can laugh at the idea, and say, "Is there really such a thing?"—when they know all the time that mouse traps have to be made somewhere. Why not a mouse trap factory? All I know is that such a thing exists, and I shall never be able to laugh at the idea.

I arrived at the factory on the usual day at six-fifty. On entering, I took my card from the rack, slid it into the clock, and punched my time on the space marked "in." Then I proceeded to a room where several punch presses were at that time being used to put catches on mouse traps. The job of running one of those machines was simple for nimble fingers, so although men workers were preferred in the factory, some of the workers were girls, and wages were consequently low. But with work as scarce as it was I could not object; I was lucky to have something to do. First of all I tied on an apron that somehow always seemed to be dirty. Then I went to my machine to see that everything was in order—that I had enough of the little

wooden blocks—that the trays of catches were all filled.

A bell over one doorway rang at seven o'clock, the switches were thrown, and the machines started. Slowly at first, then quickening as my fingers loosened, I grabbed a catch from the trap to the right of my machine, dropped it into the snug-fitting die, and at the same time took one of the printed blocks of wood from the left, making sure that it was in good condition. Then, with the transferring of the block to my right hand, it was slid in on the carriage above the die, and my right foot pressed a pedal that caused the punch to descend on the wood block and stamp the pointed ends of the metal catch into the wood. It was really a simple process, and that was all there was to it; that was my job. The trap, as far as I was concerned, was complete. But it had yet to be assembled, to have the trigger, spring, and "jaw" put on it. My job was merely to put on the catch, fling the trap into a basket, and repeat the performance, time after time—hour after hour—day after day. A thousand an hour. But Woolworth wanted the traps—and Kresge, and hundreds of other stores. My working day terminated only when the final bell rang at four o'clock, and I was able to punch my time on the space marked "out." That was monotony—that, and living in a small town with little opportunity to break away from routine life.

I never cared particularly for studying, but when I think of mouse traps—well, I can agree with the mouse. They are a menace to pleasurable existence.

Working for Pleasure

WILLIAM C. IMHOLZ

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

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FOR some time the question of "Why work?" has been turning over and over within my mind. I have been wondering why a man will strain his back and blister his palms when it is so much easier for him to sit back and view the rest of the world as it slides by his doorstep. It would undoubtedly be a perfect paradise, if he could do anything, have anything, see anything, or eat anything without so much as turning his hand. However, it seems that the comforts and luxuries of life are procured only by effort—usually distasteful—of some kind on the part of the person who expects to receive those comforts and luxuries. In other words, a man generally has to work for his pleasures.

Last summer a young man was employed in a factory. He had to work. He had to blister his hands and to take as a matter of course whatever bruises and cuts he might receive. There was nothing enjoyable about the job. His fellow workers afforded him little or no companionship; the greater part of them were rather close-lipped and uncommunicative. The clattering machinery certainly had little respect for his troubles; it shoved at him an endless supply of parts, and at the same time snatched them from his weary fingers as if to reprove him for his slowness of movement. The department where he worked smelled; fresh paint, burnt paint,

glue, hot tin, and steel, all gave their odors to the general stink. At times his eyes suffered the shock of an intense flash from the arc of a nearby electric welder. Sparks often spattered down over his arms and hands, causing him to wince and swear. Many times his hands were cut by the sharp edges of tin splinters, and, more often than not, he had no time to tend to the cuts. His was a distasteful job. Nothing made him feel better than to be able to turn his back upon the doors of that hated factory, and to go home to a quiet room and bed. However, he continued his work. He kept on coming back through those doors and punching that uncompromising time clock for a period of several months. What was his motive?

This young fellow was not thinking of the present; his thoughts were of future happiness to be procured with the money from his present job. He had a vision of attending school in the fall of the year. He knew that he would enjoy living in a college town, making new friends, and daily having new and pleasurable experiences. College could bring to him the things which he yearned for; and so, with this thought in mind, he continued his work. He was willing to put up with the present for what it might bring to him in the future. His was a case of "working for pleasure."

Allied and German War Cartoons During the Great Conflict

ALFRED J. STROHMAIER

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

ALL my close friends will agree that I have a good sense of humor. I like to be happy and gay, to have a good time every now and then, and to laugh until tears stream from my eyes. Perhaps, in your opinion, I have not even grown beyond the kindergarten stage yet, if you judge me by my thorough enjoyment of the weekly "funnies." However, there is one type of "humor" which I abhor as thoroughly as I enjoy the former. It is that everpresent, cruel, lying cartoon. Of this scourge, the type dwelling on the subject of war, because of its serious consequences, has especially drastic effects upon my emotions. My dictionary defines "cartoon" as "a pictorial sketch dealing with a political or social subject." It is plain to see, therefore, that the aforementioned "funny page" variety which jibes this way and that with drawings of provincial humor is not to be included in this definition.

At the present time it is, perhaps, hard to see just how great a role war cartoons actually played in the propagation and continuation of the World War. "How could a few simple lines by pencil or brush," you may ask, "have any great effect upon the course of a war?"

Soldiers will not fight, civilians at home will not support their nation's army, a war cannot be won, unless every citizen is firmly convinced that *his* country is in the right—that he is fighting for a just cause. The people of *every* nation are peace-loving people. You may be surprised when I tell you, from personal experience, that the German population hated war as much as you did.

Like you, they beseeched God to let the dawn rise over Europe once again, to let the sun shine upon the world, that all might enjoy the warm rays of peace and forget the hallucinations of the night. Plausible reasons for hatred and revenge had to be given the masses by their respective governments; their fighting spirits had to be thoroughly aroused before they would pit themselves against each other. Here is where the cartoon played its important part. Picture writing was our earliest form of recorded communication and is still the simplest method of inducing thought from one mind to another. Language is no bar to the pictorial message, nor is much time or thought necessary to digest it. By employing caricature, symbolism, or pure picturization, a cartoon touches the heart as well as the mind of every element of society. Thus it is said that a cartoonist, even a single cartoon, has turned the tide in elections, stirred nations, or influenced epoch-making movements. *There* lies the answer to your question.

To be convinced as to the importance of this form of propaganda during the war, let us examine how a cartoon can become such a monster. Although it can be used as an instrument of defense, the type most common during the war period was the one of attack. It generally appeared in conjunction with a contemporary news item, thus emphasizing the latter and giving the reader a better understanding of its content. Such a cartoon was the one entitled "THE WAY OF THE HUNS: A True Story from

Alsace." It showed a shaggy-looking creature stamping away from the scene of his crime, gorilla fashion, gun in hand. Behind him lay a little boy, lifeless, a tiny gun lying beside him. Directly below the drawing was a story of how a German soldier killed a small boy who had pointed a toy gun at him.¹ If the story did not impress the mothers of the world, the picturization of it certainly must have.

If you look up this cartoon you will notice, perhaps much to your surprise, that a war cartoon is not necessarily an instrument designed to create humor. Far from it! It has a *grim* purpose. It is primarily designed to create a lasting impression in your memory which, in turn, will implant in you a fierce hatred for the enemy, whether he be actually guilty or not. During one of your nightmares, the gorilla-like creature with the German helmet on its head will grimace at you many a time, if not chase you with its immense bayoneted gun. The title: "THE WAY OF THE HUNS," will always remain with you in conjunction with this cartoon and its assertion "True Story from Alsace" will be soaked up by your brain as by a sponge. Naturally you will want to punish those beasts. You will hate every German. You, a perfectly sane, peace-loving American, or French, or English citizen, will suddenly be gripped by the lust for revenge and blood;—the cartoon has accomplished its purpose.

To insure this accomplishment, gross exaggeration was invariably resorted to. If you have your doubts about this, you need only turn to the page beyond the aforementioned cartoon in Avenarius' *Das Bild als Narr*. There you will see another interpretation of the same inci-

dent, but this time we have, instead of one soldier, a whole squad of German soldiers under the command of an officer, firing upon the same little boy.² The mere turning of another page in the same book will bring you face to face with an even more startling interpretation of the very same incident. In this picture the whole German army, under the personal command of the emperor,³ has its guns trained on a *group* of little children. In these cartoons, as in many others, it is easy to see their real purpose.

The crime of the war cartoonist becomes more apparent when the cartoons of the opposing sides are compared with each other. Sad to say, this is always impossible before or during a war when such a procedure would be most useful. Perhaps the most prodigious cartoons of that time were those depicting atrocities committed by one nation against the helpless people of the other. Our aforementioned drawing, "THE WAY OF THE HUNS," may well be taken as an example of Allied tactics in this field. Could it be possible that the German government used the very same type of cartoon to stir the indignation of its citizens? Indeed so! Just look at the cartoon appearing in the ninth (1916) issue of the German magazine *Lustige Blätter*, and entitled "Und ein Levit ging vorüber" It shows an immense, mocking caricature of an English priest unconcernedly reading a Bible while he waddles along a shore where, not far out in the water, a small group of Germans, human beings like you and me, are vainly calling for help from their sinking airship. Following him are two other priests, one carrying an English flag and sternly looking across the water

¹Avenarius, *Das Bild als Narr*, 153 or *Daily Graphic*, 19. IX. 14

²Avenarius, *Das Bild als Narr*, 155

³Avenarius, *Das Bild als Narr*, 157

while the third walks along with clenched fists and a disgusting scowl.⁴ A few words of explanation accompany the cartoon: "The Anglican Bishop of London commended the English seamen who had denied our Zeppelin crew their assistance." How little of this story may have been true did not matter at that time, for every German, like us, firmly believed whatever was set in print. But it was the cartoon, of a nature so familiar to us, which actually stirred his emotions and fired him with that hatred toward us. What could be more in agreement with the plans of the Kaiser and his war lords?

My conception of liberty becomes very much confused when I compare German cartoons like the one entitled "Die Wacht am Ortler"⁵ with Allied cartoons like "Die Wacht am Rhein."⁶ The former shows a German soldier being led on by the spirit of Andreas Hofer, the German and Austrian symbol for liberty. The latter discloses the dark waters of the Rhine as being brightly illuminated by a torch and symbolizing "Liberty for the oppressed," held high in the heavens by a doughboy. If the Germans were fighting against the Allies for liberty, and their opponents were sacrificing thousands of lives for the same purpose, then why did they fight *against* each other? I am also puzzled as to who got this liberty when the war finally ended. Was it the Germans? Or the Allies? The dead men? Something seems radically wrong in these cartoons!

Only now, long after the mischief has been performed, are we able to see how these pictures have deceived us. How much horror and misery they have brought into the world! Have they been of any actual benefit to humanity? De-

cidedly not! Through their unforgivable sin of mis-representation and exaggeration they can never be used to improve our moral standard, or further our civilization. Their value as historical documents was lost during their very inception because of the numerous falsehoods which had been painted into them. Certainly they could be of no intellectual value to us for it takes no intelligence to interpret the meaning of a cartoon. You will also agree with me that none of them, with a few exceptions, perhaps, could ever become of value as works of art. A look at one or two of them will convince even the most sceptical of my critics.

To kill this monster, the war cartoon, would be impossible for it has lived among us too long. We would not be able to pass a law prohibiting war cartooning, much less enforce it. We could, however, slowly starve the monster to death by donning an impregnable armor of education and broadmindedness which would enable us to recognize and discredit this type of "art." Finding no more gullible victims with which to appease its ferocious appetite, this form of public menace would slowly but surely dwindle in size until we could finally speed it to a just and ignoble end. The reins of hatred and revenge would drop from our shoulders and our hearts would become tender to our fellow men. Slowly the night would break, a glimmering of hope would rise in its stead—finally a *warmth*, as the rays of lasting peace envelop this world.

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⁴*Lustige Blatter*, Vol. 4, No. 9 (1916), p. 7

⁵*Lustige Blatter*, Vol. 4, No. 4 (1916), p. 8

⁶Hecht, George J., *The War in Cartoons*, p. 189

Florida Specialties

HELEN SHOEMAKER

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

CORN is the chief product of Illinois. We eat corn—corn fritters, corn on the cob, scalloped corn, corn flakes, and hominy—but few in Illinois eat grits or even know that grits are a corn product. On the other hand, no Florida grocery store is without its rows of cylindrical boxes containing this corn product. I had not been long in Florida before I discovered that this was *the* favorite food, as common to the natives and to the Georgia “crackers” who had strayed south, as potatoes are to us. Even in the cafeteria of a certain school which was attended by almost as many Northerners as Southerners, grits and gravy were served at least once a week. In that particular school one lunch consisting of a beverage, a cake or cookie, and a vegetable was served each day. Every child ate the same food. On “grits and gravy” days I ate only the cookie and the beverage. I could *not* eat that soggy looking mess which resembled nothing so much as little grains of cooked rice covered with beef broth. It was certainly not a tempting dish; yet nearly every girl at my table was willing to trade a cookie for it, although she had probably had grits for breakfast and would undoubtedly have them for supper.

In Florida we found fruits which we had never before seen, growing in our own yard. The unbelievably low prices of the fruits which we *did* know and the unconcern with which the natives ate them astounded us. In Illinois we had paid forty cents for a dozen of oranges;

in Fort Pierce we crossed the street to the grove and picked as many as we wanted for nothing. At home we had bought pineapple—sliced or crushed—in cans. In Florida we bought pineapples by the bushel and ate them as only the natives would ever think of eating them. We took a pineapple and chopped off the stiff prickly leaves until only the short cane-like stem remained. Then we peeled the thick, bumpy skin off the fruit and, holding it by the stem, ate the pineapple as children eat all-day suckers. No lollypop ever tasted better.

Northerners sometimes buy kumquats at grocery or fruit stores, and guava jelly, if not ripe guavas, is sold in the North at meat markets, but most Northerners think a mango is a vegetable; few know that it is probably the Florida native’s favorite fruit. People tasting it for the first time usually throw it away in disgust. It tastes like a mixture of rotten peach and pawpaw; at least, it did to me. The rest of my family learned to like mangoes—most people do—and swore the fruit was the best they had ever eaten. We would go for a drive, stop at a roadside stand, and buy a sack of this fruit. My mother, father, and brother would eat mango after mango with obvious relish while I sat and regarded them in wonder. How could anyone eat those mushy, drippy, sloppy things with the ugly yellowish-orange pulp and think them delicious? I longed—oh, how I longed—for a good solid red apple with its clean white pulp.

Hoboes and "Transients"

ELI ELLIS

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

BUMS, HOBOES, and transients, although few of us remember the fact, are men. We read dreary news items concerning them and see pictures of them in breadlines, but seldom do we realize that they may be real, interesting personalities—men who would make good friends, as I discovered in my contact with them in a year of Y.M.C.A. work.

One of these friends was Dad—a grand old piece of wreckage. He was a queer, hunched, grey old man of seventy, with small, twinkling eyes, heavy bushy brows, hooked nose, and pointed chin. His arms seemed too big for the rest of his body. I remember my surprise the first time I saw him; he was playing request numbers on the piano in the "Y" lobby for a group of noisy boys and men. Once, in the days of the "flicker films," he had been a highly paid musician in good theaters, but the talkies and old age had ruined him. Now he would play from memory for hours without a rest—everything from "Turkey in the Straw" to Gounod's "Dance of the Hours." His big hands, with their short, blunt fingers, attempted no artistic frills but seemed to float above the keyboard and brought forth, with scarcely any movement, rippling melody or sombre chord. Dad's playing would sometimes hold the crowd for hours, until Billy's hoarse whisper spread the news of the fights downstairs.

Down they would go to the "ring" where Billy would be in the limelight as referee of the evening's fight. His name is well known to fight fans, for several years ago he was a contender for the middleweight title and later he was Dempsey's sparring partner for five years. Like many an old fighter, Billy was

slightly "punch drunk." Taking punishment on the head and jaw leads to a condition in which the sense of balance is disturbed and even the brain is affected. Whether, in Billy's case, the result came from his own ring career, or from his later bouts with the champion, I never learned, but he must have taken terrific punishment from Dempsey. And so, often, just as he was "throwing a punch," Billy would freeze. He would remain fixed, his eyes opened wide in a blank stare. Then, as suddenly, he would snap out of it and go on with his demonstration. Although white-haired, Billy was still fast on his feet and he had a terrific punch. His soft, husky voice might tend to mislead one about his fighting ability, but one glance at his slightly hunched, well-balanced way of walking, his frosty blue eyes and bull neck, and few would dare crowd him. Nevertheless, Billy was a kind-hearted, obliging old man, full of advice for the younger generation, full of information concerning his own generation, and a good man to have for a friend.

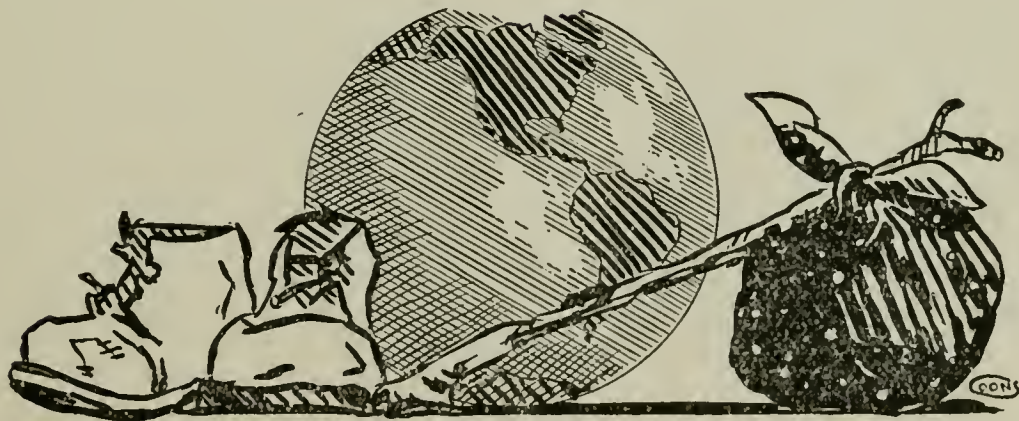
In the crowd around the ring one interested spectator would always be Ward, an Indian with a good humored face and a beautiful body—a perfect wedge tapering from powerful shoulders to slim waist and ridiculously small feet. The first time I noticed him he was standing just outside the ring shouting encouragement to a small fellow who was being badly cut up in a "match" with a heavier man. I liked Ward's sportsmanship then, and I liked his generosity later, when a fellow transient "bummed" him for a cigarette. Ward

passed over his precious cigarettes without a word of protest.

Ward did not talk to me much until I happened to mention an old "Sharp's buffalo gun" I had. From then on, he came early and talked late. I found that he had two great passions, one for guns and one for ballads, which he could repeat from memory for hours. Eventually, I learned many interesting things about his wandering life. Although born in Arizona, he had been sent to school in New York. His school-days ended when he ran away at the age of twelve; he went "down the river" alone to New Orleans. That was just the beginning; he had been almost everywhere, it seemed. He could lie, on occasion, in a manner to shame the merchants of Constantinople, but the tales of his adventures were, I believe, for the most part true. His stories of cavalry life, training and taming horses, trick riding, roping and shooting were as interesting as any Wild West yarn I have ever read. He talked of the sea with the easy knowledge of a true sailor. He had had a glimpse of many countries while he was in the navy, but he admitted that most of his time had been spent scrubbing decks and polishing brass. Later he had bummed his way back to France, Spain, and "the Islands" on various sailing vessels. In his travels Ward had picked

up useful bits of knowledge. He had learned to box and wrestle, and somewhere he had acquired a knowledge of jiu-jitsu. From the time he could walk he had been able to throw a knife and a tomahawk. We went to the woods one day, and at a distance of fifty feet he sank a dull hatchet half a blade deep in a tree, so that I broke the handle trying to pull it out. He also knew something about such useful little accomplishments as making one's own twenty-five cent pieces with the aid of dentists' wax, lead, and aluminum; how best to elude yard "dicks" (policeman in railroad yards); and how to travel cheaply by living off the country. Once he had gone to New Orleans, by stolen canoe, starting on the trip with only a light rifle, some fishing tackle, and some salt. If he saw something and could get it without too much inconvenience, he would take it. He admitted having stolen everything at one time or another from foreign postage stamps to automobiles. All in all, though he might not be an acceptable citizen of Champaign, Ward had a code of his own and he was capable of being a friend.

So I am unable to lump together all "wanderers" as simply bums, hoboes, and transients; I cannot forget that they are men, with as separate and different personalities as those of Dad, Billy, and Ward.



How to Serve a Tennis Ball

EVALYN B. EVANS

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

THOSE who can, do; those who can't, teach. I think I should certainly be a great success as a tennis teacher if this proverb is true. There can be no doubt as to my knowledge of the various strokes; yet, the fact remains that I shall never be a tennis player. I inevitably become so involved in the stance, toss, swing, contact with the ball, and follow through that it is an effort to untangle myself at the end of the service stroke in particular. I am considering discarding two perfectly good tennis balls which I have been using this year as they seem to be making it a habit to see how many exasperatingly original flights they can take. I always manage to slip-up in some seemingly minor detail.

I am using a grip recommended by the finest of tennis players. After having carefully placed my feet parallel with the net and having made sure that my left shoulder is pointing to the court into which it is my plan to send the ball, I take deliberate aim with my racket. Then I drop the head of the racket from its position level with, and in front of my left hip. My feet are still firmly planted with the weight slightly on the left foot. As the racket approaches my right shoulder, I toss the ball. It would simplify matters greatly if I could toss it just any way, but that would never do. I must toss it with a crisp flick of the wrist so that it takes flight directly above the right eye, reaching its peak just high enough that,

as I stand on tip-toe, the center of the racket comes in contact with the ball.

Meanwhile, I have changed the weight from my left foot to my right one during the upward journey of the racket. As soon as the racket is at its full height, I swing it in a complete circle, all the time gathering speed, the wrist controlling the motion almost entirely. At the top of the circle, it comes in contact with the ball; the wrist locks. Very swiftly the racket descends, the strings contacting the ball as long as possible, the racket reaching out and pulling down until it comes to rest by the left foot, which bears the weight during the entire follow through.

Usually, for me, all this effort is wasted; all the concentrated force somehow takes the ball in altogether the wrong direction. Sometimes it is a complete "dud," landing all of three feet in front of my own baseline; sometimes it has the audacity to hit the top of the net before dropping into the designated court—a "let," no score; sometimes some kind soul from three courts to the right or left sends it bounding back. I believe I hold the altitude record in my class. I am beginning to think this is an accomplishment I should conscientiously develop. It is what my entire game of tennis amounts to, be it back-hand, fore-hand, lob, volley, or service-stroke.

Well, now you try it and may you enjoy better luck than is my lot!

The Process of Growing Up

HAROLD KLECKNER

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

ANALYZE the process of growing up and you will find that it is a job which requires more than just a blueprint and a set of tools. It is a job from which machinery will never throw men out of work, nor will it ever be ruined by mass production. Each man is his own foreman and builds to his own specifications. The work seems always to be tedious and irksome during the process; it is only when the work is completed that we see how really pleasant it was.

I am assuming, for this once at least, that I have completed my own job and can consider myself grown up. I will admit that about the only material evidence I can offer is the fact that last summer I successfully restrained from going barefoot. But for the sake of the discussion the reader will have to accept that dubious hypothesis.

I do not remember the momentous occasion or date when I realized I was grown up, but I can remember incidents that I now see marked definite steps in the progress of the work. Usually well endowed with aunts and uncles, grandparents, older brothers and sisters, I waded through bundles and baskets of handed down wearing apparel. How long this might have lasted no one knows; but sometime, I know it was before grade school graduation at least, I caught the measles from wearing a jacket that my cousin Glen had outgrown and that his sister Evelyn had outgrown.

That near calamity spelled finis to the discarded garment, and the glorious day when I wore my first new clothing marked one milestone on the road to growing up.

The process of growing up is essentially a matter of education. But, somehow, steps in my practical education live in my memory longer than those of my schooling. I can distinctly remember the days on which I first milked a cow, harnessed a horse, or drove the tractor; but I haven't the faintest recollection of learning to read or multiply. Perhaps one reason why the process of growing up lingers as a pleasant memory is that we remember only the pleasant things. One exception, that wasn't pleasant, however, stands out in my education and oddly enough it also marked another milestone, my first long pants. The occasion was a funeral for my baby cousin at which I acted as pallbearer. To this day, however, I feel that fate played a dirty trick on me, for I was too sad to enjoy my new pants and too happy to feel sorrow for my cousin.

Although the incidents of youth mark our progress of growing up, one has to reach mental maturity before the job is completed. Mental maturity comes with the realization that in the work we have just completed we have made only the blueprint and tools with which to start on a much greater job.

Crossing the Illinois in Winter

JUNE MAMER

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

THE most vivid impression I have from my grade school days is going to school in the winter. The Illinois River flows between where I lived then and the school, and it was, therefore, necessary that I cross this river each morning. During that part of the winter when there was no ice, the distance to school was about two miles. It would have taken about half an hour for me to walk to school had there been no waiting. A ferry, however, furnished the only crossing on my way to school; it was always on the wrong side for my convenience. I had to wait until there were passengers before the ferry would cross from the other side.

When it was bleak and cold, and when it seemed as though the wind were cutting through my clothes, my waiting was far from pleasant. To keep warm I had to keep walking around, stamping my feet, and swinging my arms, and I very well remember a certain big red muffler and a stocking cap that I had to wear on these mornings. When the ferry finally did come, I was so glad to have a chance to get warm that I forgot all the mean things I had been thinking about the ferryman for his having kept me waiting.

As slow as it was, and with all of its delay, walking to school was not without its advantages. Whenever I was late to school, and this was more than a few times, I always had the one valid excuse, "I had to wait for the ferry." My *Health Habits* would have had me believe that

this long walk in the cold was an excellent thing; yet, long before I read *Health Habits*, I formed my dislike for waiting in the cold to go to school.

When the river began to freeze, the bitter hardship of the ordinary trip to school was supplemented by excitement. The ferry could not break the ice; it was, therefore, necessary that I walk out on the ice to where the ferry had stopped. The ice farther out tapered off in thickness until there was actually a gap of open water between me and the boat. Would the ice hold until I could get into the ferry? One more step, a jump, and safety! Now no more excitement until the trip home after school.

What a contrast to this exciting crossing of a river half open-half frozen, when the river was entirely covered with ice! I had no waiting on such mornings, for I had only to walk across the once treacherous current now perfectly quiet. I often imagined that freezing created a change in the river—the shallow, chattering impatience of the flow as against the silent, strong, and almost contemplative ice. Everything was so quiet on the mornings when the river was frozen that I could hear the screaming of the blue jays nearly a mile away. When snow covered the landscape, it was as if purity had been added to the serenity of the river and woods, for it was like a great avenue leading nowhere; yet, it was an end in itself.

Schick Tests

HELEN CHURCH

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

FOUR HUNDRED Schick tests in one day! This is an accomplishment that I look back upon with pride but hope never to look forward to again. Four hundred alcohol swabs, four hundred sterilized hypodermic needles, four hundred frightened kids, and last but not least, four hundred arms. Plump arms, scrawny arms, dirty arms, hairy arms—every variety under the sun!

A Schick test, if any one still does not know, is a very particular sort of inoculation given to determine whether or not a previous serum injection has successfully immunized an individual from diphtheria. It is usually made with a peculiar-looking hypodermic needle about half an inch long, the squarish base of which has been beveled off on one side, to allow just the proper slant into the skin. It is very different from the ordinary hypodermic injection or "shot," which is usually nothing more than a quick jab into the thick part of the arm, an equally quick withdrawal of the needle, and it's all over. With this test, however, arms have to be held tightly enough to keep the patient from jerking; the needle must be pressed against the forearm at a slanting angle and forced gently but firmly between the two layers of skin. The progress of the needle can easily be seen beneath the skin, and when the proper length has been reached, the fluid is released from the syringe and leaves a tiny bump on the arm about as large as a bee sting. Altogether the process is so painful that most people, especially children, are not fond of it.

The doctor and I were to give these tests mostly in country schools within a

radius of fifteen or twenty miles, and in order to get around to all of them we left the office at eight o'clock. School teachers had been asked to have their pupils come at eight o'clock instead of the usual nine, so that when we drove into the first school yard, there was a throng of wary-eyed children watching from doors and windows. The doctor advised me to smile hugely as I went in so they wouldn't know what they were in for. So smile we did, although I have often thought since that we must have looked extremely silly and probably fooled no one.

The first thing we did, of course, was get into surgeon's caps and gowns. Then we washed our hands in a basin of lukewarm water that had been placed on the stove by a thoughtful teacher. Applicators, tipped with cotton, we placed on a handy desk; the doctor filled the syringes while I sterilized extra needles, and we were ready to go to work. But getting something to work on was a little different matter. Those children knew what was coming and had decided, one and all, that they weren't having any! It took all manner of coaxing from the teacher before one husky twelve-year old boy strutted up, assuring us that he'd "be darned if he was scared of that old needle!" After we had finished with him and he was going around proudly displaying his "bump" among his fellows, it was a little easier to get customers, but we had to do many a child whose screaming and struggling forced us to resort to two or three pairs of hands to hold him. Several times it took the teacher, one of the child's parents if they

happened to be at hand, the doctor with one hand, and me with both, to keep the arm in the proper position. Hour after hour this went on; school after school was visited, and we had many different types of children to deal with. There was, for instance, the plucky four-year old who, although his father was holding him, jerked his arm at the wrong time and had to be done all over—this time on the other arm. He did not even whimper and when we were through, he held up his arms for his father's inspection and said, "Look, Pop. I dot bumps on bofe of mine!" Then there was the other type, the fourteen and fifteen-year old "big" girls in school who held out their arms flinchingly, turned their faces delicately away, and managed to cry quite successfully during the process. It didn't take long to get out of patience

with this kind, and toward evening I'm afraid the doctor and I both became quite harsh as we grew more and more tired.

Finally, however, we were through and went back to town. With the exception of a trip to check the results within forty-eight hours, the doctor was finished with the job. But was I? Oh no. There were four hundred inoculation certificates to be made out and each had to be signed with the doctor's name in two places. But did the doctor sign them? He did not! I did it, and after I'd forged his name eight hundred times, I really became very good at it. Some day, when he has practised a long time and has become very rich, I may take advantage of that fact. One never knows.

Saturday Night

MARY JANE ADSIT

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1934-35

WITH the disconsolate chug and screech of metal in friction the Adams' 1928 model Ford churned its uncertain way into its regular Saturday night parking space between the A & P grocery and the five and ten cent store. There was an immediate overflow of humanity over the sides; everyone was off to his own particular haunt. Mrs. Adams made her buxom way to the grocery store; and thence, in her regular routine, would stop at the dry goods store for some dress material before she took her usual chatting-post among the other farm women at the front of the five and ten cent store. Mr. Adams sought his recreation at the steps of the old closed bank. His cronies were discussing in prodigious tones the affairs of the world

as he and his corn cob pipe took the third step for their own. He began to enter into the conversation with the greatest pomposity. Such a convincing voice, such an adroit manner—too bad that he wasted them by saying nothing. The two younger boys of the family whooped their way to the pop corn stand and then to the western serial at the local movie, while Tom Jr. straightened a model tie, jingled some coins in his new pants, and sauntered over to the local pool room with adolescent nonchalance.

Alone, Alice, fifteen, sat in the decrepit old car. This would have been surprising to any of her family had they noticed, for Alice was at the critical age and the family car was one of her greatest humiliations. Despite his grumbling

she was busy reforming her father's fried-potato-crusty-pie breakfasts, typical of the early-rising farmer; and she had pleaded long and stormily for her mother to leave the dear dead relatives discreetly in their respective graves instead of spreading them all over the front parlor in huge, enlarged, tinted photographs in heavy, carved gold frames. Even the boys had come in for their share of reforming.

For the last four Saturdays now she had lingered behind the rest of her family until they were well out of sight. Young, first love is sweet but tragic, because it always seems to make the wrong start by invoking parental displeasure. Desperately she tried to brush out the wrinkles put into her last year's graduating dress, an organdie; but the ambitious egg crates and friendly milk cans had done their work very efficiently. An inaccurate aim at her nose with a powder puff, a fluff to her hair and she was descending from her lofty position in the car.

Seriously intent she directed her course through the jovial, tittering, back-thumping Saturday night crowd. She would walk sedately past the pool room. George should be out in front. When he saw her he would flick his cigarette free from ashes twice rapidly in succession. The signal never failed, for George was never without a cigarette. Five minutes later they would be meeting at their bench in the park. As she neared the pool room Alice began to slacken her pace and find her hands supremely useless. The mirror of the Beauty Shoppe scale offered an excuse for hesitation. Now she was in front of the pool room. She could see her brother; neither deigned to recognize the other. She had passed. George wasn't there.

George was late again—that meant she

was to wait for him in the little common adjacent to the business district. He was always late these days. Could it be that it no longer mattered? She resolutely pushed the thought from her. They were in love. He had told her so for four weeks now and she had confessed her love for him too. Of course she didn't know as much about love as he did; but she knew it was something great and strong and wonderful that made you take interest in the quilts your mother made you quilt. Sometimes when he spoke of the gay and charming "women" he had known she wondered why he had picked on poor little her to love and if she could keep such an unusual person interested. George was four years older than she was.

She reached the bench, sat down, and skillfully arranged the skirt of her dress to the worst advantage of the wrinkles. George would soon make his debonair way to her from the crowd, rumple her hair, and, perhaps, kiss her lightly if he were in a good mood when he called in a plaintively nasal voice, "H'ya m'babe?" Then he would flick the ashes from his cigarette impressively, place both his hands on her knees, and, looking directly into her face, would relate how much he had won in today's poker game or on the day's horse race. Alice meant to reform the gambling spirit of him but somehow he always was winning and it was rather hard to tell him anything. He would either laugh patronizingly, get very angry, or get that devil-may-care glint in his eye and any one of them gave her the sinking feeling that he could be quickly lost in a mood like that. This thought was unbearable. He was so much better looking than any of the other boys, his clothes were always new, and he wore them with a flare. His black snapping eyes made ties live; and his

white linen suit increased his tan another degree and revealed his limbs to be somewhat slight but most agile and alert.

There was a fleet step upon the pavement that made less noise than the labored breathing that accompanied it. Disheveled and flushed George swung himself down on the bench beside her.

Her complete surprise broke forth in, "George!"

"Shut your sweet trap and listen. How'd you like to run away with me and see the world? Yes or no? Quick!"

"But how could I? How'd we go?"

"I've got some dough and a car!" Impatience supreme.

"Where'd you get them? Anyway, I'd wanted a nice wedding, not an elopement."

"Oh—marriage. I haven't got that much dough. Besides," he amended, "we're both young. We can decide about that later. C'mon, quick." He was trying to hurry her along but she was wooden, transfixed.

"Not married?"

He was gruff and surly by now, "Don't be a dumb dora, Alice. That's just plain old-fashioned in this modern world. Anyway, if you love me like you said you did, you'd come."

"But," she faltered, "people in love get married."

"I knew *you'd* be chicken, you infant," he snapped.

"I am not a child." Youthful resentment.

"You're acting like one. I can't wait any longer. I've waited too long now." Then pleading, "Please, Alice."

But Alice was cool and hard and impersonal now, "You're quite right. I don't love you and—"

There was a great commotion in the

front of the park: car brakes were screeching; voices were excited and indignant; there was even the hum of the state motorcycle cop's machine. Alice's words were cut off, but they had been futile anyway, for at the first sound George had disappeared. The decreasing zoom of a fast car and the faint trace of tobacco smoke were his farewell.

Vacantly she dropped to the bench, only to have a crowd of armed citizens break through the bushes about her. They spied the desolate girl on the bench. "See George Winthorp?" one called.

"Which way'd he go?" called the local police force behind the dignity of his beard and the authority of his shiny star.

"He went to see the world," she quoted.

"What? Talk sense, girl!"

"Oh, yes," she looked up listlessly. "That way, sir."

"Thanks. On, men—" The tone was inspired.

They stormed past. Some of the women in the group were commenting.

"Said the young scamp'd robbed a fillin' station, too!"

"Well, he certainly had Tom Greisner's car."

"Always did predict a bad end for that young'un. Bad blood."

The natural quiet of the park followed them out and remained to implant itself firmly. A girl was huddled on the bench quite as rumpled as the organdie dress she wore. It seemed as if she scrutinized a bush not far away in the gloom; but her eyes held nothing but her own thoughts. There was a droop in her shoulders. The droop grew and expanded until it engulfed the body and left it prostrate on the bench weeping.

HONORABLE MENTION

Lack of space prevents the publishing of some excellent themes by the following students:

LOUIS AZOFF	EDWARD JAMES
RUTH BALDWIN	ANITA KNAPP
RALPH BURKE	ROY E. LORENTZ
JOHN BURNS	ROLAND N. MCKEAN
R. C. CALDWELL	D. G. MOORE
JESS CHAMBERLAIN	V. H. MUNNECKE
WILMA DRYDEN	N. V. NOBLE
WARREN DUGAN	MARY ELINOR NORTON
RUTH DUNHAM	MARY HELEN O'CONNOR
RAYMOND EVERS	EDITH POLLOCK
BEULAH FEATHERSTONE	FRED W. RIGGS
ROBERT GAINES	W. H. SCHULZKE
RALPH HALE	LUCILE SYDOW
GEORGE Z. HELBER	GRACE WILLOWICK

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE DETECTIVE STORY ADDICT	1
Margaret Holte	
THE FADING OF LOCAL FRONTIERS	2
Roland N. McKean	
A BELLHOP'S DAY AT SEA	6
William Cassell	
KATY'S OWN BEDROOM	7
Eolene Watson	
A DAY IN THE PIT	9
Ralph Hale	
PRICE OF BUTTER	11
Esther Done	
SODA JERKER	12
R. H. Colvin	
MAN WITH THE CAP	13
Anonymous	
THE SKETCH BOOK	14
(Material in Rhetoric I and II)	
AFTER TWENTY YEARS	17
Anonymous	
RUGGED INDIVIDUALITY	20
David M. Checkley	
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL?	23
Elizabeth Shattuck	
THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE	28
James Morgan	
"RHETORIC AS SHE IS WROTE"	32
(From themes written in Rhetoric I and II)	



The Detective Story Addict

MARGARET HOLTE

Theme 12, Rhetoric I, 1935-1936

BEING my brother's keeper has never appealed to me, and that is why I seldom criticize the peculiarities of anyone except myself. I know I risk being thought an introvert, egotist, or whatever the current popular epithet happens to be, but it is a risk I would rather take than to set myself up in judgment on the ways of my fellowmen.

All of which is merely a jargonish way of confessing that I am a detective story addict myself—one of the most confirmed, in fact; and of saying that I would much rather tell what I feel and think about detective stories than to guess what others think and feel. I have an inordinate fondness for books which deal with the gruesome details of a shocking murder or murders—the more the merrier. I cannot say why the subject of violent death dealt out brutally by one human being to another should prove so fascinating to me, but it does. The deeper the mystery, the keener is my enjoyment.

I particularly like the type of story that has an English house party in the first chapter. There always seem to be such possibilities in an English house party. The lighting system invariably fails at the proper moment, plunging the entire household into darkness and giving the murderer an opportunity to work "silently and swiftly," thus permitting the author to get his victim killed off without interference from the other characters. England must also be a place literally overrun with corpses (not corpses) of poplar or ash trees. Every estate has one in its back yard, where the baronet can be found strangled, or better still where the Lady Effingham-Ipswich

can be at one moment sedately strolling and on the next page can be discovered by Lord Whosis completely and successfully dunked in an old cistern, "Done in, sir, she were," as the quaint village constable puts it. A cistern is a well which makes a neat hiding place for any corpse.

By this time all of the guests are in places they shouldn't be, and Sir Gerald Heartthrob has begun to look very queer. Though of course we know that the more suspicious his actions are, the more certain we may feel of his innocence.

After everyone has all but accused everyone else of the crime, Scotland Yard appears. The author usually refers to this detective system as "The Yard," thereby flattering us by assuming that we are very familiar with that famous institution. The Inspector arrives just after the rain has cleared—oh yes, I forgot to mention the rain; there is always a thunderstorm going on somewhere in the offing. When the Inspector arrives in the fourth chapter, the real fun begins. Unsuspected details crop up which *seem* to be irrelevant to the question of the moment and which turn out in the last chapter to *be* irrelevant. Unsuspected relationships between the guests are revealed. I wonder if the English pick their house guests because of grudges which they wish to settle? In this chapter we learn that Sir Gerald has served as consul in India while his second cousin, Freddie Beauregard, Bart., was hunting llamas in Thibet and that they are both rather "potty" about the honorable Gwendolyn, whose maternal grandmother had rather a shady past. All this naturally directs suspicion

toward Musn Tuch, the East Indian, who wears his turban all the time and about whom no one seems to know very much—not even the host, the Earl of Ups and Downs.

Inspector Grey (nice, solid English name) questions the guests separately and collectively. They all lie; we can depend on that. If Sir Gerald says he was in the drawing room having a “spot” before retiring, we can be sure he was in the library peeping through binoculars at the next manor. As a rule English people are truthful, but let a murder occur and they just can’t tell the truth. After the first murder has broken the ice, so to speak, there is no end to what can and does happen. Lady Stonehenge steps out to post a letter and never returns (until the last chapter). Naturally we wonder at people going about posting letters when death lurks around each corner, but they evidently do in England. Maybe they write notes to their relatives saying “Having fine time.

Just popped off one of the guests. More later.” Mystery writers have the ability to imbue their characters with courage, too. Right after three or four bodies have been discovered in boxes, trunks, and wells, the most timid individual will go wandering off over the house, down cellar, up to the attic, or to the haunted wing; to any remote corner where the bloodthirsty killer awaits, armed to the teeth with lassos, battle axes, shot guns, and Indian daggers, and the daggers are always whetted to a razor edge.

If the foregoing examples aren’t enough to entice you to start reading detective stories—well, I can do nothing more. I am a confirmed addict; I shall never be otherwise. I dislike killing insects and gave up hunting because I hate to kill animals, but when I want to be entertained I hunt up a detective story and a quiet corner and proceed to enjoy myself watching men murder, lie, and steal, quite safely between the covers of a book.

The Fading of Local Frontiers

ROLAND N. MCKEAN

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

DURING the course of the world’s history there have been a number of revolutionizing changes in the tenure of land, in uses of land and natural resources, and in the general appearance of the territories affected. In the seventeenth century, civilization began the conquest of this continent. In the eighteenth century, the enclosure movement began to make the farms compact. In the late nineteenth century, our growing population absorbed the last of the western frontier and the open range. And now, in the twentieth century, man con-

tinues to alter Nature. Local frontiers—not in acres of territory which is still owned by the government, but in trees, rivers, and resources which are still undeveloped—are fading rapidly. With the disappearance of Southern Illinois frontiers, the typical members of the old Neely family also vanish.

A generation ago the Neely family worked and enjoyed life in their customary manner around a small village near the Kaskaskia River. The territory still retained many traces of the Indians who had lived there years before; often

the Neely boys found arrow-heads and hatchets among the hills and around the streams. The area had not been well developed yet, and roads were very crude. Such conditions made the general store a necessary institution, and also determined the commodities which it could retail. Old Henry Neely's general store "carried" crackers, tobacco, and most other foods in bulk; only oysters and sardines in cans; and no perishable goods. The bulk tobacco created a problem, for in those days boys were secretive but persevering in their use of tobacco. Once when old Henry thought his boy was unusually silent in the store, he called out from the desk at the rear. "Jim!"

And Jim quickly absolved himself by shouting back, "It's a darned lie! I'm not in the tobacco."

The poor transportation made distribution of the goods more interesting than the stock of goods itself. The peddling wagon bumped along over the country roads, then, with wares to trade for the farmer's products. Henry sometimes put as many as four men and eight horses on the road at a time, and on one occasion they collected three thousand dozen eggs in two days, even though eggs were not widely produced. The people were glad to see the wagons come, for they could exchange news with the drivers as well as purchase much-needed commodities. The children most enjoyed attempting to confuse the drivers by asking for a nickel's worth of bumble bee feathers.

The use of horses by the store keepers, by the farmers, and by everyone else made horse-raising a profitable vocation. As long as the land was undeveloped by capitalistic improvements, this demand for horses remained. Several of the Neelys, therefore, began raising

horses, and they continued to do so up until about the time of the World War.

The mark of a Neely, however, lay not in his devotion to his work, but in his devout attention to outdoor avocations. All the Neelys were renowned hunters, and the country suited their desires perfectly. During the earlier days of Henry, who ran the store, scarcely any timber land was cleared; fences did not impede either the game or the hunter; and wild turkey, prairie chickens, and wild deer were abundant. Henry occasionally watched a group of deer eating at the shocks of corn just back of the house. And, one day, his eight-year-old son almost caught a wild turkey with his bare hands. (You see, the hunting instinct made its appearance early in the Neelys.)

The most fascinating type of hunting was the "coon" hunt. The Neelys loved to swing along through the dense forests on a winter night, a lantern, a saw, and a gun at their sides, and a pack of well-trained dogs sniffing the trail ahead. But they loved even more to hear those dogs bay and run and finally tree the quarry, to see the pair or pairs of eyes shining far up in an old oak, and to make their saws sing through that oak. Sometimes the chase, after the dogs first scented the raccoon, raced on for many miles up and down the river, but an entire night of work, even if no reward resulted, only made the hunt more attractive because of its difficulty and change. The men also hunted foxes and other animals sometimes, but the wily raccoon seemed most to allure both men and dogs.

Closely connected with hunting but requiring an even greater knowledge of Nature was trapping. A number of the Neelys were expert trappers. They knew just how to make a set for muskrats in the rivers, for minks along the

rivers, and for foxes and other fur-bearers in the hills and on the prairies. The romance in trapping seemed to be the challenge to the trapper's knowledge and imagination. When he saw a mink track in the snow or mud, the trapper calculated where the mink had gone, when he would return, and what he would do as he returned. Then he would carefully set several traps in holes along the banks where the mink would search for birds, or in narrow shallows of the creek through which the mink would be sure to pass. Each year an ample supply of fur-bearing animals roamed the land, and each winter the Neely trappers accumulated large fur shipments, camping at the river for several weeks with traps and provisions.

Fish of all kinds were plentiful, and some of the Neelys preferred fishing. Lester was one of these. He spent most of his time at the river, for he had purposely chosen to be a carpenter, which is a rather seasonal, independent job. Eventually he became an authority on the art of fishing. He learned how to drape a bank line down from a willow so that the bait would be in the position most tempting to a hungry catfish. He found that channel catfish bite best in swift, shallow water, in the early part of the night, on live minnows for bait, and in water that is slightly stirred up by rains. He knew how each change of weather or season would affect fishing. Thus it was that Lester Neely could always catch more and larger fish than anyone else; he once caught a forty-two pound flat-head catfish out of a tiny creek.

Constant contact with Nature and plenty of time for meditation made these Neelys very interesting people. Their conversation abounded in original ideas and new facts—facts which were not,

perhaps, vitally important, but which were entertaining. The quiet, contemplative life they led and the constant observation they made during their outdoor pleasures built up a store of knowledge and thought. Second, they were very humorous, not because of a drawl or an accent or the use of provincialisms, but because of their brevity, choice of words and dramatic instinct. They seemed to sense the proper time to put in a word or an action. They seemed to feel just how and when to secure the best dramatic effect. Incidentally, George Arliss expresses an idea which agrees with this impression. He says that dramatic instinct in ordinary life or speech, from which develops acting ability, is more evident in people who live in poor, simple, natural surroundings than in people who live in wealthy, cultivated surroundings. Besides this characteristic, these older Neelys were so well acquainted with natural objects that they could employ words conveying the most concrete impressions possible, making their expression brief and colorful. Of figurative language—particularly similes and hyperbole—they were masters. Their vivid comparisons and droll exaggerations used to send the Neely youngsters into ecstasies of laughter and fun.

Twenty, thirty, and forty years ago these were the activities of the Neelys. But now the region and the businesses have greatly changed. In the first place the roads are paved, and transportation, which is essentially a land development, is excellent. With the evolution of a network of good roads, the functions of the general store have become unnecessary. A chain store has replaced Henry Neely's organization. New and fresh commodities come in daily. The peddling wagon no longer rattles over the roads;

a Ford V-8 truck makes the deliveries.

Better transportation has also hastened the downfall of the horse-raising business. When the roads permitted the introduction of newer methods of communication and exchange, the stores could reach the farmers and the farmers could reach the towns without the use of horses. And as the farmers cleared the land of trees, stumps, and other obstacles, they began to use machinery for farming. The raising of horses lapsed almost entirely about the time of the War.

The change that has affected the Neelys more than other people, however, is the disappearance of the hunting grounds. Railroads have bought the timber for ties. The plains are all cleared. Even the hills and the river banks are becoming bare. Turkeys and prairie chickens no longer run wild. And it is difficult to imagine deer roaming around the country, leaping the numerous fences, even if the deer were not all gone.

"Coon" hunts are over. Only a few sad-faced raccoons remain in this particular section of Illinois. The romantic gamble of a raccoon's life is gone; the winding, teeming river has sunk to a straight, monotonous creek. The romance of the chase is also removed because of the scarcity of game and because trespassing is no longer a common and inconsequential act. According to the Neelys, modern hunting is no satisfaction either, because the professional hunting dogs today are poorer companions than the older type used for raccoons and because the action today is limited and mechanical.

Trapping, too, is a lost art. Minks, muskrats, foxes, and all other fur-bearing animals are scarce—at least in their natural habitats. Nevertheless, the market prices have declined. Since both the sport and the profit are gone, trap-

ping has lost its attractiveness. Fishing is also beginning to disappoint its devotees. Draining, cleaning, and straightening of rivers have pushed the fish down into the larger rivers. Besides, less food—insects, small fish, and frogs—is available now that the land near the rivers is cultivated carefully. The young Neelys grow up now without any interest in fishing. They never see the frantic bending of a pole with a lithe, silvery channel catfish tugging at the end of the taut line. Instead of becoming carpenters in order to be free for their fishing, they now become accountants and conform their spare moments to their work.

Drawing the younger Neelys away from the land and simple activities has produced some marked differences between their speech and that of their fathers. The speech of the younger Neelys lacks the sparkle of exact expression that their Nature-loving ancestors had. They depend upon current colloquialisms for clever effects. One of the most peculiar changes has been in the use of profanity. The lazy Neely fishermen could swear good-naturedly, smoothly, and appropriately. It was a pleasure to hear them. But the younger Neelys curse hurriedly, awkwardly, and inopportunely. Graceful profanity seems to be a heritage from Nature alone.

And so, even though history relates that our frontier disappeared in 1890, with nation-wide social and economic effects, it is possible to give a little different definition to the word *frontier* and to say that our internal, local frontiers are still being pushed toward extinction. This process, too, has social and economic effects. Economists will analyze most of them. But some of the least-noticed results are these that have gradually broken down the traditions of the old Neely clan.

A Bellhop's Day at Sea

WILLIAM CASSELL

Theme 18, Rhetoric I, 1935-1936

DREAMS, horrible dreams, and then he feels a shake on the shoulder! It is five o'clock when he is awakened and looks up at the sleepy grin of the sly little Porto Rican night boy. Twenty-four men of as many different nationalities lurch out of their bunks—some in silence and others with a curse. He stumbles into his dungarees and climbs up the port alleyway after a bucket and a scrub brush. Having filled a bucket with hot water from the pantry, he falls to his knees in front of the starboard gunport on C deck. That fifty yards of linoleum seems to be miles long. His knees grow raw, his arms ache dully, sweat rolls into his sleepy eyes, and then he is finished. After he has finished the scrubbing it is time for him to wake the old lady from Peoria who wants to see one of those "divine tropical sunrises."

By this time it is seven o'clock, and he hurries down to the "Glory Hole" to clean up and get into his white duck "monkey suit." Then it is time to scurry forward after bananas, cereal, and coffee which a swarthy Cuban halfbreed sneeringly hands to him. He gulps this food down while standing in the alleyway with one eye on the Chief Steward's door and the other on the buzzer. There is a ring from the grouch in "twenty-four." He puts aside breakfast and the day begins. For an hour and a half he stands at attention at the doors of the saloon and then is off to polish brass. There is more exposed brass on a ship than in any other place in the world, as any sailor can tell you. The entire morning is spent answering occasional calls

and polishing innumerable pieces of brass.

With the sweltering tropical noon comes another vigil at the saloon doors, this time for two hours. At two-thirty the noonday meal, consisting of corned beef and cabbage, is eaten, with coffee or water for drink. The afternoon is a time of leisure with nothing for him to do but answer bells and run errands for the Second Steward. The Cruise Director is a source of much annoyance during the afternoon. He is continually ringing for something from the bar or for a message from his pal, the doctor. At four-thirty, there is an ear-splitting blast from the ship's whistle that sends him scurrying down to the "Glory Hole" after a life belt and from there to the boat deck and his fire station. Another signal sends him to the lifeboats. These are lowered away and worked back up in a most senseless and back-breaking manner.

At six o'clock he is again the polite young man who stands as if he had a ramrod up his back and takes the gentleman's hat as he enters the saloon. Three hours of straight-backed silence follow. The monotony of this period is sometimes broken by a sudden squall which sends him to the heavy brass port-holes which must be closed, or by an order from the Saloon Keeper which may send him to the bar at the stern of B deck. When nine o'clock finally drags around, it is time to eat a supper of the same monotonous corned beef and cabbage, with coffee or water and bananas. At ten o'clock, upon sight of the night boy's

grin, he wearily returns down the little iron stairs to a stifling bunk in the pitching "Glory Hole." Hardly stopping to undress, he is in the bunk and

sleeping as if dead, without a thought of the filth, the heat, the throb of the engines, or the hard lumpiness of the mattress.



Katy's Own Bedroom

EOLENE WATSON

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

THE third and fourth grades sat in the schoolroom that memorable second day of April, struggling heroically with the mysteries of penmanship. Long, inky spirals sprawled across the paper, following the round halting swing of Palmer's Arm Movement Method. From time to time, the teacher crooked an angular index finger over a long-suffering pencil and demonstrated patiently, "Now, this is the way it should be held; closely—it isn't going to get away from you."

The writing lesson scratched on, each struggling pupil wishing fervently for the ringing of the recess bell.

Suddenly through the outer stillness came the sharp Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling! of a different bell. The third and fourth grade looked up, terror and excitement mingled on their faces. It was the fire bell!

The teacher glanced out of the window and exclaimed softly. To the watchful pupils, it was apparent that the fire lay in that direction. In some strange

fashion—for certainly they had not been given permission—the third and fourth grades crept out of their seats and joined Miss Beal at the windows. They watched great clouds of smoke pile above the tree tops; great tongues of flame shot up and touched the topmost tip of smoke.

Before the window Katy Brown spoke importantly. "That looks like my house," she announced.

Miss Beal laughed. "It isn't in the right place for your house, Katy."

Someone knocked on the door. Miss Beal answered it, then drawing the door shut behind her, stood in consultation with someone outside.

"Do you s'pose it really *is* your house, Katy?" asked Janey Peters.

"Sure, it is." Katy was quite confident. "It's right in that direction, ain't it?"

"Gee!" breathed Fairy Jones, "our house never even caught on fire."

Miss Beal opened the door and came in, accompanied by one of the fifth grade

boys who lived in Katy's neighborhood. The two spoke in low tones, glancing up now and then, but carefully looking at no one in particular. A fourth grader nearby cocked an eavesdropping ear; suddenly he gasped and looked suspiciously at Katy. A tiny girl next to him leaned over and whispered in his ear; he nodded; the girl looked suspiciously at Katy. One by one the fourth graders whispered and looked suspicious until Katy began to feel very conspicuous. A tiny fear crept inside her brain and, lodging there, began to grow. Her room! the lovely room they had built for her on the new second floor of the house! She hadn't thought of that before. Why, it was the first real room she had ever had. If the house burned down it wouldn't be there any more. Suppose it were her house. It was in the right direction, even though those two trees in front of the fire looked as if they belonged to the house across the street. But the smoke was too tall for such a little house as the neighbor's house; the Brown house was tall like that—because it was just being built up to make two stories; why, it was ever so much taller.

Katy's eyes filled with tears. "That's our house," she said brokenly, "and I want to go home."

Miss Beal approached and stood Katy on the table. "Look," she said, pointing. "It surely isn't your house—it's probably the Pellet's house. Don't you think so?"

"It must be *our* house," remarked the fifth grader. "It looks like that's about where the fire is."

But Katy was stubborn. "It's our house," she insisted. "Your house ain't tall enough to make that much smoke."

Miss Beal regarded her a bit anxiously. "Perhaps you'd better walk down that way with Elmer," she decided finally,

"so you can find out which house it is."

Katy jumped off the table and, placing a confiding hand in Elmer's grimy paw, allowed herself to be led out of the schoolroom, proudly conscious of a fifth grader's honoring presence. Through the great hall which opened onto all the other grade rooms, and down the steps, Elmer and Katy walked out into the watery April sunshine.

Doubt played with belief in Katy's mind until they reached the street. Then it was evident that the fire was on the Brown's side of the street.

"It is our house!" she cried excitedly. "It is!"

"Looks like too far south for your house," scoffed Elmer. "Looks like the Sanger house to me."

"Ye-es, it does," admitted Katy. "C'mon, let's hurry up and find out for sure."

She tugged impatiently at Elmer's hand, hope singing in her heart. Maybe it wasn't their house after all. Her lovely room wouldn't be burned. The trunk she used as a dresser and all the new doll clothes (which used to be Petey's baby dresses) would still be there, and she could dress her doll as long as she wanted to.

But the fire wasn't as far south as the Sanger house. There wasn't a space between as there should have been. The wind had just shifted the fire and it looked like—Katy's heart fell with a dull, cold thud. There was no doubt about it now—they were near enough to see. Katy Brown's house was burning down. She dropped Elmer's hand and ran the last block of the way. Stopping on the street corner, she stood still and watched the fierce, hungry flames clamber around the roof and shoot out of the window of her first real bedroom.

A Day in the Pit

RALPH HALE

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

IT IS but a few minutes before half-past nine o'clock in the morning. Which day, with the exception of Sunday, makes little difference, for this is a story of the events which take place on every business day of the year—the story of the romance of the trading in wheat, the “staff of life,” and other grains.

This is my first day of work as a messenger for the Western Union Telegraph Company on the Exchange floor, otherwise called the “Pit,” of the great Chicago Board of Trade. For those who have never succumbed to one of those boring sightseeing tours of Chicago, I will attempt to describe the only interesting stop, the visit to the “Pit.”

The place is a great high-vaulted room on the second floor of the Chicago Board of Trade Building. From the room's high stained-glass windows one can see up the great canyon of LaSalle Street as far as the sewage-laden Chicago river at its end. The sides of this canyon are formed by the cloud-piercing buildings which house the offices of the great business magnates of the Middle-West. Many are the poor fools who, having been caught, twisted, and broken financially by the ruthless bands of these magnates, have taken the “shortest way out” by jumping either from the uppermost edges of the canyon or from the sides of the malodorous river at its end.

The pit is a vast enclosure, lighted on three sides by the high windows and by a stained glass skylight supported by thin, elaborately decorated iron pillars. On my left, as I pass through the side entrance, are great bulletin blackboards set high up on the wall, and beyond these,

in the northwest corner of the room, is a large railed-in space where are installed hundreds of telegraph keys of the Postal and Western Union Telegraph Companies. To the right, on the other side of the room, are two long rows of tables laden with neatly arranged paper bags half full of samples of the grain which is to be sold. The center of the floor is occupied by three huge, circular wooden platforms consisting of three steps around on the outside and four steps around on the inside. These are the pits, and one of them, twice as big as any of the others, is called the wheat pit.

Chicago is the largest grain-shipping center in the western hemisphere, and it is in this room that most of the grain grown in this country is bought and sold. It is in this same room that fortunes are often won and lost in but a few minutes and that men deal in sums from ten dollars to ten millions, with never a red cent changing hands.

As I watch, the great room quickly becomes crowded with men and boys. Pit traders take their customary positions about the pits; clerks and office boys rush back and forth with messages; telegraph messengers rush about peering questioningly into the faces of the brokers and shouting incoherently the names of those for whom they have messages. It is almost half-past nine. The clicking of the telegraph keys becomes an incessant staccato stridulation. The messengers move faster and shout more excitedly in their high-pitched adolescent voices. The throng of traders concentrates about the pits, and the noise of many voices, converging with the clickety-clack of the telegraph keys, the jangle

of telephones, and the shouting of the messengers, swells like a rising tide and reverberates from the high vaulted roof like the roll of distant thunder. One senses a feeling of high tension like that which precedes a storm; all seem to be waiting for some signal. As yet, no trading has started. All eyes are fixed on the slow-moving hands of the great clock on the wall. Suddenly the incessant drone is cut by the clear stroke of a huge gong. Bedlam breaks loose; the distant thunder is now about me. All seem to be shouting at each other at once; their hands are outstretched and shaken violently in each other's faces, faces that are flushed blood red from the excitement of the moment. Traders push and trample each other in their frantic efforts to secure the attention of those with whom they wish to deal. The constant shrill cries of the messengers are drowned out by the now deafening roar of the traders. The grain market has opened.

All trading here is done by means of signals with the hands and the shouting of the price desired, no cash ever being handled on the exchange floor, and no order to buy or sell ever being renounced. All transactions are made principally by "gentlemen's agreement," an agreement which is never broken. In trading, the hand extended palm out means that its owner wishes to sell and each finger extended means that five thousand bushels of that grain are offered for sale at the price shouted. The hand extended palm in means that its owner desires to buy grain in the amount signified by extended fingers and at the price quoted.

After the first mad rush to trade there comes a lull in trading and the brokers ease their high nervous strain by horseplay and sheer foolishness. A few brokers start a game of leap-frog with their

office boys and clerks and with some of the messengers who are taking advantage of their superiors' brief absence from the floor. Over near the windows several brokers are busy at their daily self-chosen task of feeding the ever-present pigeons with grain from the sample tables, while in a corner several brokers are deftly pouring grain inside the shirt and the pockets of a sleeping clerk. Another group of traders starts a circling tour of the pits, pulling out shirt-tails of their friends, who in turn bombard them with grain and paper wads. In front of me a paper glider, skillfully made and directed by a doddering old broker, crashes against the head of a startled trader.

Suddenly the pit becomes wildly active again, and the tumult becomes even greater than at the opening. Such bursts of activity happen frequently throughout the morning, and each one is caused by a rumor of a change in the visible supply and demand for grain. Such rumors always cause a mad rush by the brokers to take advantage of the prevailing price before it changes. A rumor of a probable low future supply of a grain will cause the price of that grain to go up. When such a rumor is found to be erroneous, the price will immediately drop and the unwary brokers lose heavily. Some traders find it to their advantage, for various technical reasons, to have a high price for grain, while others favor a low price for grain. The Bulls are those traders who buy huge amounts of grain in order to force the price up, and the Bears are those traders who sell heavily in order to force the price down.

The trading has steadily increased and the resulting din is deafening. Men and boys rush in all directions, each intent on his own task. The trading has now reached a feverish pitch, and each broker

in his excitement resembles a communist orator at a Red May-Day picnic. Suddenly the great gong rings again, the trading stops immediately, and the roar dies down to only the sound of murmuring voices as the traders begin to shuffle towards the exits. The grain market has closed. Quickly the great room empties and as the noon sun shines

through the stained-glass windows, reflecting a multitude of colors on a floor littered with scattered grain, apple parings, memoranda slips, and hundreds of telegrams, the last click of the telegraph keys dies away. The room is empty now except for a few old cats basking in the sunshine and some bold pigeons peck, peck, pecking at the scattered grain.



Price of Butter

ESTHER DONE

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

HE was a rather pathetic little figure with his absurdly small shoes, dirty white from contact with cement mixtures, and his tiny, blackened, calloused fingers. There was something of a child about his hazy blue eyes that little bits of gray in his hair denied. He was smiling absently, his dreamy gaze fixed in space. His thoughts—he seemed totally unaware of his unmatched trousers and coat hanging loosely about him, and the small ancient pocket-book held close in one hand—were distinctly in a world of his creating.

A grocer clerk suddenly appeared. "What is it for you, sir?"

He groped a moment, fumbling in confusion with the pocket book, and timidly demanded a pound of butter. What kind of butter? He didn't know. The clerk rapidly recited names in a harsh staccato

voice that only served to bewilder the little man further. His mind slowly absorbed the last name, and the butter was placed before him.

What else? He hesitated guiltily before asking for a package of "Luckies." Two? He thought carefully, wondering what to tell Elizabeth if he bought two. His lips, nervously shaping the word, whispered, "Two." The clerk threw them on the counter. Pocketing them hastily, he fumbled in the depths of the pocket book, finally producing a neatly folded dollar bill.

The change, efficiently returned to him, was absently dropped into the purse. He walked slowly toward the door, his eyes vaguely troubled. Suddenly they brightened. He'd tell her the price of butter was up.

Soda Jerker

R. H. COLVIN

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

ARCHIE kept on polishing a glass. He did not bother to turn around or even turn his head; he merely glanced my way and said, "So you're the new fountain boy, are ya?" Thus he acknowledged our introduction and indicated that no more need be said. There were no questions about my experience, previous employment, residence, or the like. He took my ability for granted. In fact, he seemed to take everything and everybody for granted. "This tap is Griesdark, this one Light Lager; bottled beer here; the pumps are coke—cherry, lemon, orange, chocolate, vanilla, lime, simple, and root beer. Don't pay any 'tention to the labels—all wrong. Anything ya don't know, as' me." That was all.

Orders were being barked in faster and faster. Archie never hurried, but drinks were put up with incredible ease and swiftness. The pudgy white fingers of his left hand would pick up five coke glasses and swing them along as his right hand hopped rhythmically from pump to pump. He squirted, dipped, and stirred with the facility acquired only by years of practice. Yet soda dispensing seemed beneath Archie. All his movements were made with a studied carelessness. As he worked, he held his head erect and, through half-closed eyelids, watched the passing stream of people with the indifference of a person looking for someone who never comes. Although apparently unconscious of my presence, he would seem to sense my indecision and at just the right moment would softly suggest, "Use number twelve dipper," or "Top with whip' cream an' cherry."

Whenever the rush slackened, Archie

would roll up his sleeves another fold, adjust the tiny black tie almost hidden by his chin, and, leaning against the back-bar, pensively rub his chin, where a self-inflicted shave had almost missed a fold. The ludicrously small fountain hat, perched precariously on the back of his head where the hair was thicker, was turned first to one side, then the other, but never straight ahead. Whenever Archie drank a beer, which was oftener than occasionally, he did not stoop low behind the fountain and gulp it quickly, as others did. Not Archie! He always stood erect behind the exact middle of the fountain and quaffed calmly with manifest pleasure. I tried the spot later and found that the double posts in front admirably hid it from the cashier's cage and Mr. Paine's desk. Once Archie suddenly turned and said, "Thirsty, Bud?" (Every boy was "Bud" to Archie.) "Here's a mistake." He did not know that I had watched him mix the "mistake" and that I knew it was never meant for a customer.

Late in the afternoon a flashily-dressed, shifty-eyed man came in and sidled over to Archie's counter. He talked quickly in a muffled voice for some time. I got close enough to hear that the conversation was about horses. One look at Archie's waistline convinced me that his equestrian interest was not in riding. When the man left, Archie began to swear in a low voice, but vehemently, and did not stop until Mr. Paine came around. In answer to Mr. Paine's question about my "catching on," Archie's expressive "Uh huh" seemed to me to be perfect. Archie never said

"yes, sir" or "no, sir" to Mr. Paine—or to anybody. He always talked in a well modulated voice and with an intimate manner. Everything he said was "confidential" and "inside dope," and his

audience always listened with due respect. After Mr. Paine had gone, Archie waved me away with an authoritative gesture, saying, "Better eat, Bud. Get back at seven."

Man With the Cap

ANONYMOUS

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

IT IS very rarely indeed that I take a violent dislike to anyone. For him, however, I've felt something akin to real loathing. The first time I saw him standing before me—inclining his head humbly, shifting his cold eyes, and smiling that secretly triumphant little smile of his—I felt uncomfortable. As time went on, my first impression remained with me. There was something about him that frightened me—and still frightens me, although I can not explain it.

His age might be anywhere from forty-five to sixty-five. His movements are slow and painful, and when he walks, there is nothing so definite as a hobble or a shuffle, but there is a subtle suggestion of both. He doesn't move as an old man; he merely moves as if he dreaded leaving one thing for the next.

I might be able to sympathize with him if his slowness and humility didn't give the impression of being so premeditated and studied; sometimes I do try to remember that his life has been hard, that he is without friends, that he isn't a young man any longer, and that probably he is a human being; but then I see his eyes—almost pupilless, grey-blue, slightly off-center, I see his almost im-

perceptible smile, half-sneer, and I shudder and forget my sympathy.

Even before I knew him I had an aversion to caps. An old grey cap is always on his head, pulled down to his ears. He wears it as if he considers it a point of etiquette never to appear without it. After a few months I found myself wondering if he had any hair, and if he didn't, what was the matter with his bald head. It became an obsession with me to want to take his cap off.

When he talks, he mumbles even more laboriously than he works. Slowly, importantly, with impressive pauses, he mumbles. "What you ought to do—is to get a piece of cloth—and some turpentine—and then ya—," and his voice loses itself in his shuffle. He never speaks of the weather, of his past, of politics, or of people. He only says, "What ya oughtta do—." For almost three years now he has been doing odd jobs for us, and the rest of the family have discovered that he is honest and conscientious, and they tolerate him. I have no real reason to dislike him—yet I am somehow repelled by that Uriah Heep humility, that old cap, that shuffle, that sneer, those cold eyes, and the mumbled "What ya oughtta do—."

The Sketch Book

(Material written in *Rhetoric I and II*)

HE is a funny man, my uncle, old and tottery, bald and toothless, but he has the grace of old age.

—WILMA NEWCOMB

He finished his sentence with a flourish similar to that of a child who has just spelled "cat" correctly for a fault-finding aunt.

—JEAN SCHULTE

I enjoy working with a professor, but never for him.

—EMILY DEWHIRST

I come from the Calumet Region, where 400,000 workers struggle to turn out more steel, to refine more oil, or to ship more trains. These people, my neighbors, are, in some way, constantly trying to produce something. I like such industry in people. To me the sound of dinner buckets slapping against oil-soaked pants is music. To me the scraping of steel-mill shoes on the streets means America is moving forward.

—BOB STEWART

Let us stop and watch this pair of sawyers; they have gotten a good start on the tree, and we will not have long to wait to see it fall. Look how rhythmically, how gracefully the men sway back and forth as they slide the slender strip of steel through the tree trunk. The saw slushes and zings as it eats through the wood.

—RAYMOND POLLARD

The lights on the bridge were reflected back to us from the water—they looked like tinfoil icicles dripping from shimmering baubles on a Christmas tree.

—VIRGINIA STOTT

The mass of animated shorthand outlines under the microscope was taken from a culture of spiral bacteria.

—VIRGINIA STOTT

You never handed in a theme to him that came back within a week. And when it finally was returned, it reeked of tobacco and was never marked above ninety.

—V. H. MUNNECKE, JR.

The wrestler had ears like dried apricots.

—HOMER SCHILDBORG

. . . . a sagging cemetery fence, crippled with rust.

—JUANITA SKELTON

As I entered the kitchen Monday morning, Aunt Maude hurriedly wiped her water-withered hands on her apron, pushed the washtub into a corner, brushed back her coarse grey hair, tried to pull her dress down to cover her long slip, offered me a chair, and apologized for her appearance.

—LUCILE HIESER

CHURCH INCIDENT

Old Mark Hand, in baggy grey trousers and a dark blue serge coat, tottered out of the church auditorium. Presently he could be heard fumbling in the basement. When the minister was well started on his usual long prayer, Mark shook the furnace grate, and a few minutes later returned complacently to his seat at the rear of the auditorium.

—LUCILE HIESER

AN OLD BOOK

The cover is a faded, subdued tomato-red, and the title letters are dull, yellow gold. Time-battered, with frayed edges, the covering is soft and yielding as an old shoe. Aging yellow pages turn loosely in broken binding; dog-eared and pencil-scarred, they pile into matronly bulk. Ink-dimmed print makes placid lines across old leaves.

—WARREN HENNING

. . .

FROM AN APARTMENT WINDOW

Fog, faint and immobile, softens the gaunt, grim lines of the city; smoke pours in sallow billows from a towering concrete smokestack, acrid to the nostrils, lending a sickly, oily taste to the dank atmosphere; soot falls like black snowflakes, besmirching the gray windowsills, the rough, tar-coated roofs, and the damp, pale pavement below. A yellow bus rattles by, ripping the thin layer of water from its path, and a railroad whistle shrieks intermittently to break the prevailing silence. Behind a row of dirty, wood and stone buildings, a gas-storage tank rises, like some gaunt, gray, dripping Roman tomb, fog-dimmed, against the sky.

—MORTON PROUTY

. . .

DUST

Heat poured from the chalky pavement as the August sun sank, blazing, dull red, into a dust-bank in the west. Yellow powder sifted through the atmosphere; soft winds bore it into every crack and corner, casting a layer of silt on the woodwork and furniture. Drab leaves, once green with the new growth of spring, hung, withered and dust-laden, their veins outlined in the pale, death-dealing yellow silt that spelled but one word—DROUTH.

A man was coming home from work.

His dusty overalls, his sweaty shirt, caked with yellow clay, and his weather-beaten hat denoted a day in the open. His face was deep-lined and dust-streaked, not with the lines of despair, of weariness of soul, but with intense weariness of body overcome by a boundless supply of nervous energy, which, even at the end of the day, seemed to lift his feet with a spring and radiate hope from his face. His nostrils burned with the dust; his eyes were full of it; it rustled with the dead leaves as he passed; it rose in fierce vagrant whirlwinds from the pavement; it coated his tongue with its fine tasteless envelope, and it ground into the pores between his sweaty fingers. But he was going home; tomorrow would be a new day; it would be hot and dry with dust carried on dead winds, but it would be another day.

—MORTON PROUTY

. . .

BUSINESS OFFICE

In this place one hears the rhythmic t-clink, t-clink, t-clink of the mimeograph machines, smells the penetrating fumes of alcoholic cleaning solution, hears the taffeta swish of paper being slipped sheet by sheet from piles neatly arranged in rows around the table, the gentle tap, tap as they are knocked down, and then the finished book is slapped into place on the stack, the jangling crunch of the stapler, the grinding r-r-rrr, r-r-rrr of the address-o-graph, with an occasional murmur of voices and now and then the telephone jingling in. —RUTH M. GARVIN

. . .

LOCKER ROOM

Quiet . . . distant murmur of husky voices growing louder . . . click of cleats on cold cement . . . banging of locker doors being opened . . . pungent odor of wintergreen and alcohol

. . . . soft pad of bare feet sup-
pressed gasps as knowing hands prod
injured muscles sudden splash of
needle-like showers babble of
voices drifting through steam-laden air
. . . . Lifebuoy, Palmolive, Ivory
occasional snatches of song voices
gradually dying out showers
turned off one by one slap of wet
feet on cold floor banging lockers
. . . . murmur of voices growing more
indistinct drip, drip, drip of
showers quiet. —JAMES COMEFORD

. . . .

VERMILION RIVER NIGHT

There was midnight to the right and
midnight to the left, and the only path
of exit lay ever just ahead in the gorge
of lighter night sky between the dark
trees bordering the river.

Overhead a thousand silent and uncon-
cerned stars went about their business.
The young moon rode low near the hori-
zon. Occasionally she dipped downward
into the ripples of our wake and danced
a while; but her too slender shimmer-
ing form gave no light and served only
to make our surroundings the darker.

From the town far, far down-stream
came faint strains of a steam calliope at
a skating rink; but there on the river
muffled silence struck at us from all
sides while we struck back with the com-
forting splash of the oars and the
“swish-swish” of the prow cutting the
water.

Endlessly we glided onward until the
rescuing forces of the town’s lights
melted the darkness away and sent it
slinking back up the river for other
victims.

—R. C. SUTHERLAND

SILVER THE MOON

Silver the moon on the shifting sea,
Silver the pine’s pale dart,
Silver the world shines over me,
But dull grey lead, my heart.

Fragile the cloud, a wandering wisp,
Veiling the sky’s wide scope,
Frail the brown leaves, with the
autumn crisp,
More fragile a thing is hope.

—HELEN SHAILER

After Twenty Years

ANONYMOUS

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

AT exactly four o'clock on Monday morning, the alarm beside Minnie Addis' sturdy brass bed banged out its turbulent good-morning. Minnie pushed a reluctant arm from beneath the covers, and reaching out into the darkness, tapped down the button of the alarm. The clock gave a last weak ti-ing, then settled back to its original function.

Minnie threw back the covers and stepped gingerly out onto the harsh softness of the rag rug; stretching on tip-toe, she felt about in the darkness, then turned on the light. She removed the hairbrush support from the window, closing the sash, and began to dress briskly, selecting clean garments from the well-filled dresser drawers. A cap from the rod beside the mirror covered her kid-curlers—Minnie was dressed.

She made the bed swiftly, sweeping the covers up and smoothing them down to wrinkle-less perfection. Minnie did not scoff at the healthful; she merely ignored it: beds were never to be seen unmade—to air a bed was unheard of.

After plumping up the pillows and turning out the light, the woman went out into the living room.

Blackie, grown corpulent with good food and a tepid existence, bounced off the couch and leaped against his mistress. Minnie opened the front door and let the dog out into the cold. She straightened a rug, scuffed in the darkness, and started toward the bed-room opposite her own. Suddenly she stopped, realizing that there was no purpose in going further. Dad was dead! It was no longer necessary that she go in to draw the covers up about her father's

milky-white beard, or to pull down the blind so that the early sun would not awaken him. Only yesterday she and Alfred, her brother, had returned from the funeral to the empty house. The faint odor of carnations still lingered about the living room. Minnie brushed a tear from her leathery cheek, and went out into the kitchen.

As she busied herself about breakfast, frying the sausages, and cutting thick slices of cheap baker's bread, she heard Alfred moving about in the next room, snapping his suspenders in place, and clumping his heavy feet to the floor as he tied his shoes.

"Breakfast ready?" he asked, hurrying into the kitchen.

"You'll have time to fill the boiler," said Minnie. "I have to set the table and make the gravy."

Al put on his overall cap and heavy sheepskin coat, and went out to start the fire in the washhouse.

Minnie poured milk into the hot spattering grease, and stood stirring it. She wondered inarticulately if Al would say anything more about herself and Harry Phillips. During all the long dreary years she and Harry had been "keeping company" she had felt Al's silent disapproval. Al worked, and he had no use for an able-bodied man who sat about on bread boxes and spun yarns—a man who lived on scraps because he couldn't find the particular work he was "suited to."

On the other hand, Minnie wasn't sure how she felt about Harry. He'd been coming to see her for so long that there was no particular thrill in being with him now. But women who have

reached forty-five didn't thrill much anymore. There was only a sense of comfort—the comfort which arises from the continuation of a long-established habit. All those twenty years, she and Harry had not married because her father did not approve. She had rebelled with all the inherited ferocity of her old veteran father, but he had gradually worn down her resistance with his continued scorn for “that blankety-blank, good fer nothin’ mule yarn-spinner, who wouldn’t do a tap of work to save his soul.” There wasn’t much incentive to marry a man who had no home for her, and whom she probably would have to support. So Minnie had given in, and the rebellion sank into calm acceptance; the Sunday evening calls of her admirer became merely another portion of her well-ordered routine.

Even the death of the fiery old man, last of the town’s Civil War veterans, had not freed his daughter; before his passing, he had called his son and daughter into his room and had told them the terms of his will: if Minnie never married, she could stay on and keep house for Al; if she married, she would have to leave.

Matters could not remain as they were—Alfred had told her that yesterday, when they came home from the funeral. He had said simply, “You’ll have to choose between me and Harry Phillips, Minnie. I won’t have him around.”

The dog scratched on the door, whining to be let in. Startled, Minnie discovered that the gravy was thickening. She finished it hastily, and poured it out into a bowl. Al came in from the out-of-doors and splashed and spluttered at the sink, while Blackie, who had followed him in, watched the completion of breakfast with anxiety, waiting to be fed.

Minnie put the gravy on the table,

and poured the strong steaming coffee into the thick white cups. Having put the sausage in front of Al’s plate, and replenished the great maw of the range with cobs, she announced briefly, “Breakfast’s ready, Al.”

The meal was eaten in comparative silence; Al asked for more gravy and coffee, but he made no comment concerning the question uppermost in Minnie’s mind.

When breakfast was finished, Al went to the wash house to keep up the fire, while Minnie did the housework; after that, she donned an old jersey sweater and went out to wash. Two huge clothes baskets sat on the shelf, the Landley’s and her own washing, all to be done and hung out before seven-thirty.

Minnie worked swiftly, sorting the clothes, and starting the sheets in the first machineful. While the garments rubbed, Minnie braved the raw cold, and hung the flapping white pieces on the line. Her hands numb in the wind, Minnie thought of Harry and remembered grimly that she would probably have to take in washings every day if she married him.

At seven-fifteen, the washing was all hung out, giving her brother time to empty the tubs while Minnie dressed. Al was going to make a business trip that morning, so he would take her to work.

When they reached the post-office, where Minnie did part-time duty, Fannie, the post mistress, was already there, sweeping out cigarette stubs and mud through the narrow door.

“Hello!” she called. “You’re all dressed up, Al. Going out of town?”

“He’s going to Fayetteville on business,” said Minnie, stepping down from the car. “Something about a bad check.”

Minnie went in and took off her wraps while Fannie finished sweeping. Soon

afterwards the mail came, and both women busied themselves in the first rush of the day.

An hour later the mail was "up," and Minnie and Fannie settled down to the usual routine: a stamp to be sold, a package to be weighed, and always the books to be kept. Minnie, watching the street from her post behind the stamp window, saw Harry strolling down the street, his empty pipe cupped in the palm of his hand. He was going into McNary's store to spend the day. Minnie could picture him now as he always sat, sprawled out on the bench beside the stove, saying nothing unless spoken to.

Once Minnie heard two small boys laughing about Harry. The night before, they had teased him until he had told them about his mules, the wonderful white mules whose legendary performances had become the Paul Bunyan tale of the countryside.

"He said they wuz so smart," said one of the youngsters, "that when he wanted ta sleep, he could leave 'em plowin'. When they come to a corner, they'd unharness theirselves, go back, pick up the plow with their teeth, turn it around, harness theirselves back up again, and go on plowin'."

Minnie's face turned a dull red as she sorted letters. Her common sense was shocked again, though she had heard the story countless times.

At noon, Minnie went home to a meager lunch of tea and crackers. Al was not there, but the clothes had to be taken down, and thawed out, so that they would be dry when the Landleys came after them.

On her way back to the post-office, Minnie reflected that Harry would probably come to see her that evening. He had not said so; in fact, she had not

spoken to him since a week ago Sunday, but he always came when anything unusual happened. Minnie supposed that tonight he would ask her again to marry him. She had no idea what she would say.

All afternoon Minnie worked and wondered. Fannie, the all-curious, tactfully asked no questions; she had heard from her neighbor that Minnie's father had forbidden her to marry. How the neighbor had found out that story, Fannie did not know (Minnie never talked about her affairs to outsiders), but neighbors have a way of putting two and two together and getting more than four out of them.

When Minnie went home that evening, she was still at a loss as to what answer she would give Harry. She got supper for Al, and was just finishing the dishes when her caller came. Al let him in, and the two sat in silence before the stove. Minnie could sense Al's animosity, but she knew Harry had no hard feelings toward Al—he didn't have enough energy for that.

Minnie finished up, removed her apron, and went into the living room.

Without comment, Al went into the kitchen. Minnie sat down in Al's chair and faced Harry.

"Nice evening," she remarked.

Harry puffed on his empty pipe. "Yep," he agreed, "real nice."

The two lapsed into silence. Minnie folded her hands and stared at the stove. He'd ask her pretty soon now. She waited patiently.

"Uh—Minnie—" Harry took the pipe out of his mouth. "How's about you and me gittin' married?"

Minnie hesitated.

"We could live here with Al," Harry continued. "You could cook fer us both,

and mebbe I could get some work I'm suited for."

Suddenly Minnie knew what to say—there wasn't any choice at all: Harry intended to move in here and live off Al and herself. He wasn't even trying to make a home for her, and Al would never tolerate his presence here. For the first time in twenty years, she understood Harry. She wasn't going to cook and scrub the rest of her life for a lazy good-for-nothing whose only ambition was to spin yarns, and who would expect her to keep his pipe filled.

The blood of the old veteran father

rose in Minnie's veins. "I'm sorry, Harry," she said. "Al told me to choose between you and him. It's Al, Harry. He works for what he gets."

"Well, if that's tha way you feel about it after twenty years—"

The two stood up awkwardly.

Minnie handed him his hat. "Good-by, Harry," she said firmly.

Harry went out into the night. Through the window, Minnie could see him silhouetted against the street light, his hand cupped about the empty bowl of his pipe.



Rugged Individuality

DAVID M. CHECKLEY

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

ORIGINALITY is the ability to see; individuality is the manifestation of originality in a person who has the courage to be different. The individualist, or rather the sincere non-conformist, recognizes certain conventions, by which his fellows submissively abide, as useless, and disregards them as such. He does, however, respect the opinions of his more compliant brothers, and he is careful not to offend them by his actions.

His conclusions are always well reasoned; he never acts impulsively. In contrast to originality there are fancy and intrigue, from which spring eccentricity. The eccentric or "different" person is not concerned with the social utility of the rules he violates, but only with the impression which his bizarre actions effect upon others. Nor does he consider the susceptibilities of his fellows; he offends others needlessly and

cruelly. Individuality is utilitarian and reasoned; eccentricity, motivated or no, is selfish and affected.

Personalities are wheels; they revolve about centers, or philosophies, or ideals, or souls, or whatsoever you may wish to call them. Now most people revolve on a common axis, and so do people who have genuine individuality. The only difference between the ordinary person and the individualist is that the latter revolves on a greater scale—his radius is longer and thus his circumference encloses more things; his personality is bigger. Breadth gives perspective; therefore the individualist easily distinguishes between the absurd and the estimable, and he proceeds to set things aright by disregarding the ineffectual conventions to which his fellows blindly conform. The eccentric personality revolves, as its name implies, upon a different axis; it has a different purpose. It is in discord with the rest of mankind. It is never larger, yet often smaller than the ordinary personality. Its incongruity is obvious because of its lack of symmetry and consonance. It irritates; it protrudes; it offends.

There is the critic and there is the cynic—both different, both unamiable; yet one has individuality and the other no more than a bad nature. The sincere critic finds our faults and shows them to us, not for his own satisfaction, but for our good. He does not offend ruthlessly. He has reasons for his criticisms; they are expressions of his judgment after careful consideration. His perception is more just because he is a greater man, because he can see more clearly. He has individuality. But the cynic—his criticisms are really animadversions, unreasonable in their exposure of faults. The cynic delights in fault-finding. His deriding statements and

caustic comments do more harm than good; they discourage, they embitter, they depress the recipient. His pleasure is not confined to finding faults; he loves to expose them. The cynic loves to see his prey cringe beneath his condemnatory finger. Moreover, the cynic does not trouble himself to find really reprehensible faults; he picks at anything that does not please him. The critic is useful; the cynic is disgusting.

Individuality and its imitator, eccentricity, are particularly evident among artists, for the artist must have originality in one form or another; he must be "different." The true artist puts individuality into his work. His work has meaning; it has depth; it is reasoned. Although it may not always appear to be significant to those who see it, sincere art is not intended to offend, and if it is bizarre it is not the intention of the artist that it be so interpreted. The pseudo-artist, who has no innate individuality, seeks recognition by being eccentric in both his work and his behavior. He mimics the style of the real artist and, after adding a few meaningless flourishes, he calls his work original. This is evidenced by the disgusting deluge of modernistic art in the last few decades. But even more obvious than their hypocrisy in art is the erratic behavior of these artists. They violate social rules and conventions of long standing for no better reason than to attract attention. The Bohemian acts without rhyme or reason. He has no consideration for the feelings of others. But he gets the coveted attention, although it is more often notoriety.

But now for a less striking, yet more prevalent example of pseudo-individuality, the ordinary person who, for vanity's sake, tries to be different. He, like the artist, disregards conventions solely to

gain the admiration of his fellows. He hopes to get recognition for his courage rather than for his sagacity; therefore he is careless as to the utility of the rules he transgresses. He has bad taste in clothes, but his non-conformity gets attention. He talks loudly and without reason, but he is heard. He does things which no one else would so much as think of doing, but he always has some rationalization, however fallacious, for his behavior. He is forever offending those about him—asking them embarrassing questions, exposing their frailties with impudent frankness. Thus such an individual brushes aside all the conventions of civilized society for his own selfish interest. Such a person never gets the admiration he desires, but only ridicule and repulsion.

But then there are those whom we may pardon, those whose eccentricities are no more than the idiosyncrasies of genius. Such persons are so bound up in their own interests that they do not realize their transgressions. They are blind to convention and thus do not abide by the usual mores. They set up their own standards, and if their practices conflict with the ordinary usages it is no concern of theirs. It is true that the possession of idiosyncrasies does not give a person real individuality, yet since the person who has idiosyncrasies is usually brilliant in other fields, and since the unconformities are unconscious rather than motivated, his offense is pardonable. Nevertheless, the highly specialized person or the genius is eccentric rather than individualistic, for he is unbalanced and narrow, while the individualist is symmetrical and broad.

Few people are really qualified to be affirmed individualists, for the affirmed individualist is essentially a reformist, and a reformist must have judgment su-

perior to that of the masses. The person who actively rebels against the existing order is undoubtedly a reformer, since his intentions are, or at least should be, to call to the attention of others their folly in submitting to foolish, antiquated customs. In taking the part of the leader, as he does, he assumes that his judgment is superior. Therefore his realm of experience, from which he draws his conclusions, must be greater than those of his fellows. Furthermore, the affirmed individualist must have, as we have previously shown, a clearer outlook on life; he must be more intelligent. Thus only the best of men are really competent to criticise our customs, to disregard our conventions, or to create new ones.

Although not every man is competent to judge the world and to condemn it brazenly for yielding to convention, every man is obligated to make certain decisions for himself, to set up his own philosophy, and to form his own opinions. Every man is bound to judge between right and wrong, and he may exercise his individuality by altering the popular conceptions to fit his own ideas. In making his decisions he must consider the rights of others, and he must reach his conclusions by sound reasoning. Each man must have his own philosophy, which he himself must formulate by careful reasoning. Every man must be an individual, but the leadership must be left for those greater men, those who are competent to judge, to condemn, and to correct.

This practice of disregarding and criticizing conventions is a dangerous one, for it is difficult to ascertain whether the conventions in question are really wrong. Most conventions and customs are not mere arbitrary rules written by some disinterested person, but rules that have grown out of years, yes, even cen-

turies of experience—of trial and error. They are, therefore, for the most part intrinsically sound, though not wholly unimpeachable. As for those that are admittedly antiquated and useless, it is difficult to know how to correct them without pulling others down with them.

Our system is so complex and so involved that any move, any reform is dangerous.

So when we are asked if we are men or mice, it is well to consider before answering, for many who would call themselves men are but fools.

What's Wrong with the American High School?

ELIZABETH SHATTUCK

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

IT was Class Day—the day of days for our graduating class; the day when we made speeches, told jokes on one another, related the history of our high school adventures, and bequeathed our various virtues and vices to the undergraduates in a solemn Last Will and Testament. Parents, friends, and relatives crowded the auditorium; there were too many for the six hundred seats, and the younger people perched on window sills and leaned against the walls. This was the hour they doted on, for their dear ones, even if they didn't get a chance to perform, would be mentioned by name at least three times during the program—publicity indeed rare! We took our places on the platform, and waited for the curtain to be pulled. Excited whispers and nervous giggles now and then broke the awful calm that had settled over us. At last the curtains parted and jerked hesitatingly to the sides of the stage. As the applause waned, I rose and walked unsteadily to the center of the platform. Then, with heart beating wildly, and breath coming

hard, and knees quivering, I stammered through the salutatory address. With what tremendous relief I gasped out those last words—"Again, we bid you welcome"—and returned to my place! Janice Maxwell, my best friend, was the valedictorian. Finally she rose to deliver her address, forgot it after the first sentence, was prompted—remembered, and proceeded to the end.

When we had sufficiently glowed and preened under the fond eulogies of our friends, Janice and I went to her home to talk the whole business over. We had a wonderful time for a half hour or so re-enacting our afternoon's performances. I got up and began to repeat my speech in a weak, trembling falsetto, with legs shaking so that I could scarcely stand, while Janice went off into spasms of laughter. Then she rose and, in a pompous voice, began "It is with great joy and a deep feeling of gratitude that we have come here today. However . . . however . . . ahem . . . however . . . " And then we both fell on the bed and laughed and laughed until

our stomachs ached and our eyes streamed with tears. When we had finally relieved ourselves of all our pent-up excitement, we began to talk a little more seriously about what high school had done for us and what we were going to do now that we were graduated.

"Heavens," Janice said. "If we're the smartest kids in the class, I feel sorry for the rest of them. I don't know anything, do you?"

Well, I had to agree that I didn't know very much either. I had studied at one time or another during the four years a little history, a little Latin, a fair amount of mathematics, a little chemistry, a little biology, and a little of English and American literature. But I didn't feel that I had any real knowledge of any of these things. The only thing I was sure of was that I had learned to run a typewriter and to write shorthand. This knowledge was very valuable, but it had been scarcely the purpose for which I had spent four years in high school. Janice's curriculum had been even more varied because she hadn't complied with college preparatory requirements. We didn't try to figure out why we hadn't learned much, except to remark that we both had the disgustingly convenient type of mind that understands rather readily, is easily crammed with information which it holds long enough for an examination, and then, just as conveniently, releases it all, leaving scarcely a trace. We decided that probably our classmates who had worked harder for their grades got more out of school than we did. And there our discussion ended.

Five years have passed since then. Now I have come to the University to make one last valiant attempt for an education. Janice is married and has joined the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The problem of what was wrong with my high school education recurred to me often during those five years, and I tried in a vague sort of way to solve it. I did hate to admit that failure to profit from four years of secondary schooling was due entirely to myself. Now I have studied the school systems of England, France, and Germany, and I have begun to see the light.

If I had been given the opportunity to study only one subject during the four years of my secondary education, I feel I would have received a more valuable education than I did. My curriculum led me to a dozen different subjects, but I never secured more than an introduction to any one before I was whisked away to something entirely different. The result, of course, was a smattering of elementary knowledge, "a superficial and unrelated half-knowledge of everything," and this seems to me to be one of the gravest faults of our American system. If the subjects taught were limited to, let us say, five, or even four, and the same subjects were studied by every student for the entire period, then there would be some chance for a certain mastery of knowledge. It wouldn't matter, particularly, what subjects were taught. English, history, mathematics, a modern language, and a science would be a logical selection. But a concentration on a limited field of study would afford a means of mental development which can never be gained from a mere elementary knowledge in many fields. The practical-minded American weighs education in terms of dollars and cents, and, in an attempt for a quick turn-over, mixes a liberal curriculum with a vocational one, trying to learn a little of everything. That is just exactly what he does: he learns a little of everything—and nothing of anything. In other words,

he loses sight of the value of "education for its own sake." To me, education stands for mental development; if this is accomplished, the desired social and economic advantages will follow as a natural consequence.

In order to secure mastery of knowledge, it will be necessary not only to restrict the curriculum, but to plan it. My history courses in high school present a horrible example of what can happen under the present system. When I was a freshman I studied ancient history; when I was a senior I studied American history. That constitutes my historical knowledge. And now I am forced to look very stupid in my English literature class when the professor asks who the Cavaliers were, or what basis Byron had for writing so scathingly about George III in "The Vision of Judgment"; or when my French instructor asks to which war a story in the reader refers when it mentions "l'invasion de 1815, une fameuse bataille." I am not the only sufferer, by any means, for there are not more than two out of a class of thirty who do not squirm uncomfortably as soon as an instructor attempts to connect a piece of literature with an historical or political event. Most of them haven't studied the history of the country in question, and those who have aren't capable of making any use of their information because it has been presented to them as a single unit, a piece of information complete in itself, absolutely apart from anything else they might know.

The French lycée and German gymnasium provide the best examples of curriculum planning in the world today. The secondary school period in France is seven years long, and the minimum number of years that any subject may be studied is four. French language, lit-

erature, and history must be studied for the entire period. The courses are arranged in logical sequence; for example, ancient history is studied during the first year, medieval history during the second, modern world history for the next two years. During the fourth year a detailed study of French history is begun, and this study is continued through the final three years. Each new year begins with a short review of the material studied previously and the work proceeds from that point. A subject which cannot be divided chronologically follows the same rule, with each year's study intended to increase the knowledge of facts and to broaden the viewpoint of the student. In any case, the work is always based on that which has preceded it. It is a simple, logical arrangement of curriculum, so simple, in fact, that it is hard to understand why it is not universally accepted.

Here I must digress for a moment to pay my profound respects to the French nation for its excellent teaching of the mother tongue. In no other nation is the native language written or spoken so beautifully, and this superiority is due entirely to the school system. Every examination, whether it be in history, literature, mathematics, or science, is graded, first of all, on the correctness, clarity, and conciseness of the French grammar. If a student writes a geography examination in which the scientific data are absolutely accurate but the paper is poorly written, it will be discarded as worthless.

What a contrast to the teaching of English in the American public school! Fortunately, I attended a parochial grammar school for three years, and my instructor for the seventh and eighth grades realized the value of a knowledge of English. She spent the entire after-

noon every day pounding rules of grammar into our heads. The rules haven't stuck, but I can spell more or less accurately, and have a certain sense for the sound of correct English. My friend, whom I mentioned in my introduction, was not so fortunate as I, having graduated from a public school, which placed no more emphasis on the language than it did on geography or arithmetic. When we had to write speeches for the Class Day program, I was allowed to write my own, bad as it was, while she was forced to rely on an instructor to compose a bit of flowery oratory for her. There was no course in high school to help us perfect our meager knowledge of the language, no course in which essay writing was important; in fact, I can't remember ever having written an essay in high school. This deplorable neglect of our language results in what we see about us every day: college students who can neither speak nor write the language correctly, who cannot spell the simplest of words.

I believe I was speaking of sequence, of what a simple, logical thing it is, and of how effectively the French system has put it to work. The Germans have done it just as successfully. They have gone even further in planning a sensible curriculum by achieving a horizontal as well as a vertical coördination of material. That is, they try so to plan the work of a student that he may relate his study of one subject to that of another. This plan works especially well with the study of literature and history. The teachers meet once a month and plan the work to be covered in the following period. Thus, a student studies eighteenth century history and eighteenth century literature at the same time and is able to relate one to the other, to see

the effect of one upon the other. In the American school, the student may study ancient history and modern literature at the same time. There is no effort to coördinate the material. Thus the American high school graduate has not learned to use his knowledge; to associate it with new things which he encounters; to understand; to think. He has possession of a few disjointed facts of this, that, and the other, but he has no power to put them together to form a whole body of knowledge.

My high school experience has left some rather disturbing notions in my mind about teachers. The English teachers were the worst. Perhaps the fact that they always had to divide their time between the teaching of physical education and English had something to do with it. The most dreadful example was the one who spent a whole year making us memorize insignificant details of the lives of English authors. She actually seemed to consider it more important that we know that Charles Dickens suffered from an inflammation of the left foot in 1867, which developed into erysipelas, and that he died on June 9, 1870, from an apoplectic fit, than that he wrote *A Tale of Two Cities* or *David Copperfield*. She is probably an exceptionally bad example of what may come from that kind of training which places the emphasis on methods and theories of teaching regardless of whether or not the prospective teacher knows *what* to teach. She did accomplish her purpose, for we did memorize all the ridiculous details which she required of us, but her purpose was absurd.

Of course, there are comparatively few standards to be met in this country to secure a high school teaching job. The Illinois law requires fifteen hours of

education courses and an A.B. degree for eligibility to high school teaching. But it is shocking to realize that our A.B. degree merits not more than junior standing in any European university, and that the French consider it the equivalent of only the baccalaureate degree, which marks the completion of secondary training in that country. The secondary school teacher in England must have taken the honors degree with either first or second honors. The standard in France and Germany is even higher. The American university confers no degree which compares in difficulty and comprehensiveness with the state doctorates of these countries, and the doctorate must be secured before the student is eligible to apply for secondary school teaching. Thus we see that our standards are, comparatively, very low, and must lead to mediocrity in our teaching staffs.

The majority of American high school teachers, of course, are young women who already have plans for matrimony or who wish they had. They have no intention of spending their lives at this business of teaching and thus they treat it lightly, even with indifference. It is merely a means of livelihood until something better turns up. Even the men teachers find themselves not vitally interested in their work and often abandon it to get into a business, where there are better opportunities.

Imagine, if you can, a master like Thomas Arnold in an American high school, a man who gave his entire interest to improving conditions in public schools in England; who let nothing distract him from the welfare of his boys; who encouraged the good, and

“Sternly repress the bad!” and who gave advice and help to

“those who with half-open eyes,
Tread the border-land dim
’Twixt vice and virtue.”

Picture the horror of this kindly, zealous old master as he views the bedlam of the modern American high school! Or try to imagine that lovable character born of the English public school, James Hilton’s Mr. Chips, against the background of the American high school. He just doesn’t fit. The student is in such a hurry to get his education over with! The teacher is so anxious to get through with his classes and be off about his business! It is difficult to picture a high school teacher whose school is his very life, and heart, and soul. Yet, such a condition is not an impossibility. Secondary school teaching in the European countries is done almost entirely by men—men who regard teaching as a serious business; they have gone through the long, arduous years of preparation in secondary school and university; they intend to spend their lives at it. The states reward them for this attitude by paying them salaries comparable to those of university professors, by providing insurance and pensions for them, free education for their children, and, in some cases, even homes.

What a tremendous and wonderful change there would be in our modern American high school if the students were offered a planned curriculum, if teachers were properly trained and selected, and if these teachers felt the seriousness of their work and were given the respect and the privileges which are their due.

The Second French Empire

JAMES MORGAN

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1935-1936

NOT LONG AGO in the newspaper I read a small article reporting the opening of a new museum at the Chateau of Pierrefonds devoted to articles associated with the Empress Eugénie. This statement, lost in a maze of more vital news, revived a long forgotten interest in the Second French Empire. Like most persons, I find certain periods in history of particular interest, and some prove so engrossing that I wish I might exist for a time in that past age. Miniver Cheevy "loved the Medici," but at the present my "love" is for the Second Empire. It is a period that closed but little over sixty years ago. Even so, it is little known. Most persons have no idea of the date of the Second Empire and believe Empress Eugénie to be merely a style of hats. I do not intend to write a scholarly essay, but a justification of my interest in this gay and charming period.

The Second French Empire was the product of a disorder: the Revolution of 1848, which dethroned Louis Phillipe. The French were tired of the "Bourgeois King," and for Frenchmen *ennui* is deadly. Louis Napoleon, supported by a glorious Bonaparte tradition, was elected president, and by the *coup d'état* of 1851 made himself emperor as Napoleon III. His reign became a period of absolute rule, brooking no opposition. France's prosperity was increased and she rapidly became a great industrial state. All might have been well for the Emperor had his foreign policy been less disastrous. His wild schemes in Mexico, his intervention in Italy, and his blindness to the menace of Prussia led

to the downfall of the Empire in the Franco-Prussian War.

Louis Napoleon before becoming Emperor had spent his life wandering in England, in Italy, and even in the United States. He was led always by the idea of his destiny, which he believed to be the reviving of the great Bonaparte Empire. Twice he tried unsuccessfully to cause an uprising; yet it was through a revolution in which he had no part that his opportunity came.

I am always interested in a picture of the Emperor. He was not a handsome man, but certainly his appearance was striking. I am caught by his strange, narrow eyes, his long, thin nose, and am filled with an almost childish admiration for his huge moustaches. His wasp waist was said to have given him a splendid appearance in uniform. So he stood, smiling sadly, in the opera bouffe of his own authorship.

But in the cast was another figure who too often outshone the principal. It was the dashing female lead, Eugénie. She must have been a beautiful woman, in spite of the often-noticed short waist and Disraeli's remark about her "Chinese eyes," for it is certain the Emperor did not marry her for her antecedents. True, her father was a Spanish nobleman, but her mother was a plain Kirkpatrick in spite of the Dona Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick y Grévigné in the Imperial Brochure. It is almost a pity that Eugénie became an Empress. It is interesting to imagine what a different life "her active and fun-loving majesty" might have led. Her extremely com-

petent mother would have maneuvered a splendid marriage, and her lovely daughter might have dressed more splendidly, laughed more often, and flirted more freely. She could have gone "incog" to the Alcazar and danced at Valentino's; she might have drunk champagne in her victoria at the races; she might have gone masked to the Opera Balls. There is no doubt she would have led the life of any wealthy married woman in the Paris of the '60's.

It is a rather pathetic picture one might have seen in Eugénie's apartment in the Tuileries. By the window sits a pale and tired man puffing a cigarette. Perched on the edge of a table is a beautiful woman, kicking her feet to the strains of Waldteufel's music, which come from the ballroom below. She has loosened her tight waist and is indulging in the rare pleasure of a cigar. Both seem weary, and they converse affectionately in low voices. Neither was meant for a throne; Louis Napoleon was an idealist and an adventurer who had spent too long in travelling; Eugénie had not faced the vigorous training of a royal princess, and she was, first and last, a woman fond of joyous living.

The Court of the Empire was set up on a tremendous scale. The uniforms, decorations, and ceremonials were gorgeous to the point of being theatrical. A writer says, "When one has really been poor, he is always poor in spirit," and this remark might apply to Napoleon's court. He had been so long disappointed that when his opportunity came he overdid that which he believed would bring him prestige. Money was the easiest password to Napoleon's democratic court, although the old nobility scorned it and set up headquarters in the Faubourg St. Germain. The Grand Balls were the great functions at the Tuileries

and were often attended by three thousand persons. Their majesties entered in a pompous procession and opened the ball with a *quadrille d'honneur*. The famous orchestras of Waldteufel and Strauss provided the music. The important guests were fed one hundred at a time, while others struggled for lemonade and ices. At Compiègne, however, all was informal. The music for the intimate dances was provided by a barrel organ, often cranked by the Emperor himself because he believed orchestras saw too much. Often they had amateur theatricals, in which one evening the Austrian Ambassadors appeared in a ballet "Quarte à Diable" in pink tights, and (how this must have shocked women in Boston) continued to wear them all evening. In the day the Imperial party hunted, picnicked, or excursed in splendid carriages through the countryside. Strange, almost fantastic as this court may seem, its gayety and charm made all other European Courts seem dull to those who flocked about the once despised Louis Napoleon.

But neither Eugénie nor Napoleon are my favorites of this age. Paris is my heroine, for Paris is a woman, so beautiful and amusing that all men love her, and so well dressed and charming that all women imitate her. Under the Empire, Baron Haussman rebuilt Paris, making it the most beautiful city in the world. How glorious it must have been before the age of the efficient but unromantic automobile to roll along the boulevards in an open carriage with the chestnut trees overhead. It was the Paris of Nana, Marguerite Gautier, Froufrou, and Mimi Pinson; the Paris which laughed away all seriousness as it madly waltzed in the blazing gaslight. "Anything Goes" was the motto of Parisian authorities, for Paris was profiting from

her reputation as the "modern Babylon."

From all parts of the world those who had and wanted to spend money flocked to Paris. Here money was better than a title. American mammas skillfully exhibited marriageable daughters in boxes at the Opéra Italien or at expensive tables at La Maison Dorée; Englishmen gathered at the Jockey Club or tally-hoed to the races at Longchamps; international gamblers fresh from Homburg or Wiesbaden compared luck at the Club Américain. There was the "fast" Russian group, led by gay Madame Rimsky-Korsakoff, proud of having been ejected from the Tuileries for appearing as Salambo, and the lovely Duchess de Morny, who "lived on cigarettes and talk"; the excited Italians led by La Castiglione, the would-be Pompadour, and her rival for that position, Comtess Walewska; and most vivacious of all, the Austrians led by the tireless Princesse de Metternich, the "monkey à la mode," who smoked, drank, and told her risqué stories like a lady. Many of these ladies formed the intimate group of the Empress, and were known as her *cocodettes* or her "flying squadron," and it was the desire to mingle in this international galaxy that led many women to Paris, while their husbands, thinking of "La Biche aux Bois" or Thérèse, were most willing to accompany them.

In energetic competition with these women of society were the demi-monde, that rather melancholy group that clung resplendently to the fringe of respectability. If they could not be of the *haute monde*, at least they would live on as grand a scale. They lolled all morning in their gaudy mansions, and in the afternoon would drive in the Bois in equipages which outshone those of the Empress. In the evening, spectacularly dressed, they would proceed to the

theaters or public ballrooms. Midnight found them at expensive suppers at Vêrforts or Brébant-Vachettes. They too had their leaders, chosen from the "ladies of the lake," as the more fortunate of the sisterhood were known because of their possession of carriages to drive around the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. Cora Pearl, an English woman whose success and popularity were remarkable, suddenly desired to become an actress and so appeared as Cupid in *Orphée aux Enfers*. The streets to the Bouffes Parisienne were clogged with carriages, and enthusiasm ran so high that fifty thousand francs were offered for Cora's buskins. Clothilde, who had once twirled on aching toes in the opera ballet, retired on a million francs a year to let her ankles grow fat, and took the finest box at her old place of employment, wearing diamonds countesses would have given their place in the *Almanach de Gotha* to possess. Miss Howard, another English importation, climbed from a jockey to an emperor and was made a countess to dim her memory. It was they who set the fashion for the great ladies of Paris and so for the world. They were not vulgar women, and their affairs were "progressive polygamy," which lasted probably as long as a Hollywood marriage. Many of them were intellectual and fine mannered, and even if their balls were sponsored by the Jockey Club and held at the Trois Freres they commenced at least with dignity worthy of the Tuileries. They provided gossip not only for Paris but for the entire world, and added to the lure of the city for those who love to stare.

In a gay operetta of the day, a Swedish Baron tells that which he wished to see in Paris thus:

"Moi, je voudrais voir les théâtres
Pasceux ou l'on s'embete, mais

Ceux où des actrices folâtres
Offrent aux regards mille attraits,"

while his wife looks for this:

"Je veux moi, dans la capitale
Voir les divas qui font fureur
Voir la Patti dans *Don Pasquale*
Et Thérèse dans *le Sapeur*"

Both wish to see the famous actresses and singers who were famous all over the world. The "divine" Patti was receiving twenty-four thousand francs a performance, and Thérèse was drawing all Paris to the Alcazar Café. She was the most famous of all the café singers, and was something like a "torch singer" of our modern cabaret. Even Patti braved the smoke of the Alcazar to hear her "Nothing is sacred to a *Sapeur*" or "The Odors of Paris." At the Jardin Mabille they flocked to see the *cancan*, the fan dance of the Second Empire. But if one wanted the gayest and most uproarious entertainment, one went to the Théâtre des Variétés and saw an Offenbach *opéra bouffe*. The blonde Henrietta Schnieder as "La Grande Duchess" and "La Belle Hélène" played to audiences thick with kings and princes. The theater under the Empire was a place for social gathering; it was as much a rendezvous as a place of amusement. The theaters were successful financially also, as the Parisian clergy

loudly lamented that in October, 1867, nine Parisian theaters netted three million francs while Peter's Pence brought only a million. In the finale of Offenbach's *Orfée aux Enfers* was a satire of the grandiloquent Empire which seems perfect. In it the deities of Grecian mythology kick their tunics high in a mad *cancan*; how like the Emperor, his moustaches dyed to hide the grey, his cheeks rouged to hide his illness, leading his court in the rapid quadrille, smiling right and left while his Empire dies.

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“Rhetoric as She is Wrote”

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

ON the other hand, if the instructor is scooted down in his seat, is wearing a deep frown, and has tasseled hair, you are ready to drop the course.

. . .

His life is a routine and his family bores him to extraction.

. . .

History shows us that mountainous people have been hard to conquer.

. . .

Just a short run and you spend a week-end in the woods, with nothing to do but to relax and reoperate.

. . .

I had one teacher who sometimes sat on the desk and at other times put one foot upon a vacant student's chair and taught that way.

. . .

During the war each family was allowed only small amounts of certain stable groceries.

. . .

The old inmate desire to imitate is still in the human race.

Is there anyone who didn't shutter at the sight of the poor, naked, hungry people?

. . .

The art of chewing gracefully the lips held closely together in my mind is a cultivated man.

. . .

I became so interested in the play that I fell into a trench.

. . .

He came and croned beneath her window.

. . .

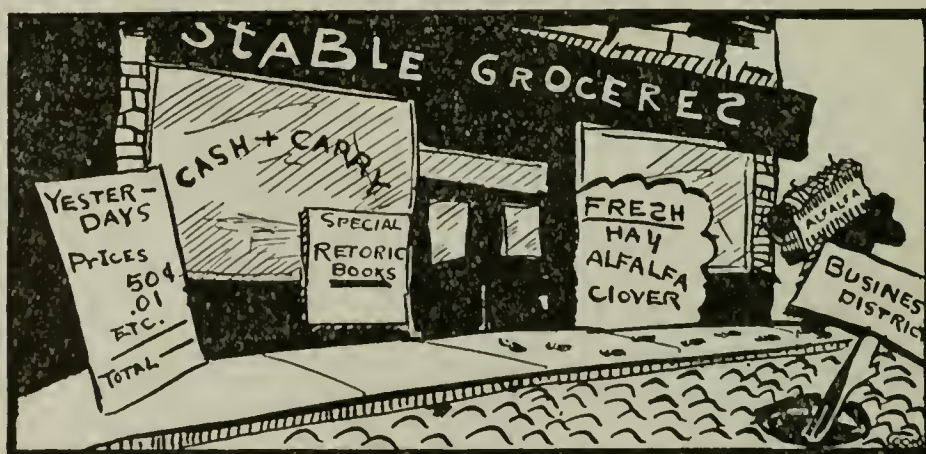
It is too late to prevent crimes when they are committed; prevention of crime must take place when a baby is born.

. . .

The American people have always admired Colonial Lindbergh.

. . .

Along the corridors are statutes of Lincoln—Lincoln, the circuit rider, the lawyer, the young Congressman, Lincoln standing up and Lincoln sitting down.



HONORABLE MENTION

Lack of space prevents the publishing of some excellent themes by the following students:

MARY JAYNE ALEXANDER	PEGGY LYONS
PHYLLIS BAXTER	DOUGLAS MARSHALL
FORREST BLANDING	GRACE MUELLER
SARA JEANNE CHAMBERS	HAROLD NOREN
JAMES W. DAVIS	RAYMOND PENFIELD
EDWARD EAGLE	GORDON REFAY
ROBERT M. EASTMAN	R. F. RILEY
HOWARD ELLMORE	C. J. RUSACKAS
R. C. HOLMES	HELEN SHOEMAKER
RUTH KANE	GERALD J. W. SKIBBINS
LEO LEMBERG	ELEANOR SWENEY
R. E. LORENTZ	DOROTHY ZUCKER
ROBERT LYKKEBAK	

THE GREEN CALDRON

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE "LONE RANGER" FAN	1
Anonymous	
WHY I AM AN EPISCOPALIAN	2
Anonymous	
INTRODUCING LOST HORIZON	3
Martha Salisbury	
WORKING WITH THE WORKING MAN	4
Nathan Oser	
HOT-JOB	6
Kelton M. Scott	
THE WEIGHING OF ADVICE	7
Stephen Kratz	
IN THE CAB	8
Paris Moyer	
TRANS-PACIFIC	9
Charles E. Zeleny	
A GLORIOUS FUNERAL	13
H. F. Boman	
SPEAKING OF HOSPITALS	14
Margaret Holte	
ARE THE MOVIES IMPROVING?	16
Harold Kaplan	
THOUGHT STIMULI	17
Roland N. McKean	
MY FIRST FOOTBALL GAME	19
Robert Gaines	
A VISIT WITH TOM	21
Mary Jayne Alexander	
THE SKETCH BOOK	22
(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)	
COKE 'N SMOKE	23
Mary Elizabeth Cozad	
OUT OF THE SOUTH	24
Ruth Baldwin	
THE ANGEL GABRIEL	27
Dorothy Zucker	
"GODDA MATCH?"	29
Jack O'Connell	
"RHETORIC AS SHE IS WROTE"	32
(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)	



The "Lone Ranger" Fan

ANONYMOUS

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1936-37

RADIO fans, as a group, are like those who eat strawberry ice cream, a class which I neither especially love nor especially detest; they constitute, to my mind, just another class of individual. But somewhere, deep in the private hell to which I consign my enemies and the enemies of those I love, I have a great, red-hot, sound-proof pit for those detestably ubiquitous worms, the "Lone Ranger" fans. Of necessity it is a big pit, for there seems to be an immense number of them—in all portions, seemingly, of our unfortunate country. The only escape from this conclusion is the untenable theory that there is some one of them who follows me about the country, to plague me thus by means of a portable radio. Or does someone record each broadcast on a portable phonograph and tag my footsteps, interminably playing them over on the instrument (at a safe distance)?

So much for my theories regarding this misfortune; let me digress to consider the nature of the affliction of which I complain. Everyone, doubtless, is as familiar as I with that flourish of bugles; the hoofbeats of a galloping horse rapidly approaching; the heavy thumps on, presumably, a door; the words, shouted in a hoarse bass that we have never quite been able to "catch"; the exultant announcement that "Silvercup,

The World's Finest Bread, is on the air!!"; the half dozen bars from the William Tell overture—certainly a piece of music worthy of a better fate; the "The Lone Ranger!! A series of thrilling episodes brought to you . . . by the makers of Silvercup, The World's Finest Bread . . ."; the thirteen minutes during which Good Old Silver (the tieup with "Silvercup" is plain enough) and his master work up to a fine adventurous night on the air; the two-minute musical intermission (during which, I suspect, the second half of the script is thought up and prepared—or do they make it up as they go along?) aptly punctuated with the glorious story of Silvercup; then about twelve more minutes of tripe, climaxed by a thrilling story-book climax; the unrestrained adulation of Silvercup (The World's Finest Bread); the signing off with the last two dozen bars of the unfortunate William Tell overture; the announcement that another thrilling Lone Ranger episode, etc. . . .

Can you guess the character of the Lone Ranger fans? I think so. You know, then, that they are (as far as the campus is concerned) mainly freshmen, and you know the type well; you know, and I know (balm for my wounds!) that most of them will not be back after Christmas.



Why I Am an Episcopalian

ANONYMOUS

Theme 2, Rhetoric II, 1936-37

I APPRECIATE this opportunity to express myself on the subject of Why I am an Episcopalian. I have not been a Churchman long enough to have really formulated opinions on why I am what I am. It has sufficed me before to say that I like the Church and let it go at that; and so, by choosing this subject, I am forcing myself to place my cards face up on the table. And I am glad I have to do it.

Thank goodness, the Episcopal Church is not the paragon of respectability that it once was. Oh, not that there aren't respectable people attending its Churches anymore, for there are. What I mean is that the idea has gone out of date that a ticket of admission to a Sunday service is a top hat, a morning coat, and a pair of nicely pressed striped pants. I should hate to have to recount how many times I have gone myself, minus blacking on my shoes or a crease in my trousers. The idea, too, has gone out of date (or is in the process of so doing) that the Episcopal parson is a charming, meek little man who talks stentoriantly, with a broad, obviously affected, English accent. Today, he is recognized as a priest. He is not a mere minister of another Protestant sect, but a priest of a branch of the Universal and Orthodox (call it Catholic, if you must) Church. There is a great difference between a branch and a sect. Today, most of the priests are too occupied with cleansing the Calvinisms and Lutherisms from their doctrines to attend and simpler delightfully at afternoon teas.

They offer an objective religion, a tangible faith, one that appeals to every

sense, one that has phases suitable for many different types and personalities, one that hearkens back to the time of the very Apostles themselves, and when I say hearkens back I do not mean that in a mere figurative and flowery sense. Take it literally. There is historical proof of lineal descent of the English Church along with the Roman and Greek Churches. The ceremonies and practices that today are in use in *Ecclesia Anglicana* are her rightful inheritance as a participant in that lineal descent.

But I suppose now you think I am in love with the externals, that I love to smell incense, and see gorgeous vestments and stately processions. Well, frankly, I do. But I haven't always. When I first attended, the services disgusted me, for I must admit I was brought up to loathe anything that might possibly be tainted with Romanism, an attitude all too common and most grossly unfair. My first dozen or so services practically wore my knees out, and my temper, too, for it was all but impossible to contain the "damns!" that roared within me to be let loose. But you see there was something there that wasn't ceremonial—something there that wasn't sung to glorious music. Was it inside? or outside? Where was it? I don't know. All that I know is that, whatever it was that made me, it did make me stick, and here I am, raving (so you probably think) arrant propaganda. Well, propaganda or no propaganda, friend, never forget the battle cry of Episcopalianism, and in spite of what the history teacher says, remember—Henry VIII did *not* found the Church of England!

Introducing *Lost Horizon*

MARTHA SALISBURY

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

HAVE you ever longed to read a novel so chuck-full of mystery, romance, and adventure, so replete with thrills and suspense, and so rich in exquisitely beautiful words and phrases that you are struck with wonderment at the cleverness of the author? Just such a book as this is *Lost Horizon*, and just such a writer is James Hilton.

Lost Horizon is a fantastic yarn about the paeans and the peeves, the ecstasies and the sorrows, and the smiles and the tears of four chance airplane passengers who are forcibly detained in a remote, ancient lamasery, hidden on a mountain-shelf of one of the highest peaks of the Karakoram in Tibet. In the words of Alexander Woolcott, it is "one of the most enthralling tales spun in our time, and there are few people on whom it would not cast a most potent spell."

The interesting characters with which James Hilton peoples his book are portrayed with such fidelity and such vividness that you will feel a strangely intimate comradeship with them all before you have reached the end of the first chapter. You will have a warm affection and a ready sympathy for Hugh Conway, the young Englishman who is forced to take a vacation from his work in the Consular Service at Baskul, India. Conway is characterized primarily by his equanimity in times of stress, his dislike for activity or responsibility, and, paradoxical as it may seem, his boundless capacity for getting things done when he is aware that no one present can do them better than he. The leanings toward fatalism, which he manifests throughout the story, are probably responsible for

that curious trait in his character which is "not quite bitterness, not quite cynicism, but rather an odd passionlessness." You will be highly amused at the humorously heretical Miss Brinklow, a tight-lipped, straight-backed little missionary woman who travels through the pages of *Lost Horizon* "with an air of having been compelled to attend a party at which there are goings-on that she can not wholly approve." You will sometimes feel impatient, yet more often compassionate, toward the impetuous, truculent young Mallinson, who fights like a mother wolf protecting her young for his high principles of English school-boy courage, persistence, and fearlessness. You will no doubt feel more akin to Barnard, a large, fleshy, optimistic, good-natured gentleman, the only American in the group. He will seem to you to be like the person who lives just a few doors down the hall or like the one who sits in back of you in French class.

It will be a pleasure for you to become acquainted with the rich and growing enchantment of Shangri-La, the calm intelligence of the ancient lamas, and the wise tranquillities of the people in the valley of the Blue Moon. The lamasery itself was founded many centuries before by a Capuchin friar, who came originally from France. It was his belief that every precious book, picture, and harmony, every delicate, defenseless treasure garnered through two millenniums of progress would eventually be demolished by the nations of the world, "who were strengthening not in wisdom, but in vulgar passions, and the will to destroy." With the passionate desire to save a few

of these countless artistic achievements from the brutal, unappreciative hands of coming generations he established the lamasery of Shangri-La, a culture pocket hidden in the mountains of Tibet. You will thrill to the exquisitely beautiful phrases with which James Hilton describes these charming refinements and delicate perfections—the Sung ceramics, the Chinese lacquers, the tinted ink paintings, the soul-stirring harpsichord music, and the vast library, in which prevailed “an atmosphere more of wisdom than learning, of good manners rather than seriousness.”

The *leit-motif* of the lamasery will charm and amaze you with its logical simplicity. One of the lamas, when asked the motive of his unique establishment, replied, “Our prevalent belief is in moderation. We inculcate the virtue of avoiding excesses of all kinds—even including, if you will pardon the paradox, excess in virtue itself. We rule with moderate strictness; we are satisfied with

moderate obedience; and I think I may claim that our people are moderately sober, moderately chaste, and moderately honest.” With equal originality, the chief factor in the government of the valley of Blue Moon is the inculcation of good manners. By making the inhabitants feel that certain things are “not done,” that they lost caste by being inhospitable to strangers, by disputing over trivialities, or by striving for priority among themselves, the lamas of Shangri-La have established a perfect governing code.

There is an arresting compulsion about *Lost Horizon* which forces you to read on and on until you reach the very last page. When you do approach the *finis*, you are sincerely grieved to leave this illusory fairyland, to bid farewell to the characters whom you have come to love, and to close the pages of one of the most fascinating novels ever written. *Lost Horizon* leaves a lasting imprint on the mind of a thoughtful reader.

Working with the Working Man

NATHAN OSER

Theme, final examination, Rhetoric I, 1936

IT IS said that once a fresh, powerful athlete went out with a wizened, aged wood sawer to a day's sawing in the woods. The athlete was four times as strong as his partner, and was confident that by noon he would be forced to carry the old man in, so exhausted would he be. But, much to the athlete's surprise, the old man worked steadily through the day, and when the sun set it was the athlete who could barely stand upright, while the old man walked calmly into

camp, to all appearances as fresh and strong as in the morning.

The athlete is trained for the sudden, swift run, the enormous exertion, the sudden strain, and is acclaimed for his prowess and strength. It is said that the athlete has endurance, but place him alongside any working man in normal health, let him work anywhere up to fifteen hours a day as men do in lumber camps; let him keep this up six days a week (if he can), and see who will

turn out more work at the end of two or three weeks, he or the working man. Put him on a job that requires constant physical labor, and it is probable that the college athlete would be fired sooner than an ordinary laborer who had passed middle age.

I have been a laborer myself; I have often worked alongside old men like the one who outstripped the athlete, and I always watch curiously to see if I can discover where they get their hidden reserves of strength and endurance. I have come to the conclusion that the secret lies not only in skill and long practice, but in temperament as well.

I was one day engaged in cutting down trees with an axe, along with a man of about forty-five years of age. We started together, about eight o'clock in the morning. By noon I had cut more trees than he had, but I was flushed and exhausted. He, after mopping his face once, looked as fresh as ever. By evening he had far outstripped me in the amount of cutting done.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when I felt that to take another stroke with the axe would be fatal to me, I sat down on a trimmed section of a huge old oak tree and watched him work. Leisurely he picked up his axe, looked at it critically, took a stone out of his pocket

and honed the edge of the axe in places where it looked a little dull. Then he walked placidly up to a tree, surveyed it, shifted the quid of tobacco to the other cheek, spat a stream of black juice, and moved around to that side of the tree which seemed most advantageous to start on. He raised his axe, and with all the strength he could muster, struck it into the tree. But the instant the blow was struck, he was once more calm, relaxed, placid. Almost gently the axe was pulled loose, a careful glance told him where it would be most advantageous to strike next, the axe was raised, and once more a blow was driven home. And so, methodically, slowly, but steadily, without a blow wasted, without a blow misplaced, chip by chip, the tree was undermined, until it fell with a crash, precisely in the spot he had picked for it. He surveyed the prostrate tree, again shifted his quid, leisurely mopped his brow, and started trimming. After the huge oak he had felled had been turned into a pile of cordwood, there was only one difference that could be noticed in him—his quid was in the left, instead of the right cheek. But he was not one whit more fatigued, not one whit less ready to start on another tree. He had the genuine article—endurance.



Hot-Job

KELTON M. SCOTT

Theme 1, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

I HAD been employed as a bricklayer's helper for one week in one of northern Indiana's huge steel mills. The day of which I write had been by far the worst of any I had put in. It was the middle of August, and the mills, always hot, were veritably ovens.

After hours of wondering if I would ever be able to finish the day, I was at last reprieved. Four-thirty, quitting time, had finally rolled around. Going to the tool room with the rest of the gang, I felt as though every drop of energy were drained from my body.

Almost to the tool room we were stopped by our foreman shouting excitedly, "Get your tools for a hot job, boys. We gotta furnace on the open hearth to fix before we go home." My dismay at his words was complete. I felt I absolutely could not do any more work. "Hot-job." I knew, only too well, the meaning of that word. It meant standing up against a hot open hearth furnace, swinging a sledge, dragging brick from the hearth, helping the bricklayer put new brick back in place, while the heat would be so intense that one's clothes would nearly burn off.

Doggedly I got my tools and followed the gang of fifty or sixty men up the long stairway to the charging floor. Down at the far end of the floor a gang of millwrights and laborers were preparing the furnace for us. Bricks were being carted up in wheelbarrows, a scaffold was being thrown up around the furnace, and the doors and front plates were being removed.

This job, it was soon evident, would be far worse than the ordinary hot-job,

for in the furnace were two hundred tons of molten steel. As a rule, a furnace is repaired after the steel has been tapped out; but on this occasion the walls had given way unexpectedly. The walls had to be bricked up before the steel could be completely worked and ready to tap, so here we were to do it.

The millwrights soon had the furnace ready for us. We had been divided into three crews of eight masons and eight helpers to a crew. Each crew was to work fifteen minutes and then rest thirty while the other two crews worked.

I was unlucky enough to be in the first crew; so as soon as the millwrights gave the signal I shouldered my tools and followed my bricklayer. We climbed to the scaffold behind the furnace to start on the back wall. When I reached the top of the scaffold I discovered what heat really is. A blast of heat struck me, taking my breath and parching my skin. My whole body shrank from it, forcing me back. Remembering the work to be done, I grabbed my sledge, and steeling myself, went to work, helping tear out what remained of the walls. My clothes were soon scorching and where they touched my body it felt as though branding irons were being applied. For interminable hours we worked desperately, forgetting everything but the job before us. At last our fifteen minutes were up and our relief came. Dazed and with throbbing heads we staggered across the floor to lie down and try to recuperate from the effects of the terrific heat.

Too soon we had to return for another fifteen minutes in that hell of heat and

hard work. Eight times we climbed to the scaffold to face the searing blast, each turn worse than the last as our fatigue increased.

At last it was over. Every man was exhausted and near the limit of human endurance. About ten men, some of whom were taken to the first-aid room for treatment, had given out before the job was finished. The most welcome

thing I ever heard was the foreman's words when he told us to stay at home the next day and rest.

Until that day I was very proud to be working in the steel mills. I considered them full of romance and could hardly believe that I was actually working there; but after that day all of the romance faded before the reality of heat and hard work.

The Weighing of Advice

STEPHEN KRATZ

Theme 1, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

WHEN entering a large university, the new student is a target for an overwhelming amount of advice. It is impossible to follow all of the recommendations and warnings of those who "know." Perhaps it is just as well.

Although the advice so freely given may be founded upon personal experience, it still is amazingly contradictory. We poor, deluded freshmen were advised by none other than the Dean of the College of Law to take advantage of all the splendid opportunities offered by the university. When, later, we approached our registration advisers with bulging study-lists, we were a little surprised that they didn't share in our enthusiasm for taking advantage of opportunities. They looked very serious, and pointed out such things as preparation for classes, hours for study, and whether or not we had jobs requiring much time, all of which tended to lessen the number of opportunities of which we could avail ourselves. Certainly we couldn't doubt the advice of the Dean of the College of Law, and yet the objections made by our registration advisers were just as unquestionable.

Several people advised me that unless I selected a rhetoric teacher who was very kind, and very open minded on all questions of grammar, I certainly should fail. A number of others, quite as much in a position to know, opined that if I wrote good themes, I would have nothing to fear. The latter seemed logical when it was explained to me, but being rather timid by nature, I inquired about kind rhetoric teachers. A man teaching class L4 was recommended to me as being everything that a student could desire. Two persons congratulated me heartily on my choice, a third confessed that he didn't know much about him, a fourth looked rather sorrowful, and said to come to him whenever I was in trouble.

From the above examples, it would seem that advice is just so much empty air. It is true that very often it is worthless. However, the chief value of advice is found not in following it, but in the prestige which one gains by passing it on. It may be wrong, but it will be considered as from the mouth of a sage, at least until it is tried.

In the Cab

FARIS MOYER

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

IT WAS my first ride on the *Zephyr*, the Burlington's streamlined train. I was going to be allowed to ride in the cab for five whole minutes. I sat glued to my seat in the parlor car, watching the landscape slip by at a speed that made the telephone poles blur into accordion pleats. The boys with me guessed that we were going from sixty to a hundred miles an hour.

At last, the moment came; the steward beckoned to me from the doorway, and I slipped quickly from my seat and followed him. We walked through the next car and into the leading section of the train. The colored man at the bar grinned at me and said, "Yo sho is a lucky boy." We passed through the baggage compartment and stepped into the engine room. The big Diesel engines were pounding rhythmically, and the smell of hot oil assailed my nostrils. We edged along the small runway on one side of the engines, so close that I imagined my skin to be shrinking with the intense heat.

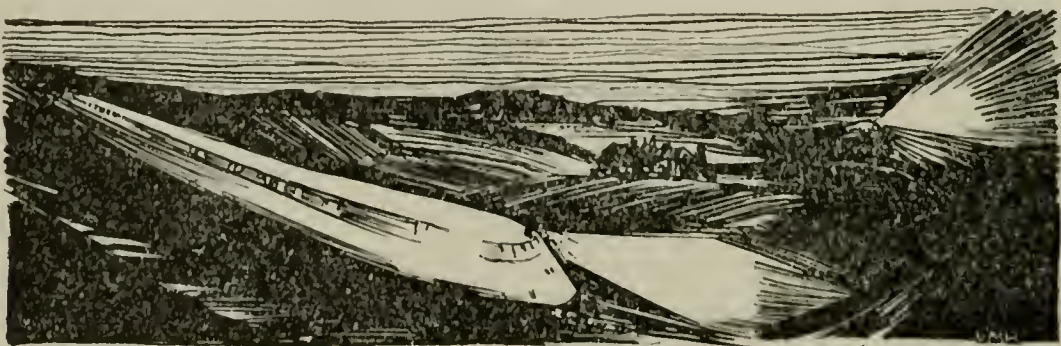
Passing through a small door, I was in the cab of the *Zephyr*. The air coming through the ventilators tugged at my clothing. At one side of the cab, in front of an instrument board, sat the engineer,

with his hand on the throttle. He nodded me into a small chair, where I could see everything.

We were coming to a curve, and the engineer pulled the horn cord. A deep roaring, rolling blast, that drowned out the staccato cough of the exhausts, blared from the horn, and we rushed around the curve. It was getting dark, and the headlight was switched on.

My eyes fell upon the speedometer, and to my surprise the needle was wavering above ninety. The engineer motioned with his free hand ahead of us; I looked, and several miles up the track I saw a light flash from around a curve. Another second and I was witnessing the meeting of the monsters. It was the twin *Zephyr* that was on the same run, coming from St. Paul. As it bore down upon us like a shining streak, it seemed to me as if the trains were going to crash head on. Both engineers raised their hands in a short wave, and the two twins were past each other before the men had time to lower them.

I had become unconscious of time as I gazed entranced upon the shining rails disappearing at my feet. I was roused out of my stupor as the steward nudged me—my five minutes were up.



Trans-Pacific

CHARLES E. ZELENY

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

AT THE close of the World War, the United States found itself, unlike the European nations, virtually without airplanes, airports, or airlines. Powerful European airlines were developing rapidly by the consolidation of smaller lines; all the United States could show, however, were a few such "measly" lines as the Colonial Airline, which whisked people back and forth over the 250 miles between New York and Boston, and the American Aviation Company, which was attempting the impossible with the establishment of a regular airplane service over the 770 some miles between Chicago and New York.

At the end of the next decade, although our airlines were nothing compared to what they are now, the United States had almost caught up with Europe in the number and importance of its lines. Several airlines had been established, airplane factories were producing at full speed, and the government had actually consented to spend a few dollars in the East for the establishment of guiding beacons, emergency airports, and weather stations. But, despite these improvements, Europe had gotten slyly ahead of her overseas cousin. This time her diplomats had obtained concessions on landing rights from some of the governments in Asia, Africa, and South America. They had foreseen that, some day soon, airplanes capable of making long flights would be built, and that when that time came—Europe can establish landing fields all the way to markets in Asia and Africa and can now easily fly the 1500 miles across the Atlantic from Africa—it would be well to have as

many fingers in the pie as possible. But what about America again? What could she do? She could not fly the Atlantic to get at African markets, nor could she fly the Pacific to get at Asiatic markets. And whenever the possibility of an air route to South America was discussed, aviation experts simply laughed and let it go at that. What? Establish an air route to South America over 6,000 miles of jungles and water? Establish an air route to South America over treacherous cloud-blanketed mountains 18,000 feet in height? The answer was just simply "Nuts!"

There was one man, however, who did not laugh at such a plan. He was Juan Trippe, the owner of a small company known as Pan-American Airways, which flew the ninety-five miles between Florida and Cuba. He was a very young man, just five years out of Yale, where he had played football, edited the *Yale Graphic*, and formed an aviation club. And, it was this same active young man who seven years later owned the largest air transportation system in the world; a company with more than 40,000 miles of airways, with 138 airliners, 3,000 employees, and \$26,000,000 in capital.

Such were the conditions in 1935. Today, a new arm has reached out from the Pan-American system, stretching across 8,600 miles of the Pacific Ocean to grasp with the finger-like branch lines at its end the large and important Oriental market. This new arm is the trans-Pacific airline of the Pan-American Airways.

In essence, the trans-Pacific route is a zig-zagging airline which crosses the

Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Canton via Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam, and the Philippine Islands. Seaplane bases have been established on these "stepping stones," so that an airplane may fly to or from the Orient by making hops from one island to another. It would be too far, at least for any present type of airplane, to fly from San Francisco direct to Canton. These "stepping stone" islands are all relatively small. Guam, Hawaii, and the Philippines are large enough to have natural inhabitants, but Midway and Wake are particularly small, the latter little more than a coral reef, with no shade trees and little topsoil.

Because of the necessity of having its planes stop along the route at certain intervals, Pan-American has established accommodations for seaplanes and has carefully chosen these islands as bases. On Guam, Hawaii, and the Philippines, Pan-American has had little trouble in establishing bases. Everything needed is already there: refueling facilities, replacement parts, and government broadcasting stations. All that had to be done here was to establish an actual landing terminal at the edge of the ocean. But, on Midway and Wake it was different; entire cities had to be built on these two lonely islands.

Last Spring, a large freighter, the *North Haven*, set sail from Seattle, Washington. Within its hold were the unassembled parts for several entire cities, miniature to be sure, but nevertheless destined to be capital cities of some of the most important islands in the Pacific Ocean. Each city was soon to be erected far out on a lonely island in a vast sea. After many days of plowing Pacific seas and bucking Pacific winds, the *North Haven* arrived at its first desti-

nation, Midway Island. Here a typical city had to be set up.

The first work that had to be done at Midway after the arrival of the *North Haven* was to create seaplane accommodations. Accordingly, workmen blasted reefs to permit airliners to taxi near to shore, built landing piers, and constructed reserve gas and oil tanks. On the highest piece of land they laid out the small city. First, Main Street was determined. Then on it were built Company headquarters, with an American flag floating above it, the radio station, the power and light station, the employees' sleeping quarters, the repair shops, and a warehouse. A complete air base was assembled which could take care at a moment's notice of the huge flying boats which would soon be whining overhead.

Supplementary to these fundamental buildings are the passenger accommodations which were also constructed on Main Street. On the street were built a hotel with a lounge and dining room, a general store, a recreation hall, tennis courts, and sidewalks. On Midway, Pan-American has even constructed a narrow-gauge railroad which winds, serpent-like, from the end of the island where the seaplane landing is located, to a high point where the hotel and other buildings are. No, there is not a single item lacking in these miniature cities way out on the Pacific.

Distances between the air bases on the trans-Pacific airline and its branches vary a great deal; so that on some hops, long distance planes of great size must be used, while on others smaller and speedier ones are necessary. To travel such distances as the 2100 miles from San Francisco to Hawaii in one hop, a special type of airplane had to be con-

structed. Waiting for such an airplane to be developed was practically the only reason for Pan-American's delay in establishing a Pacific route, but now this giant "super-plane" has been introduced, and service on the long arm to the Orient has begun.

The new plane, a sleek, shiny flying boat, is properly called a Martin Ocean Transport. Its four air-cooled engines churn the air to pull it and a possible cargo of eighteen passengers and several tons of mail at a speed of more than 150 miles an hour. Within its sound-proofed duraluminum hull, sleeping accommodations have been provided for all the passengers, and meals are served from a little kitchenette tucked away in a corner of the stern. It is truly a flying hotel which makes the journey from San Francisco to Hawaii overnight and cuts the time of the complete Pacific crossing from seventeen days, twenty hours to about seven days.

At its destination in the Orient, the trans-Pacific line branches into different directions: some branches go north to China, Japan, and the ports of Siberia; others go west to Indo-China, Siam, and India; and still others spread out over the important islands of the southwest. On these shorter routes other types of airplanes are being, or at least soon will be, put into operation. For the most part, two seaplanes built by Sikorsky will carry branch-line traffic. The first is a flying boat which closely resembles the Martin Transport, but which is smaller and has a higher cruising speed. Its advantage is that, while it cannot carry enough fuel for long journeys, it can operate more economically and more quickly on short journeys than a larger plane could. Very similarly, the third plane, a Sikorsky amphibian, is economi-

cal and has a high cruising speed but a short flying range. It is the most versatile of the three ships, and, as its name implies, it can take off from either land or sea.

With these three classes of seaplanes Pan-American Airways expects to make a complete penetration of the Orient, a penetration into the world's largest potential market, a territory containing half of the people in the world.

The Orient has an annual trade of about \$10,000,000,000. In past years, the United States has had only a very small share of this trade, because it was so far away from the market that all profits were eaten up in getting a product to its destination. It would be too expensive to send some products on a seventeen-day journey in an inefficient and bulky freighter. Costs of exporting by the trans-Pacific route will undoubtedly be lessened considerably in the future, and more and more producers will ship small articles by this means. There is no intention of shipping such articles as lumber, tractors, or locomotives, but of trading such articles as cigarettes, magazines, small machinery parts, and medical supplies. This method of transportation will be so much better for the manufacturer in the long run that he will be forced, through competition if through nothing else, to use it. Furthermore, an automobile dealer in India will not have to carry a very large stock of parts if he knows that in a week, replacement parts can be delivered to his garage. The trans-Pacific airline makes available to American business a more promising new territory which was formerly not within its reach.

Outside of a great economic significance, the Pan-American airline is of great political significance to the United

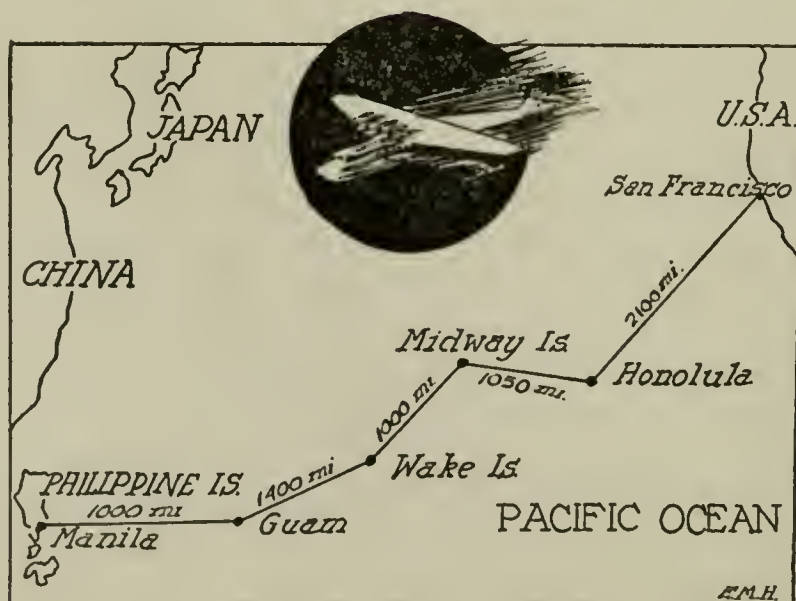
States. It has, of course, air bases, which in time of a Pacific war might become very handy as landing fields for air squadrons. Airplanes could get all the way across the Pacific to a certain zone of conflict by flying instead of having to be shipped in a disassembled state and then reassembled at their base.

Probably more important, however, are the new relations which the airline will make between the United States and Oriental countries. With the possible exception of Japan, which is "peeved" because we have cut through some of its mandated territory with the airline, the Orient is glad to have an airline enter. The commercial and industrial Orient welcomes the opportunity to use American methods and ideas, and at the same time to sell some Oriental goods. On the other hand, the United States is glad to have these foreign markets, for they will, at least in this part of the world, increase American prestige.

Recently, when Postmaster General Farley concluded an investigation of government expenditures for airways, he charged that airway rates were too high. He particularly charged that Pan-American mail contracts were too high—the government had agreed to pay Pan-American two dollars a mile for the first

800 miles, the maximum charge allowed by an act of Congress—and recommended that they should be cancelled. But, they never were cancelled. If they had been, it probably would have meant the ruin of the Company. It was Mr. Hull who interfered. He pointed out that Pan-American Airways has formed so many reciprocal agreements with foreign countries, our government, and itself, and is so entwined in the weave of foreign relations that it would be impossible to stop Company operations without seriously harming our foreign policy. So many agreements have been drawn up with regard to trade rights that the new airline forms an important page in American political history.

Whether or not the trans-Pacific air route will turn out to be an immediate success, as every previous company undertaking seems to indicate that it will, no one knows. But this much is certain: provided there are no international conflicts, the successful opening of a trans-Pacific airline means that a round-the-world air service of twenty-one days will become a reality within the next three years. But now, "the battle for control of the world's aerial routes is just beginning; the scuffle for the skyways is on."



A Glorious Funeral

H. F. BOMAN

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

THEY had waited for hours, those thousands of curious people, to pay their respects at the bier of that white-headed old man, the late Speaker of the House of Representatives. Many of them had begun their journeys as the sun began its, and by the time it had reached its zenith they had likewise reached their destination, the quaint old city of Carrollton, Illinois. The newspapers had reported that the President would arrive about noon, but the word went around the Court House Square that the Funeral Special wouldn't arrive until about two o'clock. In the meantime the multitudes amused themselves by viewing the body, which lay in state in the rotunda of the old Greene County Court House. Some people were heard to remark, "We've been through to see 'im five times." Others could boast of but four or three trips. A truly delightful funeral spirit prevailed.

The new-made widow, in the democratic spirit which characterized so many of her late husband's actions, threw open her beautiful estate to the public for the funeral. How was she to know that the crowds would tear down the beautiful ivies which she and her husband had so dutifully cared for, or would trample down her beautiful flower beds, or utterly destroy the lawn? So the multitudes, under the pretext of mourning, crowded the estate while eight pallbearers, straining under the weight of the copper casket which contained the frail remains, carried it to the hearse under the eyes of several movie news cameras. The formally-attired House delegation was escorting their Chief home.

The crowds that flocked to the Rainey estate weren't disappointed, because they saw what they came to see, notables, big and little, national, state, and local. There was Bruce Campbell, the official greeter, welcoming Representative Snell of New York; there walked Representative Bankhead, the next Speaker, it was whispered; over there in the shadow of the porch Mr. Byrns and Mr. Duffey were talking and smoking together. The Mayor of St. Louis, with his official representation from a neighboring state, came and was greeted by Mr. Campbell's ready hand. Hundreds recognized Senator Gore on the arm of his wife and Secretary Wallace with his hair being blown over his face by a little cooling breeze.

The crowds had been driven back several times before a Pathe camera truck caused many to exclaim, "He's here!" in false anticipation of the President's arrival. But they heard soon the noise from the crowd which indicated the coming of Mr. Roosevelt to attend the funeral of his friend and leader in the House. A few enthusiasts applauded, but the President's solemn look indicated that applause wasn't desired; indeed, it seemed as if Mr. Roosevelt was the only person realizing that a man was to be buried that afternoon. After the photographers had "shot" him what seemed hundreds of times and from almost every angle, and after Mr. Campbell had added his greeting to that of Senator Dietrich and Governor Horner, Mr. Roosevelt's aides helped him into the house.

The breathless suspense was lessened; conversation was resumed; what did the

crowds care if the funeral service was being read? They had come to see Roosevelt, and they had seen him; they were satisfied. Even the girl in the backless summer dress and sandals and the boy in an old shirt and shorts looked as if they thought, "The funeral is a great suc-

cess." Possibly the gardener the next morning while cleaning up the lunch boxes, newspapers, orange peelings, and other debris scattered over the ruined lawn thought, "It was a glorious funeral for everyone, except me—and possibly Mrs. Rainey."

Speaking of Hospitals

MARGARET HOLTE

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

MANY of my non-professional friends have at different times exclaimed—"You're a nurse! Oh, I think a hospital must be the most interesting place!"

Well, so it is;—*so* interesting and *so* different from any other place that I think the people who work in hospitals for any length of time become different too. A hospital is a little world unto itself, and a description of one serves as a description of all. A nurse who has any sort of training at all need not be shown over a new hospital. The basement is given over to the furnace room, the out-patients' department, the cast room, the drug room, the X-ray room, and the emergency room. The second floor is usually devoted to medical "cases"—right wing, men; left wing, women. The third floor is for O.B. and children; fourth floor, Operating Rooms and analysis laboratory. All the other departments are subordinate to the O.R. I could paraphrase an old saying by putting it: "Show me your Operating Room, and I'll tell you what kind of a hospital you have." The words *Operating Rooms* are purposely capitalized because they are named in capital letters.

Perhaps a more detailed description of the O.R. is in order. The furnishings are always arranged in a circle. That's so the circulating nurse can circulate outside the "clean" field. When an operation is in progress, only the surgically clean may enter the circle and none within the circle may leave. The sterile supplies are kept in a cupboard on the left-hand side of the room, just within the door. Each package is pinned securely in two cotton covers and baked a deep brown. Any sterile material in a white cover is regarded with suspicion. The number of dressings and the type is written on the outside with the date of sterilization and the signatures of *two* nurses. All packaged dressings are counted five times; twice before sterilizing, once when the scrub nurse places them upon her table, once by the sponge and circulating nurse before a new package is given out, and finally all sponges are counted by the circulating nurse, the sponge nurse, and O.R. supervisor, before the "sew-up."

I've often snickered in my mask when people have told me seriously that a friend of theirs had been sewn up with a sponge inside, but I've never met a per-

son who claimed such a singular experience as his own;—it is always a friend. If you know of someone who is convinced that his adhesions are due to a forgotten sponge, remember the number of times sponges are counted and change the subject. I've shown people over the hospital on many occasions, and someone invariably mistook the anaesthetizing room for the operating room, because the operating table is kept there. Can you imagine taking a patient into the operating room while he is conscious? The sight of the staff swathed in grey-white wrinkled gowns and masked like a group of Ku-Klux-ers would be too much, and if he survived that, the sight of the glass instrument cases would finish him. The glass cases surround the O.R., with every instrument in full view. I don't know why the instruments are so prominently displayed, unless it is so that the O.R. nurses will feel ashamed if a grain of dust mars the silver gleam of the cutlery. Operating rooms are very plain; no wall hangings are permitted except some adhesive strips which line one wall back of the surgeon. Never think that those adhesive strips are holding the wall up. They are used to secure the final dressings, after it's all over.

Watching an operation performed is a nice pastime if you care for that sort of thing;—you need not worry about your costume. It will be provided at the door. It is a rather loose gown which will cover you entirely and prove insufferably hot, a cap of stockinet which will remove the last trace of curl from the freshest "set," and a cheesecloth mask. Maybe you've never worn a mask steadily for two hours. After a half hour you'll wonder if it is made of slivers. When you're made clean (no insult intended) you will be permitted to enter the Operating Room and will be guided

carefully to a safe distance from the "sterile" field. Don't think anyone really cares about your personal safety when they tell you not to touch anything and not to move. Even dressed as you are you're merely "clean"—not "sterile"—and the distinction is great. After you're placed, you will be given a towel and told to wrap up your hands—further precaution against contamination. You'll notice that everyone seems very much occupied—you won't be able to distinguish the surgeon from the assistant unless you notice that on one side of the room there are two Ku-Klux-ers and only one on the other—the lonely one is the surgeon. He is on the right, the assistant and scrub nurse on the left. The nurse is the one who keeps moving things around on the table. You'll wonder which one is the patient, but you won't see him until the double doors opposite you swing open and that table you saw in the ante-room comes rolling in, silently and smoothly. The bump on the table is the "operatee," and he's dead to the world. You won't know whether he's tall or short, old or young,—unless you've seen him before.

When the table is rolled into place everyone begins to move. You'll believe in mental telepathy. Few words are spoken, and yet not a moment is wasted. You'll see a knife passed up and thrown down, and you'll wait for the sight of the gallons of blood everyone tells of losing—but you won't see it. You'll hear "Cut," "Sponge," "Forceps," "Tie," over and over. After about ten minutes (which you will swear was only one minute) you'll hear "Cautery," and see smoke rise and smell burning flesh. Then the surgeon will say, "Sponge count?" and the supervisor will reply, "Sponge count correct." And then the assistant

will say to the scrub nurse, "Sew up," and the scrub nurse will repeat, "Sew up," and will pass up needles clamped in forceps, and only the opening and shutting of the needle-holder and the snip of scissors will be heard for a few moments. Finally you'll notice the surgeon turn from the table and peel off his gloves, while the assistant and scrub nurse put in place dressings and one of the adhesive strips. The double doors will open again, and the silent rolling table with its hump in the centre will be moved quickly out. The operation is

over, and you are remembered. You may then unwrap your hands, remove the gown and cap and mask, and leave the O.R.—there is nothing more to be seen except the "clean up," and unless you are interested in seeing a thorough scrubbing job for once, you may as well leave. The heat of the O.R. and the smell of the anaesthetic will probably induce you to leave anyway. I advise you to sit on the bench just outside the door. It is put there for the purpose of receiving the observers who find the operation overwhelming.

Are the Movies Improving?

HAROLD KAPLAN

Rhetoric II, Proficiency Examination, September, 1936

THE early motion-picture is often brought back to the modern screen to provide a comedy feature. This is rather painful to the sentimentalist—and edifying to the serious student of the cinema.

The growing maturity of the cinema, as an art form, is predicated by the tremendous technical advances of a past decade. Beyond that, however, is the realization by ever greater numbers, of the significance and potentiality of this new form of expression.

One cites pictures like "The Informer"—or the French film, "Crime et Châtiment"—as examples of the beautiful, moving unity which may be obtained with modern methods of photography and direction. Here is the living embodiment of the artist's age-old dream! Here is an opportunity to develop an art which in its highest form will be readily acces-

sible to millions of people—and fully appreciated by them.

These great strides, however, have more and more taken on the aspect of technical improvement alone. Indeed, often there has been a lowering of cultural standards almost in direct proportion to the increased efficiency in sound, lighting, color, and photography. This, of course, is not encouraging—but it is not a permanent condition. It is certainly not the cause for despair, eagerly used by the denizens of Greenwich Village—who make attitudes of despondency—and poems of attitudes.

The source of decay is commercialism. Hollywood, which has unbelievable resources and an unsurpassed technique, is already falling behind France and Russia in the development of the cinema as an art-form. Fat executives with a sickening lack of faith in the cultural judgment

of the people continue lugubriously to lower that judgment by feeding it the most pallid tripe. This is a most serious condition. The experience of the German cinema prior to Hitler, of the British group (government subsidized but entirely free), of the Soviet films—and, of course, of the great Jans Ivens, definitely proves that a theatre of cinema, free from the necessity of profit, and intelligently directed, can be a tremendous agent for *raising* the cultural level of the people.

Surely this is the road which the cinema must take if its development is to continue. And for those who sneer at the millions who attend the performances of salacious, or badly-conceived film thrillers, we may call attention to the tremendous attendance at "The Informer," which, by the way, was produced by Hollywood in spite of the opposition of

the executives. It appears, then, that the masses of movie-goers are like most music lovers. They have not yet learned to distinguish the good from the bad.

An intelligent, critical judgment on the part of the people, however, is too much to hope for at once. It appears to be necessary to propagate more widely the truism that the cinema is an art and must be seriously regarded as such.

No one will doubt, then, that the movies have improved—and are improving. Nor will there be much dispute with the thesis of the impossibility of further improvement while the cinema remains in the hands of the magnates. That is, no one will dispute this fact but the magnates themselves, who have recently discovered the enormous potentiality for propaganda inherent in the motion picture.

Thought Stimuli

ROLAND N. MCKEAN

Theme 9, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

MY BRAIN seems to spend most of its time in remembering past trivialities, in dreaming of future absurdities, or in dawdling over present commonplaces. This situation has led me to attempt to find what inducements stimulate thinking—that is, what factors actually make one enjoy thinking. For my purpose, I shall define thinking as the process which produces an idea original to the thinker. The idea may be reasoning toward a conclusion as Stuart Chase did about the practical man; it may be a definition or classification; it may be philosophical speculation; it may be a mechanical invention. I do not mean any

such mental process as groping for facts once memorized or making simple routine decisions.

First, I shall eliminate some factors which I do not believe stimulate thinking. Knowledge, in my opinion, does not allure one into thinking; it is merely a tool. Does the sight of a hoe inspire you to clean the flower bed? Does a package of oxydol instill into you a desire to wash dishes? I think not, and neither does knowledge incite you (or, at any rate, me) to think. The ancient Greek philosophers received fully as much stimulation to thought as modern thinkers, though the amount of knowledge is

today much greater. Of course, just as the hoe makes possible better gardening and the oxydol makes possible more and better dish-washing, more knowledge makes possible a broader and deeper field for thought. Second, I do not believe that problems are stimulants to thought. Rather, I believe thought is conducive to problems. I do not mean the problem in accountancy or the problem of finances, but difficulties which thinkers have encountered. My theory is that in producing his inventions, Edison first began to think, aroused by his own penchant for constructive thinking. Then by combining thought and knowledge, he created the problems, which thereafter made thinking necessary to the end in view, but did not cause thinking to be enjoyable.

The one factor which I do believe makes thinking attractive is the suggestion or representation of thought. I divide this suggestion of thought into two classes for two different types of persons. The first is representation of thought given by an outside agent, a necessary stimulant for incipient or incompetent thinkers. I said that new facts do not actuate thinking. Nevertheless, a good lecturer or conversationalist can give a listener the desire to think. If not new information, what is it about his speech that makes thought inviting? I believe it is the demonstration of thought or the appearance and suggestion of mental power. My experience corroborates this idea, though others may disagree. Professor Smith gives a lecture or leads a classroom discussion about politics. Even though the subject does not interest me much, his clever deductions and arguments excite a little thrill of admiration. I say to myself, "That's thinking! I'd like to do that." By this time I have become quite excited over

the possibility of having an idea of my own, and I begin to approach thinking as closely as I ever have been able to do—but on a subject of my own and not on the subject upon which the Professor made his enlightening comments. This last qualification is the part which indicates that it is the suggestion of thought and not the information given which stimulates the thinking powers. I react similarly to a book. When Thomas Wolfe presents a striking idea, I take time out and grope around among my own subjects while under the stimulus of the suggestion. Naturally, just any presentation of fact, oral or written, will not give the suggestion of thinking power. Only the speaker or author who can give the impression that his brain is working in an original, sincere manner can bring about this effect.

My second division of thought representation is "auto-suggestion"—employed by superior thinkers. It works on the same principle; the demonstration that one thought has been evolved stimulates brain activity. But in this case the first idea is provided by the thinkers themselves; instead of by the reading of other persons' writings, these men can secure better results by writing down their own ideas. Such independent thinkers employ solitude as their chief aid, for solitude is a great thought-builder. The men who have possessed great mental power have belonged to this class. But first they passed through a period during which older philosophers influenced them. Most of us, however, are not fortunate enough to meet great thinkers or are not wise enough to grow and progress from these contacts. Either lacking the stimulus or foolishly trifling with it, we never master the first type of thinking (outside stimulation) and never reach the goal of independent thought.

My First Football Game

ROBERT GAINES

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

“ALL RIGHT, gang, let’s get in there and fight.” With the coach’s words in my ears I trotted through the wet blackness between the dressing room and the field, the field where I was to play my first real football. An orange headgear, dangling by its straps, banged against my thigh at every step I took. The skin under my shoulder pads and hip protectors was already hotly wet with sweat. I could see the dazzling brightness the lights of the nearby field made in the drizzle. My tenseness increased in spite of my efforts to be indifferent. A tightness in the pit of my stomach slowly spread through my chest and shoulders. I made an effort to relax. “Come now, Robert, this is only a football game. There’s nothing to get excited about. Take it easy, son.” My arguments seemed to have some little effect. I was conscious of the reassuring clatter of cleats on concrete, the comforting murmur of familiar voices about me. I became a little more at ease. After all, there were eleven of us; it was not as though I had to face it alone. Still, I was the only inexperienced man on the squad—my nerves tightened again.

Suddenly we were on the field. The lights blazing down on the wet green turf made my eyes hurt. I didn’t dare look at the crowd; I just ran about, somewhat as though I were lost, and did my best to imitate the antics of my teammates. “Will the game never begin and this suspense end?” I wondered. After what seemed hours the referee’s whistle blew, and the game was started. Now my stomach disappeared entirely. My sides

seemed to be pressed flat against each other. I chewed my gum sporadically to wet the mass of cotton that seemed to fill my mouth. I saw Butch, our quarterback, slowly run toward the ball; then he picked up speed, and smack, the ball sailed end over end down the field. With that smack of leather against leather I seemed to uncoil like a spring. Now I was running down the field, not quite realizing that the game was actually begun. Then with a shock I saw a huge fullback gather the ball to his chest and head directly for me. He loomed up like a thundering through-freight; a huge hand was extended stiffly in front of him; his legs were driving like pistons. I could see a patch on his sprint pants blur up and down with his pumping knees. And I was supposed to hurl myself into that fast-moving mass and bring it to the ground. My intelligence told me that it would perhaps be indiscreet. One could be badly messed up by those driving legs. And that hammish hand—I could fairly feel my nose spreading over my face when I looked at it. However, football is not an intelligent game; its players are not rational creatures. I dived at those churning legs. I closed my eyes and waited for the pieces to hit the ground. With a crashing jar that drove my pads deep into my shoulders, I connected. I opened my eyes and, to my surprise, got to my feet without coming apart. Then, looking down, I saw that the fullback wasn’t getting up. His teammates had gathered about him and were raising and lowering him from the ground by his belt. Slowly it dawned on

me that I—I, the insignificant greenhorn—had actually stopped that immense hulk, had not only stopped it but had put it out of commission. My chest began to expand. The other players on the field seemed to shrink to spindly-limbed weaklings before my eyes. Convinced that I was the fiercest, the toughest, and the roughest player around, I took my position behind the line and waited for the next play. It came through the center and didn't stop there as it should have. The man with the ball, a puny-looking fellow this time, kept right on going, tearing straight for me. Well, if they wouldn't learn, I couldn't help their getting hurt. I drove hard into the oncoming runner, expecting to mow him down with ease. But my encircling arms clutched only air; then my face was digging a furrow in the mud. A cleated foot ground into the small of my back, and I realized that I had completely missed my tackle. When I got the mud out of my eyes, I found that the players had resumed their original likeness to muscle-bound giants. A sharp "Watch that, Bob" assured me that my fellow players had not overlooked my error. A glance at the bench also convinced me that the coach was not overjoyed with my scintillating play. I found it necessary to change my ideas of my own importance.

It was late in the game now, and neither team had scored, in spite of my errors to aid our opponents. We had the ball deep in our own territory, and some drastic measures seemed to be necessary if we were to score. Butch called for a long pass play, in which I was one of the possible receivers. My stomach, which I had been too busy to notice for some

time, tied itself in knots and entered into a state of vacuous emptiness. It would be really too much to ask that the ball be thrown to some receiver other than me. With the snap of the ball from center, I started down the field, but not with any great enthusiasm. It occurred to me that I might decoy one of the opposition's defense away from one of our own receivers and so leave him open to receive the ball. At the same time I would be covered and hence couldn't get the pass. But strangely, no one would draw out of position to cover me. Maybe they didn't consider me important enough. In the end I found myself the only receiver in the open, with not a man around me. As I looked back over my shoulder, sure enough, there was the ball, spiralling toward me in a flat arc. All I had to do was keep running and the ball would settle in my arms. But would it stay there? That was the little detail that bothered me. It seemed to be floating now, just a few feet above and behind me. Surely I wouldn't miss it; it looked so easy to catch. I extended my arms without breaking stride, and the ball lit squarely within them, nestling down like an egg in a nest. "My gosh, I've caught it," I thought. But, no, I should have known better. The ball was merely being coy. It remained but an instant in my loving arms, and then with a flirt of its laces bounced out and rolled lazily between the goal posts. With it went my last pretense at being a football player.

The gun went off like an exploding fire-cracker, and I was once more trotting through the damp night. My helmet bounced dejectedly against my thigh. The dazzling radiance of the field lights suddenly cut out, leaving inky blackness all around me.

A Visit with Tom

MARY JAYNE ALEXANDER

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

HE OFFERED me his arm. "Take it, please," he said. "It makes it easier." It was stupid of me, and I said, "Of course." We walked down the almost deserted boardwalk.

"There aren't many people out today, are there?"

"No. Probably because it's midweek and few vacationing people." The tears welled in my eyes. I led him gently. This boy whom I was leading was blind, had been blind for nineteen years, had no visual knowledge but through the words of others. The light he had seen his first two years was no longer even a memory.

I led him to a bench and we sat down. "The tide's coming in," I said, "and the waves are higher than I've ever seen them. It's rough—the waves are capped with white foam. And I see a boat, a big one, way out. I wonder where it's going. The beach is very white, and the sand sparkles like many diamonds on white satin under a strong light."

"You give me fine pictures."

How could I describe like that! He'd never seen a diamond, nor did he know shimmering satin or bright lights. "The boat's out of sight now. I guess I won't be taking that one." He laughed. "Oh! a wave came in suddenly that time. It washed away the little boys' sand castle and wakened that man with a start. It's strange that day after day tides change twice every twenty-four hours. I can't understand it."

"Tides are easy to understand," he said. "I'd like to explain them to you, if you wouldn't be bored."

"Please do."

He told me of the pull of the moon and its effect on bodies of water, but I could hardly follow his explanation, so much I marveled at his ability, his vocabulary, and his enthusiasm.

I nodded yes and then suddenly realized. "Yes," I said audibly. "Thank you. I shall try to remember."

We both breathed the salt air deeply. He suggested that we walk again. We passed a shop, and I wanted to look in the windows. Again I realized too late, and I'm sure he sensed my embarrassment.

"Of course we'll look at the windows. You can tell me what's in them."

We stopped and I groped for words to tell him of the cheapness of the Chinese souvenirs. Then I thought, for an instant, that he might be fortunate not to see them, not ever to have to see the things that sometimes make one want to close his eyes and forget.

He asked me what I looked like. I gave him a scanty description. "So tall, yellow hair, green eyes, pug nose."

"Are you pretty?" he asked.

"No. Do you mind?"

"I can make you pretty or homely, you know."

If I didn't weep, I felt like it, and certainly I've wept to think of it since then. Why do I argue over such little things? Why do I feel ungrateful and mean? Why do I act so shallow? Can't I realize how very fortunate I am?

We walked from the boardwalk to the car; I was still leading Tom. Someone will be leading him for the rest of his life.

The Sketch Book

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

. . . . the tightly corseted Administration Building, bulging out at both ends to form a huge, red "H".—LEO LEMBERG.

. . . .

An extra bookcase housed a heterogeneous assortment of what the freshman collects, wears, and eats.—G. C. WALRAVEN.

. . . .

A lone steamer tight-roped silently on the distant horizon.—M. B. COWAN.

. . . .

A day in late September or October is comparable to a cantaloupe—crisp on the edges, but with a certain golden mellowness in the center.—JOHN WHITEHEAD.

. . . .

Just then she glanced back, half turned around. A little impudent sausage of hair dangled partly over one eye.—KATHERINE ROPIEQUET.

. . . .

A RIVER LOWLAND

Even the sun seemed to dim as I looked over the side of the car down the barren, eroded slope to the bleak fields below. The hedge fences which divided the muddy river lowland into fields of varying size were masses of gnarled dead branches. One patch was covered by innumerable broken and twisted cornstalks. The winter had deteriorated them so that they did not possess even enough color partially to enliven the dead landscape. A monotonous stretch of stiff, corpse-like, brown stubble overran the adjoining field. The remaining portion was devoid of even dead vegetation. I

caught a glimpse of the dull glaze on the water-soaked black earth as the car passed on.—JUNE YARNELL.

. . . .

SWIMMING IN THE OCEAN

One wave after another crashed over me, and I soon discovered that it was impossible for me to go any further. When the next wave came, I leaped upward in order to swim on top of it. If I could accomplish this, I would be safe. I could not leap high enough, however, and the huge wave crashed down on top of me. It stunned me for a moment. I fought desperately to reach the surface to get some air into my lungs. As I broke the surface of the water, I saw to my horror that I was farther away from shore than before. Another wave hit me squarely in the back. It took me far below the surface. I could hear a heavy pounding in my ears. Tiny bits of sand and shells in the rushing water stung my face. My body was twisted and turned by the swirling water. My face hit the sand bottom! Was I that far down? I opened my eyes, but everything was a dirty grey. The sand seemed to cut my eyes. I realized that I must get to the surface before the next wave came. My lungs burned. Again I broke the surface, but the back-wash of the previous wave prevented me from getting away from the terrible place. I had only enough time to take another breath and see that I was drifting toward one of the long, stone breakwaters before a third wave threw my helpless body far below the surface. My arms and legs twisted weirdly with the powerful currents of the swirling water.—RALPH BURKE.

A BATTLE

The crab was moving up to the surprised snake so slowly that his movement was unnoticed. When he reached the snake, he swiftly lifted one of his great claws and clamped it on the small head of the snake. The snake's body swished furiously, and lashed about him, but his movements were of no avail. His head was glued to the ground. The crab kept his position over his enemy until he gave an unexpected lurch, and dug his other claws and his mouth into the soft neck of the snake. A gush of blood spurted from the wound, but the crab clung to the snake until he knew his victim was dead. Then, slowly, he took a few steps from it and paused to look back on his work. The struggle was over. It was only a matter of a few minutes. One had lost, the other had won.—MARY SAVORITO.

SPRING RAIN

I suddenly realize that it is becoming too dark for me to read. Static mars the ball game, and from upstairs comes a rumble as though someone were sliding a heavy trunk across the floor—thunder. From my low easy chair I can see only the tops of the maple trees in the front lawn. Their full, green foliage suggests summer, but the gauzey appearance of the elms in Fraternity Park across the street reminds me that the leaves are still new. By now the first drops have already fallen, and the passing of cars is accompanied by the buzzing of tires on the wet pavement. The hollow shouting of those who have just run in out of the rain echoes through the house and is soon drowned out by the steady roar of a heavy rain and the rumble of distant thunder.—JAMES W. DAVIS.

Coke 'n Smoke

MARY ELIZABETH COZAD

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

IT IS a narrow, smoky place, restless with the people who inhabit it.

With difficulty I push through dark and crowded aisles to a booth hugged close to a dirty yellow wall. A dim light bulb, with rakish paper shade, is jugged from the side. Used coke glasses, with knock-kneed straws, clutter the sticky table top. Soggy paper napkins are "dunked" in the undelightful remains of a chocolate sundae.

There is a band hidden away somewhere in the back. Its music throbs, then blares, pushing against the low ceiling in

desperate attempt to drown the dull drone of voices.

The place smells of stale cigarette smoke and hamburger grease. Yet, there is something about this familiar mixture that soothes the nostrils and pillows the mind with pleasant thoughts and memories.

White-jacketed waiters dart from booth to booth miraculously balancing mountainous trays of dishes. There is a faint jingle as nickels are exchanged for cokes.

A constant panorama passes by—

happy young people, worried young people, impatient young people. Only youth can tolerate the careless filth of the place, the never-ceasing activity, the wail of the saxophone, the cokes!

The only order out of the chaos is the hedge of gleaming glass counters by the cashier. There candy bars and cigarettes and next month's magazines keep military rank and file—no skirmishes on the cellophane shelf paper. Above this,

a patch of mirror reflects the dazzling daylight, reflects the girls that glance at it to pat their hair.

A group of campus politicians gather by the gum machine and register personality for the passing public.

The coke 'n smoke is like an understanding old man with a very dirty face, dressed in a gaudy, checked suit. He knows college people; he loves them. He must be "alma pater."

Out of the South

RUTH BALDWIN

Theme 19, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

ONLY one of my seventeen winters has been spent in the country, and now as I look back I feel it was the most picturesque one in my life. Four years ago my father went to London, and Mother took my sister and me south to his home on a large plantation for the year. The house, a large, white southern colonial with a large porch supported by white pillars clear across the front, was erected during the time of slavery from huge mortised and pegged oak beams. It stood on the top of a high knoll and could be seen for miles around. In front was a large flower garden surrounded by a wooden picket fence which was practically hidden by thick bushes—jasmine, japonica, myrtle, holly, and pomegranate. The flower beds of poppies, phlox, lilies, bachelor buttons, and petunias were marked off by white quartz rock borders. Two huge water oaks and several pine trees shaded the whole front yard and provided nesting places for the mocking birds whose happy singing woke me every morning at dawn. Outside the

fence the rounded grass-covered hill, scattered with huge pecan trees, rolled off until it met the state highway. On the left side of the house the drive, filled with hand-forged nails from the generations of wagons that had passed over it and with ruts from the heavy rain, wound by a rose garden and encircled the well which stood in the back yard.

The frame of the well was of wood, and as I raised myself on tip-toe to look in, I saw the bricks below covered with soft, green moss. Deep, deep down I could see the high lights on the rippling water. I dropped the bucket, and as its long chain rattled and unwound, I heard it clink as it hit the sides of the well, and then splash dully as it plunged beneath the surface of the water. In pouring rain or under the boiling southern sun, twenty-four cranks of that heavy, creaking handle were demanded to pull a gallon pail, from which much of the water had splashed out, to the top of the well. From dawn to dark the rattle and the creak of the well were almost

constant; except for the pasture creek a mile away, it provided the sole water supply for men and animals.

Close by, under the shade of a twisted oak tree, stood the old washing place. A huge black overturned iron caldron still sat near the old boiling place. Wooden benches, stained and rotted and warped from many washings, still held the remnants of the old brass-bound wooden tubs. When the rains came and wet them, they had a sour soapy smell which had become imbedded in them in the years when clothes were soaked in them. In summer and winter for almost a century the family washing had been done here.

Extending out into the back yard was the kitchen, which was disconnected from the house by a long, open porch, covered by morning glory and traveler's rest, where almost all the year round friends and neighbors gathered to help peel the apples and shell the peas, as they gossiped about the latest births and marriages and deaths in the country-side. Here also every morning the churning was done. Swish—Splash—Up and down went the dasher with slow monotony until the little globules of butter formed a thick covering on the milk. In the middle of the kitchen stood a large stove, while around the edges barrels of flour, tables, cupboards, and chairs were scattered. In the back was a fireplace which still held the old crane, black spider, and tea kettle. Beside it stood two galvanized pails—slop buckets. Into these were thrown the dishwater and other scrapings. Three or four times a day they had to be carried out through the barnyard and through the cotton patch to the pig pen, which indeed was a very beautiful place with grass and creeks and trees. Somehow I always loved the pigs. Before I had gone through the barnyard, they

sensed my coming, and distant squeals, becoming louder as I neared the spot, welcomed me. Yes, theirs was one place where I was always welcome when I was loaded down with slop pails.

Beyond the hog pen was the rolling wooded pasture with shallow, twisted, sandy creeks. In the middle of the pasture at the foot of a long, gently sloping hill, the top of which was well forested with evergreens, lay the old swimming hole. It was a natural pocket which had been dammed up by logs, clay, sand, and stones. On one side of this pocket lay a spring which furnished water for the branch below the pond. The clear, cold water was constantly running in while the warm water trickled out over the dam. The bottom of the pool was covered with soft gray clay, a natural bottom for a swimming hole. On either side of the dam stood several huge water oaks whose sweeping limbs almost touched the surface of the pool. To a far-spreading limb of the largest oak was tied a long knotted rope from which we could plunge into the depths of the pool after a long swing through the air. Not far away in another part of the pasture was the table rock where we had our picnics on hot summer evenings. Long, tough muscadine vines, on which we sometimes swung, clung to many of the trees, and on the hill was a large pine tree growing almost parallel to the ground. It was called the horse tree, for it had been ridden by children ever since it was a little sapling.

Back in the barnyard were little triangular chicken coops and fig trees. There were two barns, one for horses and another for cows. There was an old horse, Nell, who was very crippled, but whom we nevertheless admired very much. Sometimes she was let out, and we rode her around the barnyard. I

shall never forget the merry ride I had one day when my sister hit her with a corn stalk. No one had ever seen her make such speed, and I still wonder how I clung to her gleaming, unsaddled sides. There was also Big'un, a brown mule, the biggest I have ever seen, who used to eat hay out of the loft if the trap door was not carefully closed. When he was turned out into the pasture, he could not roll over on his back from side to side as his spinal column made too large a ridge. When he was hitched in a team, he made the other mule look dwarfed. While he slowly ambled along, his companion was forced to trot to keep the wagon going straight.

What fun it was to sit on a three-legged stool with my head pressed firmly against a cow's warm side and listen to the music of the milk splashing against the pail and the munching of the cow chewing slowly on cotton-seed hulls! It was also just as much fun to carry the buckets full of steaming milk back to the house to be strained and set away for the cream to rise.

Behind the house was a large spreading scaly bark tree. With effort I could just catch the lowest branches and swing into them. From there the branches were quite close together and without a great deal of trouble I could climb to the top. This was my favorite pastime when I had nothing else to do, for from this perch in clear weather I could see the whole countryside. Far down the road

to the east lay the town and the college and the church. Far down the other way lay other beautiful old homes. Behind lay tangled swamps and cotton fields. In front across the road and down the hill lay Rabbit Stew.

Rabbit Stew was the aristocratic colored village. Its inhabitants were, for the most part, a kindly people, ex-slaves from the nearby plantations, and their children and grandchildren. The family knew them all, from the pickaninnies who played in the dusty roads to the old "Aunts" and "Uncles," gray and shrunk and bent. The village was complete in every detail. It had its store, its school, its churches, and even its little brown meeting house where the colored folks gathered and sang and danced every evening in the fall of the year. Their dancing was mostly a rhythmic stamp like the beat of the tom-tom for hour after hour; their singing, always accompanied by clapping and stamping, choruses of the old hymns and spirituals repeated over and over again. Several times on moonlight evenings I went down to visit them as a guest, but usually I was content to lie on the cotton bales in our own yard and listen. Often as I went to bed I could hear the rhythmic stamp of their feet and the sound of their singing. Even when asleep I could see them sway to the music, back and forth, up and down as they chanted the chorus:

"Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll,
I want to go to heaven when I die
To hear old Jordan roll."



The Angel Gabriel

DOROTHY ZUCKER

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

A PAIR of brown feet in sandals had stopped beside me as I squatted, playing, under the Flame-of-the-Forest tree in front of the veranda of our Indian home. "Is the Missionary Sahib at home?" I raised my eyes and saw a young native looking down at me. His voice was deep and pleasant. I was not afraid. I said, "No, Father is not here; he is gone to Chalanur. But he will be home soon now."

The young man said, "I will wait for him."

I returned to my play, making cups from leaves to set around my little table. A few minutes later I happened to glance side-ways. The sandalled feet still stood there. I squinted up to the face above them. It was turned, looking far across the rice-fields. The glaring sun accented the shadows in the lean brown cheeks, gleamed on the smooth black hair, and drew a high-light down the length of the straight nose. The eyes were sad; I felt sorry. Then the face turned back to me, and the eyes smiled suddenly. The native reminded me of an Englishman who sometimes came to our house, whom I liked to look at.

The young Indian said smiling, "Does the little Missy know how to make a star from these palm leaves?"

He squatted down, laid aside the books he had been carrying (one looked like a Bible in the native language), and took up some palm leaves I had gathered.

His thin, long fingers tore them into strips and folded them deftly together, as though they had done it often for other children. Presently, there was a perfect five-pointed star!

I was delighted. "Oh! show me how!"

He began again, folding slowly, and explaining the method in a voice that was nice to listen to, as he carefully chose the correct English words.

In a little while the "putt, putt" of Father's motorcycle came nearer down the road and grew louder until it turned in at the gate and stopped before us on the drive-way. The young man stood up and salaamed to Father.

Father seemed happy to see him. "Oh, yes, Gabriel! I am glad you came. Now we can talk about that question you had." They went together into Father's study.

So his name was Gabriel. He did look manly and strong, like the Angel Gabriel in the Bible History picture, who came to Zacharias and to the Virgin Mary. His eyes were so brown and looked at me so straight! I would like to play with him again.

At dinner that evening Father was telling Mother about Gabriel: "The poor boy's in trouble again, Agnes. Why can't Hindu families let their children alone when they become Christians? His father disinherited him at once, and they've tried to poison him several times. They disagreed violently when he married Priscilla, just because she had been of a

lower caste. Now he thought that Priscilla and he could be happy together in another village, but no, his family must stir up trouble again."

It may have been—oh, perhaps a month later that I came upon Mother one morning with tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter, Mother?"

"You remember Gabriel, who came to see Father a few weeks ago? He's dead, dear."

"The nice Gabriel who made me a palm leaf star?"

"Did he make you a star?—Yes, that one."

"Did they poison him?"

"No, no, dear! It was cholera. Very quick. Poor little Priscilla!—We're going to Puthamkottu this afternoon for the funeral. Want to come along?"

"Oh, yes!"

Villagers crowded the little open shed that was the village church. Mother and I sat down on one of the rough benches at the back. I couldn't quite understand what was happening. Many women, with their dark cotton saris over their heads, seemed to be crying. The men were solemn and silent. The village carpenter and some helpers carried in a big box made of rough wood and set it down in front carefully, then silently slipped into their places. I felt the stillness.

"What's in the box, Mother?" I whispered.

"That's Gabriel, dear. Could you keep quiet back here if I go and sit with Priscilla? They've left her all alone up there."

Then I was sitting alone. Father stood

up behind the table, read from the Bible, and began to speak. I could see Mother up in front, looking very fair and white beside Priscilla. An old woman in front of me, huddled in dirty rags, was crying; I could see her thin shoulders shake.

What was there to cry about? Mother had said that Gabriel was dead; he was in that box. Why did they put him in a box? When people were dead they went to Heaven; would God take Gabriel to Heaven in that box? But Gabriel was an angel, or very much like one. He was so straight and tall and good. Why was he dead? What *was* "dead"?

Father had finished. The four men came up to the front again. What were they doing? I sat up, straining straight. They were putting boards on the box! But Gabriel was in there! Didn't they know that? Father was sitting still. The heads in front of me were bowed down. Didn't they care? The carpenter took a hammer, held a nail at one corner of the box-lid, raised the hammer high in his right hand, and swung it down! It was as though it fell on my head. An electric shock went through me. He was doing it again; and again; and again. Each time my body shrank together. He was hammering Gabriel in. Why didn't someone stop him? Through the silence came the pound, pound, pound of the hammer. Gabriel could never get out now. Suddenly I was sobbing aloud. Mother came back and put her arm around me. We left soon after.

All that night I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking: Gabriel was an angel, and they had nailed him into a box!

"God-da Match?"

JACK O'CONNELL

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

"GET DOWN, you guys. We're coming into the yards." A loud rasping whisper from the back of the gondola warned us that the freight train was pulling into Los Angeles' freight yard. To all of us, who had been fearing this moment since the trip began, this was the zero hour. The railroad watchmen in Los Angeles are tough—plenty tough. To them every bum on a train is a criminal wanted dead or alive, and what way they get him is inconsequential. Their only business is to get him. With a gasping sigh of the air brakes the train came to a halt. Everybody in the gondola lay tense, waiting. Was the "dick" around? A sound of feet scraping the cinders, a gleam of a flashlight playing on the side of the car and our worst fears were realized. The "dick" was coming.

"Any bums on this train?" His voice as he yelled to the brakie seemed to be on top of us. The brakie's answer was inaudible. The shuffle of shoes on cinders came nearer. We flattened ourselves on the bottom, praying that the pounding of our hearts against the floor wouldn't give us away.

"Who da hell's god-da match?" I've had fire crackers explode behind me; I've heard pistol shots in the night when not another sound could be heard; I've heard thunder when the hush of the out-of-doors is at its height, but never have I heard a sound that seemed as loud and as penetrating as that: "Who da hell's god-da match?"

"For God's sake shut your mouth. Do you want that dick back here?" It was a whisper, but it seemed to reverberate like thunder.

"What do I care about the dick? I want a match." He seemed to scream it this time. He stood up. Two fellows grabbed him and tried to pull him down. One slipped on the floor of the car, wet from moisture of the early dew. He braced himself against a pile of tiles that made up the load in the gondola. His hand slipped, and he fell heavily against the tiles. One tile teetered for a second, and then crashed with a noise that echoed and reechoed through the yards.

"Get out of that car, you bums, and line up." The smooth-flowing profanity that accompanied this command convinced us, if we had any doubts, that the dick had arrived.

Cobbey and I got out, trying to be as nonchalant as the rest of the bums who went through this as a part of their routine.

"What do you think they'll do to us?" I whispered to a swarthy, filthy looking hobo next to me. He looked at me for a moment, spat on the ground, and then said in a jargon in which the vilest of language played a prominent part.

"Well, kid, they can't give us more than ten days in the louse coop. Say, you god-da match?" It was the same fellow who had occasioned this unhappy turn of events. A switch engine in the yard, busy making up a freight for El Paso, stopped for water at the tower. Its glaring headlight threw its beam on us, and for the first time I managed to get a good look at this trouble-maker. He was of medium height, husky, with a thick, leathery, bull-like neck. His jaw was stubborn, protruding, as if daring someone to hit it. His eyes fascinated me. Even while his lips were laughing

at his latest obscenity, his eyes were mirthless. They had a tortured, frustrated, almost agonized look that never changed. They seemed to reveal everything that his lips tried to hide, like a house with windows and doors locked, but with the shades raised to the top.

"Well, you little wart, do you think you'll know me the next time you see me?" With this wholly unoriginal remark he interrupted my scrutiny. I knew I could never forget him, but I hoped the opportunity for my seeing him again would never present itself. He filled me with loathing. I felt myself being poisoned by his conversation and his lewd philosophy. I wanted to break away—go home; get away from bums, derelicts, and dicks.

"All right, you; open your bag." It was the dick again. He took my bag and dumped its meager contents on the ground—a swimming suit, tooth brush, razor, shirt, and a pair of dingy gray pants that still proudly bore the name of white ducks. He gave the swimming suit a derisive kick, and with contempt on his face he scoffed. "Listen, kid, you and that other infant better hit for home. Don't let me see you in this yard again. Understand? Go home to your ma where you belong." And that was all.

We grabbed our bag, stuffing our clothes in on the run. We ran until the strident whistle of the locomotive in the yards reached us only as a weird protesting howl.

"Now what will we do?" Cobbey for the first time seemed scared. "If that crazy bum hadn't shot off his mouth, we wouldn't have anything to worry about."

"Anyhow, Cobbey, we didn't go to jail. Have you still got our dough?"

"Yah. He didn't look in the lining of my overalls."

That night we slept in the park. In an hour our clothes were soaked with dew. The afternoon's zephyrs had become cold biting winds. We slept close together, trying to absorb the heat from each other's bodies.

"Wake up, Jack, wake up!" I awoke with a start. Cobbey was standing over me. "A train's coming. It's the one they were making up in the yards. It's going slow. We can make it." I was still trying to figure what the excitement was all about when the train rounded the bend. Cobbey yelled "Hurry up" and left. I was putting on my shoes. I struggled with a knot, but it resisted all my coaxing. Finally I broke the lace. As I picked up my bag, Cobbey already was mounting the ladder. The chug-chug of the engine gave way to the rhythmic click-click of the wheels. The train was going too fast for me even to have thought of trying to make it. The fear of being alone gave me courage. I grabbed the first car. The terrific jerk threw me to one side. My shoe, free from the restraint of the lace, slipped off as I placed my one foot on the ladder. I dangled for a moment. A sudden lurch of the train slammed me against the side of the car. I fell. Somehow or other I missed the wheels of the train and landed on the cinder bed. At first I felt nothing. I seemed to hesitate between consciousness and oblivion. Then a searing pain in my arm made me sensible once more of my condition. I picked myself up. My head was pounding. My clothes were ripped. My arms, my legs, my face were all scratched from cinders. I felt something warm trickling down my arm. I took my hand away. It was covered with blood. I looked at my arm. The skin was hanging from the bone. The blood seemed to be pouring out. I couldn't go near the station house—that dick might be there. I went

to the water tower and tried to wash the cinders and dirt from my arm. The water made it bleed faster. I took my only extra shirt and made it into a crude bandage. I bound my arm as tight as I could. Already the bandage was crimson.

I decided to wait by the water tower for a train. They had to stop for water. I waited. The flies seemed fascinated by my bandaged arm. The sun was getting hot. It blazed mercilessly. I must have dozed off. I was aroused by the puffing and gasping of the engine and the gush of the water from the spout into the tender. I found an open boxcar and crawled into it. I lay there like a mangled rabbit that had crawled into its hole to die. The jerk of the train as it took up slack nearly drove me mad from pain. A pulse in my arm had begun to throb in rhythm with the wheels.

We rode on for fifty miles through desert. I began to get thirsty. I realized that I hadn't eaten since yesterday. I looked at my unkempt companions to see if there might be one near me from whom I could obtain a drink of water.

"Say, Mister; do you think you could spare me some water?" I entreated one sprawled next to me.

He stared at me with his blood-shot eyes. "Not enough for myself. You gotta fetch for yourself when you're on the bum."

I thought of paying for it. I reached in my pocket. Cobbey had the money.

My arm was bleeding more. The blood had seeped through the bandage and was forming a little pool by my side. Some religious fanatic had written a text on the side of the car: "Jesus saves, Jesus saves." "Gosh I'm thirsty. I wonder where Cobbey is?" my brain didn't seem strong enough to withhold the rush of jumbled ideas. Everything

written on the side of the box-car I repeated fatuously. "Wheat, barley, oats, coal." I couldn't stop myself. My tongue stuck to my upper palate. Oh, for a drink of water!

"Hey, godda match?" Was I dreaming? or had I gone mad?

"Hey you, godda match?" No, I wasn't dreaming. On top of everything else this bum was back to taunt me. I steeled myself for the outflow of filth. But I didn't expect what came.

"What's the matter, kid? Have some tough luck? Who fixed that bandage?" He seemed to grow years older in a minute. He spoke tenderly as a father to an infant son. I mumbled something and he left me. Oh well, I couldn't expect much more from a bum. But he came back with his bag in his hand.

"Now, let's see that arm. I oughta be able to fix it better than it is." I winced as he took my arm and proceeded to unroll the swath of cloth that bound it. He took a roll of gauze from his bag, some iodine, and a pair of scissors. His bag was a storehouse. Where he had gotten everything, I don't know. Finally he finished the bandaging of my arm.

"Thanks a lot," I murmured weakly. "But have you any water? I haven't had a drink since last night."

"Sure, I've got some water." He left and came back with a bottle of water and something in a bag. "Here, drink all you want, and if you feel hungry there's a half a can of beans and some bread in that bag." If I felt hungry! I nearly choked on the water. I didn't look up until I finished the beans. Sleep began to steal over me. From the far end of the car I heard a voice singing a song. It was obscene. It stopped. There was a pause. Then the same voice demanded—"Who's godda match?" I smiled and fell asleep.

“Rhetoric as She Is Wrote”

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

She sliped and she triped and gnashed
her elbow.

. . . .

The horse seemed to be a most gentle
soul when I first took him out, but whoa
unto me, he turned out to be an exhibitor
of equestral pyrotechnics.

. . . .

She was a voluptuous blonde who sat
on the front row and bothered the
teacher.

. . . .

As I sat placidly, watching the lions
go through their acts, and at the same
time munching popcorn, the “big top”
began to weave, and without further
warning, the lights went out.

. . . .

“. . . she was confirmed by some help-
less physical injury to her bed”

. . . .

Thus the University of Illinois affords
the opportunities to live in coordination
with the women of our country, who
help make the world a sublime castle in
which to live.

. . . .

Then there are others who are aware
of the fact that one must pass the various
courses before he can precipitate in col-
lege games.

. . . .

Holding hands with a love-sick face
has become part of a coke.

We studied Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*
and the works of his contemporaries
from 200 B. C. down to modern times.

. . . .

The best bait for use in catching
crappie is the minnow followed closely
by the lowly roach and the grasshopper.

. . . .

Wrinkles now claim the prominent
characteristic of the face that was once
mine.

. . . .

He was a large youth physically with
black, curly hair and eyes.

. . . .

Miss Jackson smiled as she opened to
the reading lesson showing an alignment
of straight, beautiful, teeth.

. . . .

He is dressed in a brown, spring suit
of the latest fashion, which fits him
in such a way that we realize his good
taste in wearing clothes immediately.

. . . .

He is always despondent to some other
individual for his livelihood.

. . . .

The first things a person looks for to-
day in choosing an automobile is class,
knee-action, free wheeling, and to see if
it looks bigger and better than their
relatives.

HONORABLE MENTION

Lack of space prevents the publishing of some excellent themes by the following students:

ELINOR ANDERSON	BARBARA LITTLETON
STANLEY BAKER	MAXINE OLIVER
VIVIAN BELL	WILLIAM OTTER
MACK BOOZE	YSOBEL PORTER
FRANK DEWOLF	KATHERINE ROPIEQUET
FRANCIS DINELEY	IRMA SAMCKEN
SIGMUND GREENBURG	JANET SIMPSON
LORRAINE GROUPE	JOHN SPECK
BILL KENNEDY	LOIS WENDT
GEORGE KRIEGMAN	WILLIAM WENDT
MURIEL KRING	GERALD WHITTED
AUBREY LAUTERSTEIN	McELROY WILKES
RALPH JACOBS	



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOUR O'CLOCK TEA 1
Philip Brewer

ATHLETES 2
David Murray

AN EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM . 3
Catherine Jeter

MAN AGAINST NATURE 4
Dorothy Pilkington

ON BEING A DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER 5
Martha Salisbury

ON THE VALUE OF THE NEWSPAPER 7
John Ladd

ECHOES OF THE OPERA 8
Richard Doney

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"—Hervey Allen 10
Paul Harris

FOUR FOR A DIME 12
Idele Schulman

MY OLD HOME TOWN 16
Eugene Ranck

THANKS TO THE MACHINE AGE 18
Harl E. Son, Jr.

SPECULATIONS ON ATLANTIS 19
Howard C. E. Johnson

MUSKELLUNGE 22
John C. Speck

THE MOST INTERESTING FRATERNITY IN
THE WORLD 24
John Zwaska

GRANDPA VERSUS THE WESTERN MIDLAND
RAILROAD 25
C. W. Filson

THE COAL FIELDS 28
Julius Weinberg

PUNISHMENT 30
Elizabeth Shattuck

"RHETORIC AS SHE IS WROTE" 32
(From themes written in Rhetoric I and II)



Four o'Clock Tea

PHILIP BREWER

Theme 5, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

THERE is a standing joke, with many well-known variations, about the Englishman's habit of drinking tea every afternoon at four o'clock. People laugh and scoff, and label as ridiculous a custom which in reality is worthy not only of respect but of imitation. There are solid and substantial foundations upon which this custom is built; it is neither a fad nor an affectation, but a national institution and tradition which has existed for generations.

The English Tea, in the first place, is decidedly different from the American Tea. Here, it is more or less a social event and confined, for the most part, to the so-called upper class, who give teas only occasionally, and then more for an excuse to have an afternoon party than through any desire to drink tea. There is, of course, the "Sorority Tea," a type which isn't a Tea at all, for there is never any tea in evidence, but instead small blobs of ice cream.

Tea-time in England, on the other hand, is just exactly what the name implies. There is tea—to drink! Furthermore, the habit is universal; it extends into the homes of all, from Dukes and Earls down to the poorest Covent Garden fishmonger. Tea in England is a purely family affair, and it assumes the proportions of a meal more than a party, although "meal" is still a poor way of describing it. It is just Tea, unique and beyond comparative definition.

There are, however, two kinds of Tea in England. There is Tea and High Tea, sometimes jocularly referred to as "Hit."

"Tea" is a daily occurrence, indulged in by all, and accepted as a matter of course. Office workers are given a half-hour off in the afternoon in addition to their lunch hour. This Tea usually consists of tea and possibly a biscuit and jam.

High Tea is more substantial, takes place about five o'clock, and is usually reserved for Saturday and Sunday afternoons, when dinner is not served until about eight. "Hit" is an event to look forward to, the tasty side dishes, winkles and shrimps, muffins and crumpets, watercress, marmalade, jam, and seed cake making the mouth water in anticipation. It is not only the food that is so delightful, but there is an atmosphere of coziness and family spirit and companionship that comes at no other time than when the toaster is toasting and the teapot is potting; when members of the family become congenial and mellow under the influence of a cup of well-brewed tea—blessed tea!

It is a great pity that the people in this country do not adopt the idea of a daily tea. Aside from the purely animal enjoyment received from putting food in the mouth four times a day instead of three, doctors and physiologists have found strong indications that such a program would result in definite physical and mental benefits. It might be well for the American people to stop scoffing and start imitating. The advantages would more than compensate for the loss of a stock joke.

Athletes

DAVID MURRAY

Theme 5, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

NOAH WEBSTER defines an athlete as "One trained to contend in feats of physical prowess; one possessed of great physical strength." The definition is all right, but it doesn't go into the matter deeply enough; it certainly doesn't give one of my reasons for not liking athletes, and I certainly don't like them.

The first reason is that they're always perfectly healthy. They should count that as a blessing and be properly humble and grateful, remembering the many weaknesses to which the flesh falls heir. But no, they must brag about their cold showers and training-table diet. They must make statements about being able to whip a large number of wildcats barehanded. When they get up in the morning they have to stand in front of open windows and breathe with a sound accompaniment. They're always going around pounding their chests and slapping other people on the back. They manage to give an impression of being made from a special brand of protoplasm. Some of them come right out and say that I am in line for a life of sickness and an unpleasant early death.

I can pass over physical superiority with memories of elephants and the extinct larger varieties of dinosaur, but the athletes insist that their brands of morals, sportsmanship, and character are above average too. They try to tell me that violent contact on a football field with eleven other muscular morons results in a finer nature. I once knew some

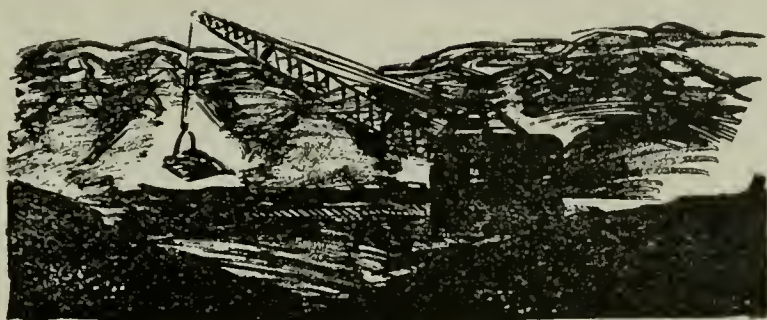
golfers, and all that they ever got from golf was a great irreverence and a wonderful vocabulary. How should the fact that a man indulges in great exertion give him a road map to the better spiritual life?

I can't really believe that athletes have no brains. They must have to have invented their language. One says to another, "He parried in sept, so I retreated five, lunged in carte with an out wrist, got good contact, and filled the box," and they both make sense from it. No athlete ever looked as if he were ashamed of what he had done, but he hides every mention of it in gibberish. The sports writers talk that way too. The other day I read about a man who made a spectacular slide for home on his digestive distillery. I think such language a perverted form of vanity.

Insofar as I'm concerned, athletes can be healthy, turn into moral masterpieces, and talk until they drop. I might even find some excuses for their actions. That is, if they would stop stealing my girls. They've stolen every one of them, and there were some very nice numbers in the collection. I go out and get myself a nice blonde to have and to hold so that a mutton-headed basketball center can take her to the big dance. It makes me feel like a bird dog—you know, an animal that scares up pheasants and guinea hens all day for a Ken-l-ration supper. I'll be thrice terrorized with eternal damnation before I like athletes.

pluck a leaf from the doomed cottonwood that clung to the brink. I fully realized, however, the ruin brought upon nature when I gazed from the high refinery window. We had climbed there through the maze of machinery, the intricacies of which my untrained mind could not grasp. Here the coal from the mine was broken and washed, and the by-products were obtained. Here were two blast furnaces three stories in height, fascinating "cat-walks" at dizzy levels, and numerous little crannies into which

I poked my nose. No doubt I will be called sentimental when I confess that much of my delight faded as from that upper window I looked out upon the ravaged countryside. As far as the eye could see stretched the mountain of waste—the dead, gray corpse of land that had once laughed in the sun. Only countless centuries of weathering could ever restore that soil to fertility. Man had gained a few dollars, but Nature lay dying of her wounds.



On Being a Doctor's Daughter

MARTHA SALISBURY

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1935-36

IT WAS indeed an unfortunate day for me when I was born the daughter of a physician. I believe that the children of physicians are usually endowed with healthful bodies, well-balanced nervous systems, and scientific minds with which to face life; but the many annoying, irritating, trivial disturbances which occurred throughout my childhood would fill my childish heart with such bitter resentment and such raging rebellion that I have often wondered if it would not be much pleasanter to be the daughter of a policeman, a grocery-man, or a florist.

When a doctor's child contracts a cold, there are no pleasant, old-fashioned home remedies of steaming hot lemonade or fragrant, delicious hot toddy. There is no going about to school or business with an expression of martyrdom upon one's face, no coughing of weak little coughs at well-timed intervals, no enjoying the sympathy and solicitude of one's friends. On the contrary, the "scientific treatment" is administered. This means going to bed immediately, taking a course of calomel for the first hour or so, and then a variety of mouth-washes, sprays,

and numerous other vile-smelling and evil-tasting concoctions. Even after a doctor's child has recovered from an illness, there is still more torture in store for him. I remember a severe attack of pneumonia in my childhood which left me weak and debilitated for many days after my recovery. Did my friends sympathize? Not at all. All I received were gibes and taunts about my being an exceedingly poor advertisement for my father, the town doctor. Why did I have to be the daughter of a physician!

Another experience, vivid and bitter in my memory, was a birthday party I gave for one of my closest friends. After I had thoroughly cleaned our living-room, dining-room, and "den"—these rooms were just across a narrow hall from my father's offices—and after I had decorated the "party" table with dainty linens and gleaming silver, I decided that a few small bouquets of flowers attractively scattered about the rooms would make the setting complete. When I had done this, the scene was perfect in my estimation, and I was thoroughly prepared for my guests. Then they came. The first one sniffed and remarked almost immediately, "What is that I smell?" How charming of her to notice my flowers, thought I as I brightly replied, "Oh, you mean the flowers." But "No," said she "It's something 'funny.'" "Oh," I answered her, with a sigh of disappointment and resignation, "I guess it's medicine, or antiseptic, or something." Once more I cursed the gods for making my father a physician!

Later when we sat down to eat the luncheon I had so painstakingly prepared, I had forgotten the irritating episode, and once again I had high hopes of making the party a success. Everything was running smoothly. The food was palatable, the conversation sprightly,

and a comfortable atmosphere of warm comradeship began to envelope our little group. At this moment we heard the voice of my father's receptionist calling out from the reception room, "Oh, come in, Mrs. J.; do come in." From that time on, the snatches of conversation which came to us at intervals from the office made smooth-flowing, spontaneous intercourse for us practically impossible. "No, I said Alophen, not elephant pills." And, "No, don't take everything off." How loudly and nervously I talked to hide the embarrassing silence in our party which this unfortunate incident caused. Just as our conversation was about to settle back to normal, we heard the telephone ring and then my father's voice saying, "Yes, this is he." Then after a long pause: "But you're not sick. You're just a selfish, pampered parasite."

But my punishment was not yet over—Oh, no! When we had finished our coffee, my guests wandered into the "den," and began to look at the small collection of books which constituted our library. The first shelf was fine—*Essays by Christopher Morley*, *Stories of the Great Operas*, *Lost Horizon*, and *The Plays of Shakespeare*. Nothing wrong on the second shelf, either—*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, *Works of O. Henry*, *Browning's Poems*, and others. But the third shelf and the fourth—bottles of iodine, mercurochrome, digitalis, ipecac, and calomel; jars of zinc oxide salve and sulphur ointment; rolls of bandage and bolts of adhesive tape! More humiliation for me!

Needless to say, I was very happy when my last guest had said goodbye, and I was glad enough to throw myself on the sofa and shake with sobs of rage and grief. Truly, the life of a doctor's daughter is a hard one.

On the Value of the Newspaper

JOHN LADD

Theme 5, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

EVERY day millions of people find morning or evening newspapers at their doors. The journal has become a necessity. The principal value of a newspaper, according to Ernest Dimnet's essay, "How to Read a Newspaper," lies in the fact that ". . . the daily newspaper . . . is a page in history." Of course the dailies do discuss topics which will be studied by future history students, but does that fact give justification for the eulogy of Mr. Dimnet?

Examining a paper, we find that, except just previous to the national elections, the headlines inform us about the latest murder, rape, accident, or snow storm; our eye is caught by a picture of the remains of a company of Spanish rebels, their skulls battered in and their limbs partially or wholly torn away. Farther down the page we see another typical item of interest to the newspaper reader: "Purse Snatcher Causes 'L' Crash; 33 injured." Let us turn the pages at random: pages two and three contain touching articles, known among reporters as "human interest stories"; succeeding pages speak of social functions and sports events, and of course no publisher can afford to omit comics and similar syndicated shorts. Such is the chronicle which, Mr. Dimnet advises us, is "richer than any textbook."

The publishers are not to be blamed for composing newspapers in such a manner as to give Mrs. Blacklidge's extortion case more column space than the "Lame Duck" amendment. The primary and only purpose in publishing a newspaper is to earn money. The best way for the paper to produce an income is

to have a large number of readers, for no advertiser will pay for space that will not be seen by the prospective buyer. The most practical means to increase, or even to maintain, the circulation is to give the public what it desires; and the public fairly "eats up" scandal, odd or exciting stories, regardless of their veracity, and syndicated features.

It has been stated that in the newspapers can be found accounts of events which may be of consequence to the history of the world. Mr. Dimnet believes that if one ferrets these items from the major portion of the newspaper, he will be well versed on the topics of the day. This may be true if the reader has a *good* source which will give him the *facts* of the situation. Very rarely, however, do the dailies contain unbiased accounts of momentous affairs: one paper explains President Roosevelt's actions in such a manner that his horns and hoofs are clearly visible, while another, if that particular section of the country favors it, almost deifies the gentleman. Perhaps Mr. Dimnet would have us concentrate on a subject until we understand the elements of cause and effect, in order that we may profit by the successes and failures of our predecessors—this, after all, is a prime reason for the importance of history. Mr. Dimnet has a fine theory, but look, for instance, at the example he himself gives—the World War. After a lapse of eighteen years, the cause of the Great War has not yet been ascertained, nor have we, apparently, learned how to avoid war. It seems obvious that the newspaper is not the almighty historian that it is claimed to be.

Echoes of the Opera

RICHARD DONEY

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1936-37

SOMEHOW I feel that I have always liked music even though that liking was latent for a while. I know now, of course, that I do like music—at least certain forms of it—and I know that there is but little else that gives me such complete mental relaxation and delight. Once, the term *opera* was obnoxious in my ears, for I associated it only with highbrows, fat sopranos, and Italian tenors. But suddenly the word came to have a magical meaning. You see, I fell in love with the quartette from *Rigoletto*.

Now all my life I had heard that song—or parts of it—and it had meant nothing to me. The tune was catching, I did admit, but there was nothing meaningful about it. Then with time hanging heavy on my hands one rainy afternoon—I distinctly remember the day—I played a recording of the quartette on the phonograph; for the first time I *listened*, and wonder of wonders, I heard something beyond the tune. Growing excited, I played it over and over again; it seemed as if I couldn't get enough. Parental wrath made me desist eventually, but did not deter the new interest that had found birth. This music was good, and I wanted more like it; so I fished with lusty enthusiasm in a stack of old records, heavy with the respectable dust of years of disuse, and triumphantly found another from *Rigoletto*. It was *La Donna e Mobile*, and risking further outbreaks from the kitchen, I played it softly. It was lovely!

And so a new world opened up. The dusty pile of records gave up dozens of treasures, *Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, old ones to be sure, but delicious ones,

and I ate them up, every one. Of course, hearing the music made me want to know the stories, and so Saturday afternoons would usually find me in the music room of the library poring over the libretti, which were of course, for the most part, horrible gibberish to me, but I did manage to make something out of the translations that accompanied them.

And as I read, gradually the secret dawned on me. I knew what it was that was so fascinating about opera. Yes, the music was charming, and most of the melodies were haunting. But that was not what held me spellbound. No, it was the *Romance*. Here was a place where I could revel in the sword and cape melodrama without being old-fashioned; here I could enjoy plumes and banners, armor and brocades without being ashamed of it. The cinema and the stage were boasting sordidness and sophistication, but here, thumbing my nose with impunity at their realism, I could romp a la Cyrano de Bergerac to my heart's content. The find left me exhausted but happy.

Naturally the desire came to *see* the opera, and here a joyous fate stepped in and wrought a miracle. I was introduced to a gentleman who offered me the opportunity to work for him in that celestial realm, the opera house. It is still a miracle to me how I, in my utter amazement, found the tongue to accept.

And so I began to work on the gallery floor. It was a shock, I assure you, when I found out the nature of the occupation—I still suffer acute pangs of embarrassment when I think of it—and even now I hesitate to mention it. Need I

do so? Thank you; then I shan't. All that is to be said then is that I worked at the opera house, and I did see the opera, two whole seasons of it.

The first performance! Will I ever forget that first performance? It was *Madame Butterfly*, and without a doubt the most perfect introduction that one could wish for. Here was poignancy—refreshing poignancy—melodramatic to be sure, but oh, how delicious the copious tears were. The music, of course, had much to do with that. Who can hear *Un bel di vedremo* or the letter duet between Sharpless and Cho-Cho-San without a tug inside? One never wearies of such music, and that is what makes it great music. I have heard *Butterfly* many times since that first night, but it still affects me the same way.

Butterfly put me into an ecstatic daze from which I hoped I would never be awakened. But the next night *Boheme* did even more, indescribable of course, but yet more.

And so the season went on—all the great scores—all the great stars—and I never did tire of them although many were repetitions. I still see the great Jeritza with her halo of golden hair tumbled about her, singing *Visi d'arte* in *La Tosca*, and Amato, in the same opera, chanting the *Te Deum* with his brazen voice; Hackett as the most charming Lionel in *Martha* that ever sang *M'Appari*; Marshall, pathetic as Otello; Glade, the effervescent Carmen. Raisa in *Cavalleria* was the most glorious voice of all, and her Aida was perfection itself. Oh, I could go on endlessly, I suppose; there are so many lovely memories.

Yet, I did not like them all. Indeed, I hang my head in utter shame when I say I did not like Wagner. I had come well prepared and most eager to hear *Lohengrin*, but it was so long, and so

tedious, that by the time that they did play the Wedding March (for which I had been waiting all evening) I didn't enjoy it at all. I did learn to like *Tannhäuser* and parts from *Die Walküre*, but the *Ring* cycle put me asleep and, I must confess, so did *Tristan*. All of which proves, I'm afraid, that I am not a true music lover, for if I were I should really be able to hear the greatness in Wagner without so much vain effort and strain. But I do love Puccini. To listen to his glorious melodies is no labor at all, and even if it were it would be a labor of sheer love. Verdi, of course, is matter of course; it is as natural to love his music as it is to breathe.

I often noticed that the stage was frequently filled with men and women in gorgeous costumes who sang nothing at all, but merely sauntered about in mob scenes and court scenes, lending a general, well-populated atmosphere to the set. I vowed that if they were able to do it, I could too; and so, by pulling a few unmentionable strings, the way to this Parnassus was opened up.

It felt but little like Parnassus, I assure you, when for the first time I marched on resplendent in brass armor as a man-at-arms in *Gioconda*. My lance trembled, I'm afraid, as I gazed out into the blackness that represented the audience and into which the chosen ones sang (we were forbidden to do so much as open our mouths). I wondered and marveled at the great courage that the soloists must have had to stand out and sing before that fierce void. But of course I became accustomed to it (although I never went on more than once a week). It became quite the usual thing to be jostled about behind a tin shield at a Saturday matinee, and, after I had worried sufficiently as to whether I was standing or sauntering (how they used

that word!) in the right place, to be most observant of the Italian profanity that the great ones hissed back and forth across the stage and of the unseen digs and winks at punches that were passed about so lavishly.

It was thrilling, of course, but most disillusioning. To see my favourite diva (who looked so beautiful from out front) painted up like an Indian and sweating and laboring in what seemed to be actual physical distress was quite a blow. The rich gowns, so bright when seen from my gallery floor, revealed all their falseness, and tinsel never looked so forlorn as when seen swaying on the tunic of the great baritone two feet away. So I indulged in acting only occasionally. You see, it took some of the glamour away.

I did peer backstage. This was the nightly thrill of thrills when the great ones smiling most graciously in stained lounging robes would stand in the doors

of their dressing rooms and hand out photographs with a weary air, nodding pleasantly to the trite compliments that were showered on them. The autograph hunters disgusted me, shoving their way forward and holding up a tattered book or program in a trembling hand, breathing an odoriferous, but barely audible "Maestro!" or "Madame!" for which Maestro or Madame scratched an indistinguishable but treasured scrawl.

I tried it myself for a time, but I soon stopped when I realized what an amateurish thing it was to do. I promised myself, in place of it, to make a collection of my own somewhere inside, and I did. Now, when I hum a few bars of *Stride la vampa*, I think of Van Gorden, and for the moment my mind goes back to those nights when I heard Van Gorden sing it herself. It seems something like a wide stage on which the curtain will never go down, for you know, I have quite a repertoire enshrined there.



Anthony Adverse by Hervey Allen

PAUL HARRIS

Theme 9, Impromptu, Rhetoric II, 1936-37

ANTHONY ADVERSE—the name should conjure up for modern readers the memory of discussions (discussions reaching into thousands of words) of a book which three years ago intrigued

the fancy and satisfied the whims of nearly a million readers. The title itself has come to be almost a synonym for something very ponderous and weighty, because unfortunately too many persons

associate the size of the book (1200 pages in length, nearly three pounds in weight) with the size of its contents. The volume *does* contain innumerable characters and plots; the territory covered *does* include nearly every continent on earth, but a careful review would have allayed the fears of many who otherwise threw up their hands and exclaimed: "Read *Anthony Adverse*! No thanks! I've more important work to do this year!"

The sweep of the book is like that of a mighty river which will submit to no obstacle, and which continues to move onward even after its force has been killed when it rushes into the sea. The person who decides to read it makes himself ready, like a swimmer who attempts to cross the river; when he is through he feels the gratification of a task well done—he is exhausted, but proud. The story of Anthony's life is interwoven with the great tapestry that constituted European and American life in the early nineteenth century so skillfully and forcefully that the book must necessarily be a great and moving piece of literature.

The many characters who are concerned in Anthony's life are drawn convincingly. In a few of them is a Dickensian touch of whimsy and pathos. Captain Jorham and his wife June, conducting their tidy home-life on board ship, save when the Captain periodically immerses himself in "dog-noses" to drown out the memory of the sound of his dead baby's patting feet, are examples of this touch. But the great majority of the characters, instead of being given

a definite set of characteristics to make the most of, live, grow, and develop before the reader's eyes. Anthony, the innocent young boy, Anthony, the determined young man of Havana, and Anthony, the slave-dealer in Africa, are three separate and distinct personalities; yet Mr. Allen has shown the change and development in a slow, unsurprising way.

It is said that Hervey Allen spent five years in writing *Anthony Adverse*. This may easily be believed, since the threads of the story fall together with a finality and rightness that could come only of long thought. When Don Luis leaves Anthony as a baby in the convent wall, the reader somehow feels that he does not drive off into the cold Italian night never to be seen again. When Anthony's mother's maid stuffs the priceless little Madonna into the satchel with the baby, one feels that the Madonna will continue through the story with Anthony, and long after he dies in America, the Madonna is seen again for the last time, the target at which some crude pioneers are shooting. In fact, looking back over the book, I feel that this sense of finality and rightness is one of its most remarkable characteristics.

Napoleon, Nelson, Rothschild—the histories of three continents move through this great story of one man's life. There is humor, pathos, tragedy, irony and morality—the book is like a great canvas done in rich oil colors, flashing every hue of the spectrum. Whether it will *continue* to be a masterpiece will be seen; it is one of the great works of our day.

Four for a Dime

IDELE SCHULMAN

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

"STEP right up, folks—have your pictures taken—four for a dime." Could this possibly be I standing out here boldly trying to attract the attention of some of those people who were passing by? Yes, it was I all right, and the funny thing was, I had to admit that I really enjoyed the work. To see how many people my shouting brought forth was a game. Some came forward willingly, anxious to have their pictures taken; some walked slowly towards the stand out of sheer curiosity or lack of something else to do. These slow, curious people were, after they had once come near to the stand, the object of my attention. They had no desire to have their pictures taken, but it was up to me to make them walk away with four smiling poses on a strip tucked neatly away in their pockets or purses. It was not always an easy job, but it was surprising how far a little coaxing and joking could go in arousing the desire in a person to do something which a second ago was farthest away from his mind. After pointing out some especially good photos pasted on a display card for that purpose, minimizing the price—"one dime—," and exaggerating the value of the picture, I was able to get them to think such things as "After all, a dime isn't much."—"Haven't anything to lose."—"If they do come out good, I can give one to Mom and Mary."—which in the end always "landed" them. And so they had their pictures taken on the little stool in the four-by-six box.

The task of taking the pictures was very simple. The persons were taken into the little box-like room and seated

on a stool that was adjusted to their height. The very powerful bright lights were then switched on, and from then on I had to work fast because these lights were expensive and burned out rapidly. The idea was to take the best possible picture in the shortest possible time. "Please sit a little straighter and further back on the seat. That's right. Smile into the camera—hold it!" At this point, efficiently and evenly, I had to snap down the rod at the side of the camera and quickly pose the person for the next picture—and so on for four poses. For some unknown reason I was very conscientious about every picture I took. Quite often I spent much more time tilting a chin at the proper angle, placing a shoulder at the proper level, and coaxing a person into smiling naturally than was necessary in turning out pictures four for a dime.

No sooner was the person out of the box than he heard me say, "Ten cents, please," saw me pocket the money, count out the proper change, and cheerfully say, "Thank you, sir; your pictures will be ready in about five minutes." Every so often I stopped taking pictures, stepped behind the counter, and handed out the pictures that had been drying there. The customer was no more anxious to see the finished product than I was. I always felt badly when the photos did not come out well, although it was not my fault that some people just do not take good pictures. When the entire strip came out well, I was more than happy. I imagine it must be the same feeling a composer has towards a piece of music he has composed or the way a

sculptor feels towards one of his statues—the same closeness and creative feeling. And although the work I did was not creative, every picture that came out of that machine had a part of me in it!

While handing out the pictures I had to try tactfully to sell the idea of having the pictures tinted and framed. Here I was usually repaid for having taken the pictures conscientiously because the good pictures were almost always tinted and framed. When a person was in doubt whether or not to frame the picture, I quietly placed it behind one of the neat glass frames and showed it to him. Nine times out of ten this little demonstration worked. I also had to keep my eyes open for a chance to sell enlargements, but I could not do this with much enthusiasm because they usually did not come out so well. So you see, the work itself was not hard but had many small important duties. I had to be on my toes and keep my eyes open.

But then, I could not possibly fall asleep on such a job. I came in contact with many different types of people and got glimpses into many of their lives. In every type of work one always finds good-natured, easy-going customers. They can usually be “spotted,” and I always sighed with relief when a person like this stepped forward to have his picture taken. They smiled, they posed, and they were very nonchalant about it all. It was a pleasure to work with them. Just the opposite of this kind of customer was the young man who came up, sat down, and looked into the camera as if he had just lost his best friend. The lights were on, and I was all ready to snap down the rod. “Smile, please.” No answer, no smile! “Come on, just a little smile.” “Naw, don’ wanna.” After taking three poses without smiles, I took another chance. “I won’t let you out of

here until you smile. Come on, just a little one.” Here he directed either a very dirty look toward me or an ugly grin into the camera. The result was usually pretty bad. This “won’t smile” type of person was so intent upon not smiling that he set on his features an unnatural, mean look. I always tried to get at least two smiling poses because a whole strip of stern poses was very forbidding and enough to keep any person from returning.

When I saw a mother come up with a baby in her arms I always wanted to run. “Please take the baby’s picture, and don’t forget to make him smile.” To me, forcing a child to have his picture taken was about the cruelest thing a mother could do to a baby. My sympathy was with those little, helpless infants, who had no idea of what was going on. The child went through a number of frightening experiences. He was taken from his mother’s arms and placed in those of a stranger (mine), he was seated on a built-up chair, and then the curtain was drawn because it was necessary to keep out the sunlight. He then cried until he got used to being away from his mother. Then, cruel, cruel person that I was, I turned on the bright lights. He began to scream all over again (and how they *can* howl!). After making funny faces and queer noises, and being rushed by people who always wanted to have their pictures taken, I usually got four half-way decent poses. I gladly handed the child back to his mother. What a relief!

When a staggering, red-nosed, young fellow walked unsteadily towards the camera shouting “Hey, shishter, take my picshure, will ya?” I knew that I and every one around were in for a good time. Whether he acted like a pouting, stubborn child, impossible to pose and handle, or whether he was as meek as

any "mama's boy," made no difference. Drunkards were always a good drawing card. I never took a picture of a jolly drunkard without having mobs of people standing around, laughing, joking, and commenting. These grown-up children, with their childish ways, amused me as nothing else has ever done, and everyone always had a good time.

Perhaps it wasn't the nicest thing to do, but when I took pictures of young couples I could not resist the temptation of suggesting a little kiss for the last pose. The reactions of most young couples were usually the same. The young lady—"Come on, honey, just a little one." The young man—"Naw, don't be silly." Anyway, they usually held a kiss long enough for me to snap the pose. The results were always amusing, and though they might have been a little put-out by my audacity, they laughed over the finished products and later thanked me for this "get-together pose."

But the bashful souls gave me momentary guilty pangs. They came sheepishly, quietly, when the stand was empty, casting hasty, concerned glances around before they stepped before the camera. "Please pull the curtain tight, and hurry." When they noticed that I had to poke my head inside the curtain to direct the posing, the same look came into their eyes that a scared rabbit has when he is getting ready to bolt across the field, only they could not bolt. I got the business over as quickly as possible, because I enjoyed it no more than they did.

With all the "ins and outs" of handling some of these characters, I preferred working with them rather than trying to manage those people who were perfect angels under the camera, but who were, to me, mean as devils as soon as they had the finished pictures in their hands.

Some of those women with long noses, stringy hair, and bulgy eyes expected nothing less than a Jean Harlow to blossom forth on the film. While posing them I did my best to shorten long noses and to hide wrinkles, but I never pretended to be a miracle woman. After a few days of work I found that the value of a dime had gone up considerably. Why, for a dime some people expected nothing less than four miniature painted portraits! Indeed, I was amazed. I became so immune that I could listen to all of their bickering and complaining without hearing a word of what they said. But what perhaps enraged me most was the blank, expressionless face on the should-be-proud owner when I happily turned over to him an exceptionally good picture. Taking a picture of three persons on one film was a very difficult task because of the small size of the photo, and I shall never forget my disappointment when one mother unconcernedly jammed a good picture I had taken of her three sons into her purse. Of course, all people were not like her. Many gave forth shouts of joy and really appreciated good work.

Besides getting to know and understand different types of people, I was able to get intimate glimpses into many of their lives.

One young lady became an habitual and, I must say, a profitable customer. She was the vainest person I had ever come across. If beauty was ever a curse, it was for this young lady. Having eight to twelve pictures taken a day was a mere nothing to her, and she almost drove me frantic by insisting that I invent new and exotic poses for her. The photos were so small that this was almost an impossibility. Flattering her was a good business policy, although I really pitied her.

One crowded, sunny day I was unexpectedly introduced to the wonders of a big city. As I handed back a strip of pictures to a large, healthy-looking girl, she suddenly burst out with "Isn't it grand? All these people—dancing, and music, and everything!" "Why, yes," I said, a little surprised at such an outburst. "Haven't you ever been here before?" "Here? No. I've never been to a big city like this before. I live 'way off—sixty miles from here. I've never been any place but on a farm. This is all so grand and exciting. I hope I can come again." And after a more lengthy conversation I, for once, realized to the fullest extent how many thousand people all over the world have never as much as seen even a small city. To the farm girl this small-town amusement park was a big city. I shuddered when I thought of how she might have reacted had she suddenly dropped on the corner of State and Madison Streets in Chicago some Saturday afternoon.

The true romantic story of an old man and his sweetheart was revealed to me one day. It was a jolly warm day; business was rushing, but nothing passed me by; therefore, it was not unusual that out of the whole crowd I noticed an old man standing with two sweet old ladies, each clinging to an arm. They passed on with the rest of the crowd, but it was not much later than he came back with one of the ladies still clinging to his arm. "Can you take both of us together in one picture? Oh, that's fine. You'll make them nice, won't you?" He was so big, strong, and glowing, and she so little and sweet, that they could not help taking good pictures. He had two of them tinted and framed, gave one to her, carefully placed one in his own pocket, and then left, beaming and smiling. He soon came rushing back by himself, bubbling

over with excitement. "I want to have some more pictures taken, but this time with another lady. Please don't tell her about the first lady." I went through the same process, taking, tinting, and framing the pictures. By this time my curiosity was aroused, but it was not satisfied until later in the day when he came back to have the other two pictures, that he had taken with the first lady, tinted and framed. When I handed them back to him, I could not help commenting on what a very pretty, sweet lady she was. This was all he needed; he burst forth with his story. "Do you really think so? She is pretty—a fine lady, too. You see, she's my girl friend. We're secretly engaged and are going to be married soon. We haven't told my sister, the second lady; it is going to be a surprise. She can cook—and what a neat housekeeper! I have plenty of money, and I'll give her everything she wants—a pretty home, lots of nice clothes, and everything. I think I can make her happy. I hope so." No young lover could have spoken of his love with more reverence, respect, joy, and happiness than did this old man whose eyes twinkled and whose silver hair glistened in the sun.

After a week I knew exactly what people to expect on certain days. Sunday afternoon the farmers in their quiet, shy way came to town to spend the afternoon. Comfortable but unusual looking wearing apparel passed by all day—large straw hats, loose dark clothing. Sunday evening was quite different; then the summer resorters visited the park, conspicuous by their neat, tailored, fine clothing, and their haughty manner. Thursday was "maids' night off," and the dance hall, right across from our stand, was full of "three ninety-eight organdy dresses" whose owners anxiously waited for some young man to ask

them for the next dance. Saturday evening found many young couples happily rushing in and out of the dance hall. Every afternoon I spent in long chatty conversations with the nurse-maids who had brought the children to the park.

After holding this job for four weeks I gained a large amount of valuable knowledge besides having a very interesting time. To do justice to the job it was necessary for me to learn how to attract the attention of those passing by our stand and to sell them the idea of having their photos taken, to learn how to coax people into posing and smiling much against their will, and to learn the art of salesmanship. It goes without saying that one doing such work would naturally lose all self-consciousness and would learn how to approach people with tact. I learned how to tint pictures—how to make gray photos come to life with vivid colors. I was soon able to keep tab

on money and to make change quickly and accurately. It was not long before I was able to judge a person at first glance, and soon I gained a fairly good knowledge of human nature.

I can truthfully say that I spent the most interesting, exciting, and enjoyable four weeks that one could possibly pass. They were interesting because of my constant contact with people; they were exciting because it was my first job; they were enjoyable because something new was happening all the time. So if you want to do fascinating work, if you want to become introduced into the business world with a “bang,” if you want to gain a thorough knowledge of the many types of persons with whom you may come in contact, get yourself a job taking photos in an amusement park, stand out in front, and shout for all you are worth, “Step right up, folks; have your pictures taken—four for a dime!”

My Old Home Town

EUGENE RANCK

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

I SHALL ever have a great love for my home town, Chili, once the greatest city of Illinois. Though now a mere wide place in the road, Chili was larger than Chicago in the early days before Illinois gained her statehood. At its height, Chili, founded there on the prairie along one of the main trails leading west, was the busiest distribution point and social center of western Illinois. But in the course of history, Chili was missed by the railroads, the greatest

necessity to an inland town, and by my time had come to be nearly non-existent.

When I first came to know the town in my early boyhood, all that remained were the church, the school, a few residences, and the one general store. The town was built around a cross roads with the church and school on one corner, and the store just opposite. The residences were scattered here and there, and somewhat back of the store was the “No dumping” sign practically covered

Speculations on Atlantis

HOWARD C. E. JOHNSON

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1936-37

THE legends of ancient peoples have always fired the imagination of man. Always it has been his dream to penetrate the inscrutable mysteries which surround the early history of his race; consequently, he grasps eagerly at the most meager clues and the most fantastic hypotheses to search them for the hidden truth which may perchance be at their sources. The most persistent legend of this sort is that of a lost continent beyond the Straights of Gibraltar which flourished and fell several thousand years before the recorded histories of Greece and Rome. In view, then, of the boundless vistas of knowledge which would be revealed to us if the existence of this continent be proved, it were well to consider the evidence which has been brought to light.

A noticeable indication of a previous connecting link between America and the Old World is that identical species of plant and animal life are found on both continents. Among the flora, the banana is probably the best example.¹ The cultivation of a seedless fruit is an achievement requiring much time and effort. That savage tribes could carry on this intensive cultivation is improbable; and that this identical cultivation should be undertaken by tribes in countries as remote as Africa and South America is a virtual impossibility.

Among the fauna, moreover, we have more striking evidence of a previous land bridge between the continents. Identical species of land snails, rabbits, and even bears are found in Europe and in America. They were in these remote locations long before civilized man

could have had a part in transporting them; and since they could not cross by water, their existence in both places presupposes a terrestrial link between the continents. This link could not be across Bering Strait—as many geologists believe—because the western coast of America contains very few species common to both continents.² In addition, the islands off the coast of Spain, which are supposed to be remnants of the lost continent, exhibit fauna which are much like those of the aforementioned continents. “The fauna of the southernmost islands (the Canaries and, especially, the Cape Verdes) bears witness to a drier, desert-like climate. Besides, this fauna shows analogies only with those of the West Indies and Central America, and of southwestern Europe and northwestern Africa,—none with that of tropical Africa.”³

The most curious cases among the fauna, however, are those of the eels and lemmings. The eels, both of America and of Europe, swim far out into the Atlantic to spawn. The old eels are never seen again, but the young ones swim back to their parents' country without fail. “The lemming, a small rodent, periodically seems to feel a migratory impulse of a southerly tendency, during which countless numbers of these animals leave the Norwegian coast and swim far out into the Atlantic. When they reach the spot to which the migratory impulse has called them, they swim round for some

¹Donnelly, Ignatius; *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*, Harpers (1882); p. 57.

²Spence, Lewis; *The History of Atlantis*, McKay; p. 63.

³“Atlantis Once More,” *Review of Reviews*, Vol. 50, No. 3, September, 1914; pp. 361-363.

considerable time as if searching for land which instinct tells them should be there, but at last, growing exhausted, sink into the sea.”⁴

If we leave the realm of natural phenomena and investigate the traditions and culture of the peoples of the eastern and western continents, we find remarkable similarities among many of the nations.

The flood legend is common to many of the nations. The Greeks tell of a great flood from which only two people escaped: Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha. The Hebrews have the story of Noah and his family escaping from a deluge in an ark. The Chaldeans and several other Indo-European and Asiatic nations have flood stories which resemble one another in several respects. On this side of the Atlantic, too, flood legends are widespread. The South American Indians have various versions of the story, and some of the North American tribes have versions which have many important details in common with the Mediterranean legends. One of these tells of a great number of people in the East who were destroyed for their wickedness by a great flood; some of them escaped destruction and came to the shores of America.⁵ After a careful weighing of the circumstances it appears that the most probable hypothesis is that these stories had a common origin in the distant past—before the nations of the earth scattered.

An example might be cited to show the similarity between the mythologies of American and Mediterranean nations. Among the Greek stories, there is one which tells of Atlas trying to give the world, which he upheld on his shoulders, to Hercules, his twin brother. In the

Mexican mythology, pictures have been found illustrating Mundruku, the Mexican Atlas, in the act of placing a large, flat stone on the head of his twin brother, Quetzalcoatl. Similarities in mythology are also found in the South and Central American nations. “Among the early Greeks Pan was the ancient god; his wife was Maia. Pan was adored in all parts of Mexico and Central America; and at *Panuco*, or *Panca*, literally *Panopolis*, the Spaniards found, upon their entrance into Mexico, superb temples and images of Pan. The names of both Pan and Maya enter extensively into the Mayan vocabulary, *Maia* being the same as *Maya*, the principal name of the peninsula; and *pan*, added to *Maya*, makes the name of the ancient capital Mayapan.”⁶

There are also certain practices and superstitions common to both sides of the Atlantic which indicate a common bond between the continents. The practice of circumcision is found not only among the Hebraic people, but also among the Peruvians and certain other tribes on both sides of the ocean. Mummification and embalming are found in Central and South America as well as in Egypt and among the Basques; in all these places, these practices indicate similar religious beliefs. The art of tattooing is common to the American Indians, the Scotch, and the Celts. Indeed, the very names of the countries, Scotland and Britain, are said to have originated from the practice, since they are derived from the Latin and Germanic names for the art. Witchcraft is also common to these nations as well as to the Indians. Another curious custom found among the South American Indians, the French Basques, and the ancient Egyptians is that of deforming the skull by means of tight

⁴Spence, *op. cit.*, pp. 203-204.

⁵Donnelly, *op. cit.*, p. 65 ff.

⁶Donnelly, *op. cit.*, p. 145.

bandages and other mechanical contrivances.⁷ The alphabets of the Mayans and the Phoenicians exhibit so many similarities that many authorities declare that they had a common source. In the field of manufacture, it is noted that several processes for which ancient Egypt has long been famous have their counterpart in Aztec and Mayan craft. This interesting statement is made in regard to Egyptian culture: “. . . It is revealed, for instance, that even during the reign of the Pharaohs Egypt was receiving more influence from the west than from the east, and that the discovery of bronze and copper could not have been made in North Africa.”⁸ “The main argument is that these (practices) are all to be found collectively confined within an area stretching from the western coasts of Europe to the eastern shores of America and embracing the west European islands and the Antilles. So far as I am aware these elements are not to be found associated with each other in any other part of the world. This seems to supply the surest kind of proof that they must have emanated from some Atlantean area now submerged, which acted as a connecting link between the east and the west, and whence these customs were distributed eastward and westward respectively.”⁹

Now, then, since it has been shown that the existence of a lost continent in the Atlantic Ocean is necessary to explain satisfactorily certain conditions which exist in these various segregated localities, and since circumstantial evidence of its existence has been cited, we are confronted by a more concrete question: Is there any direct evidence that such land actually existed?

The first mention of a lost continent is found in the dialogues of Plato. In these he tells how Solon, his ancestor, went to Egypt and heard of this once-famous land which, after ruling most of the world and unsuccessfully attacking the ancient Grecians, sank suddenly into the sea about nine thousand years before his time, leaving the Atlantic unnavigable. In his later writings he describes in detail this erstwhile powerful land beyond the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar)—almost as large as Australia and possessing a high degree of civilization. Unfortunately, the narrative is broken off by death. “It is impossible to decide how far this legend is due to Plato’s invention, and how far it is based on facts of which no records remain.”¹⁰ Much speculation has been caused by Plato’s account, and many scholars have tried to locate the land which he calls *Atlantis*. It has been located by various authorities as far north as Greenland and the Scandinavian peninsula, and as far south as the Cape of Good Hope. Dr. Herrmann places it in northern Africa and claims that the destruction was confined to a small island in the Mediterranean.¹¹ Some authorities maintain that Plato’s account is true and cite internal evidence to prove that it is not his invention. Among the evidences are mentions made of “a fruit with a hard rind, affording meat and drink, and ointment”—obviously the cocoanut, which was unknown to Plato—and of kings of the island who had their counterpart in Phoenician mythology.¹²

Mention is made of Atlantis by other writers of early times. Diodorus, who

⁷Spence, *op. cit.*, p. 219 ff.

⁸“Lost Atlantis,” *Living Age*, Vol. 337, No. 4347, October 1, 1929; p. 157.

⁹Spence, *loc. cit.*, note 7.

¹⁰*Encyclopedia Britannica*, 14th ed., Vol. 2; pp. 637-638.

¹¹“Atlantis and Troy,” *Living Age*, Vol. 334, No. 4329, pp. 838-839.

¹²Donnelly, *op. cit.*, p. 24 ff.

lived about 100 B.C., tells of the Phoenicians finding an island of which the natives were quite civilized. Marcellus tells that certain natives of the Canary Islands preserved the memory of a larger and more civilized land; while Arnobius, a Christian martyr of the third century, refers to the destruction of Atlantis as if it were common history. The gist of all ancient references is that a large island, the population of which possessed a great deal of intelligence and culture, was destroyed by a flood before the time of written history; but not before it had made its influence felt in all the known world.

Heretofore, the chief hindrance in the way of belief in the legend was the sudden destruction of so great an area of land. But there is now ample evidence to prove that such a catastrophe is not impossible. The bed of the Atlantic has been found to be very unstable, since there have been changes in the bed in recent times. In 1775 an earthquake at Lisbon, Spain, killed sixty thousand people in six minutes. Nine thousand were killed in an earthquake in Iceland in 1783, and the Azores have been shaken as lately as 1808. There is justification for the belief that the Azores, and the surrounding islands, are at the

center of a volcanic chain extending northward to Iceland and eastward to Japan. Volcanic lava has been dredged from the ocean bed near the Canaries, which is known to have solidified above water. Soundings have disclosed the presence of a great bank in the ocean bed, nine thousand feet higher than the floor, reaching from the coast of Ireland almost to Brazil. At the same time, it has been shown that the coast lines around the ocean are rising in some places and settling in others at rates as high as three or four feet a year.¹³

It is possible, then, to conceive of a land which existed in the dim, grey dawn of civilization; which subdued the world and gave it its culture, its religion, its science; which was cruelly destroyed in some awful cataclysm of nature;—and which lies ruined and forgotten in the abysmal darkness of the sea.

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¹³Spence, *op. cit.*, p. 53 ff.; Donnelly, *op. cit.*, p. 35 ff.

Muskellunge

JOHN C. SPECK

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

MY companion and I had worked miles of wooded shore-line with our casts that afternoon. With infinite care we had dropped our lures beside a thousand lily pads and at the edges of countless weed beds with no success. And now as the sun sank low, and the

hordes of mosquitoes began their nightly, aerial attack, we were ready to turn toward our camp with sore wrists, aching backs, and a final curse for the chary muskellunge and his equally fastidious brethren.

Wearily, though expertly, my comrade

aimed a parting cast at a half-submerged stump. Why is it so often the final cast of a day's fishing that brings such results? The lure, a red and white monstrosity with a huge, revolving head, sailed prettily to its mark and had begun its churning return on the surface when it suddenly disappeared. There was no smashing strike as the fish took the lure—just a slow, sullen tug as it vanished, leaving only a wide ripple to mark the place of its disappearance. For a moment there was an ominous silence, and then the reel began to scream as the fish leisurely sounded. Frantically my companion strove to set the hooks. It was a musky!

Deeper and deeper the fish sounded as he moved nearer the boat. And then he must have felt the sharp barbs—or, more likely, only the resistance of the line, for the mouth of a muskellunge is a mass of bony gristle and sharp teeth. Instantly he shot to the surface not a dozen feet from the boat, standing on his tail, furiously shaking his great head in an effort to throw the hooks from his mouth, like a dog shaking a rat. He fell back on the surface with a smash that showered us with spray and echoed back from the forest on the shore. Now the steel of my companion's rod writhed in agony and the reel sang a higher song as the fish sped under the boat and made for the shallower water on the other side

in an attempt to foul the line on a sunken log or in the weed beds near the shore. I hurriedly maneuvered the boat toward open water while my companion struggled to turn him. The strong line held, and the fish came charging back toward the boat.

How long he rushed, churned, and leaped in his wild fury, I do not know. Some say a mature muskellunge will battle for an hour or more. At times he would sulk stubbornly at the bottom of the lake, and then suddenly he would clear the surface in a beautiful leap while my companion reeled madly to take in the slackened line. At last his rushes became shorter, and he rose less frequently to the surface.

The sun had nearly set when my companion gently led the exhausted warrior to the side of the boat. He lay there gasping, his gills distended like fans, his white rows of teeth and beautiful tiger striping glinting in the last light of the day.

"Perhaps I can lift him by the gills," said my friend in an awed whisper. Cautiously he bent over the noble fish. There was a crash like that of an explosion, a shower of blinding spray, as *maskinonge* struck the boat with one blow of his powerful tail, snapped the heavy line in my comrade's hands, and vanished into the dark water.



The Most Interesting Fraternity in the World

JOHN ZWASKA

Theme 7, Rhetoric I, 1936-37

"W⁹RJS, this is XE1G." I trembled as I shook the hand of the famous Doctor James B. Hard of Mexico City, Mexico. When only twelve years old, I had marveled at the powerful signals that I had heard transmitted by Doctor Hard. When I was fifteen years of age, I had my first contact with him. Ranking high in the medical profession, he also is one of the most dynamic and well-liked personalities known to amateur radio circles. In spite of his thousands of friends, he clearly recalled several contacts that I had had with him; and we discussed many technical radio problems. All amateur radio operators are like Doctor Hard. No matter who or what one is, if he has a license, he is welcome into the "ham" fraternity. This fraternity differs from others in that it is international and has no distinction as to color, race, sex, or financial status.

Amateur radio licenses are issued by every government in the world to those interested in radio communication as a hobby. Examinations and restrictions differ in various countries. In the United States one must be a citizen, be able to copy code at a speed of thirteen words per minute, and have a thorough technical knowledge of transmitters and receivers. Upon obtaining his license, one usually reaches a crisis in his life. There is an indefinable something so very fascinating about the hobby that few operators ever lose interest in it.

While touring near Pensacola, Florida, I noticed a small sign at the side of the road. It read: "W4KB." I turned down a side road until I came to a picturesque

cottage situated on the banks of a lagoon. A man of about thirty years of age was seated in a wheel-chair on the front porch. I merely told him that I was W⁹RJS, and he invited my entire family into his home. He is confined to his wheel chair for the remainder of his life, but he has his amateur station to entertain him—and it does. He lives alone with his wife and radio. His wife served my entire family an excellent chicken dinner, and we became very good friends. Last Christmas I received a greeting-card from him. I appreciated that card more than I did any of my gifts.

While walking through Chicago's Loop last year, I saw a well-dressed man-of-the-world type of individual in a heated discussion with a colored boot-black. As I approached them, I was astonished to hear them advising each other as to the relative merits of the half-wave type of antenna system! I introduced myself, and found them to be fellows whom I had "worked" on the air lanes.

Difference of language is no handicap. Therefore, the amateurs in foreign countries are very welcome in this fraternity. When we are conversing with foreign amateurs, an international system of "Q" signals is employed, and an entire contact is carried on without the use of native languages. I have made many friends in Germany, France, and Spain. I hope some day to have the opportunity of meeting these fellows personally.

There are a great many women amateurs. The youngest licensed operator in the world is Jean Hudson. She is

only nine years old. When operating on code, I made contact with a station in Maine. During the conversation, I frequently addressed the operator as "Old boy." Imagine my embarrassment when I found the operator's name to be Emilie!

Last winter I had many enjoyable contacts with "Andy," W9SZY, of Glencoe, Illinois. I referred to the call-book for his name. It is S. G. Harris, President of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago. On the air he is "Andy," and he calls me "Johnny!" Many amateurs with whom I have conversed are

notables in the professional world. Some of these are: Captain Frank Hawks, Amelia Earhart, Alvino Rae (singing guitar inventor), Amos (of Amos and Andy), and others too numerous to name.

Many people consider me "a little tetchd in the haid." As one well-known operator stated: "It is not necessary to be crazy to become an amateur, but it helps a great deal!" If I am going crazy by having amateur radio as a hobby, I do not mind at all.

Why should I?



Grandpa Versus the Western Midland Railroad

C. W. FILSON

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

"GRANDPA, tell me a story, a true story," I requested as we two sat beside a small camp fire near the lake upon his farm.

"A true story? Well, let me see. How would you like to hear the true story of how this lake that we're camping on happened to be here?"

"Oh! Swell, Grandpa! Let me hear it," I begged as I threw some more wood upon the fire and sat down close beside him so that I might not miss a word of his story.

"A few years ago I bought this farm of nearly 250 acres, 247 and 47/100

acres to be exact. I was looking for a chance to make some money while, at the same time, proving to myself that this worthless clay soil could be made to grow good crops. Finally I happened on this farm. I thought to myself that the ground was just rolling enough to make good pasture land, that the woods we tramped through this morning picking berries had some trees in it that could be cut up and sold for railroad ties, that the woods would make a dandy stock pasture, and that this nearly worthless soil would give me a good chance to experiment with the new ideas of farm-

ing to see just how much they would build up this old clay. So I bought it.

"A little while after I bought it, the Western Midland Railroad laid out what they termed a 'cut off' or 'short line' to get coal out of the coal field at Marion, West Frankfort, and other mines in that territory. The new railroad was to run from Edgewood to Paducah, Kentucky. According to the survey, it would run right through the center of my farm. Well, as is the custom of railroads planning a new route, they sent along the line a purchasing agent who bought or took an option on all the land they needed for the right-of-way. It so happened that the railroad was in need of enough land to make sidetracks right here on this farm. That meant that, all together, the W. M. wanted exactly 7 and 47/100 acres from the center of my farm, leaving 120 acres on either side of the railroad. The purchasing agent for the W. M. offered me a good price for the 7 and 47/100 acres of ground that the railroad wanted, but he didn't want to pay me any damages for cutting the farm in two. So, of course, we couldn't agree as to the final price."

I stopped him. "Why did you want damages for cutting the farm in two, Grandpa?"

He patiently explained: "It separates one part of the farm from the rest, and makes it bad about farming and handling stock. Then, if I ever wanted to sell it again, the price would just naturally be lowered because of the farm being split. I told the W. M. that if they would sign an agreement to build a station at this point and to maintain an agency at all times, I would give them all the ground they needed. But they wouldn't sign."

"What did you want a station for?" I wondered.

"At that time the roads around here

were belly-deep to a horse when muddy, and everyone traveled by horse and buggy, as they still have to do in winter. The nearest town was nine miles away. I figured that if a station were built here, a new town would spring up and I could divide the farm up into lots and sell enough of them to make some money. And then I figured that if the contract called for them to maintain an agency along with the station, they wouldn't be able to close the station after getting the deed to the property they wanted.

"After the railroad wouldn't agree to my terms and I wouldn't agree to theirs, they brought a condemnation suit to court to decide how much they should pay for the land and to decide whether or not they had to pay damages for cutting my farm in two. The railroad company had several witnesses who were land owners in this part of the country and who were selling parts of their farms to the railroad for the right of way. They were, of course, instructed what questions they would be asked by the railroad's attorney and what answers they were supposed to give to these questions, but, as most of them had only a meager three-R education and little training in the school of hard knocks, it was not very difficult for the attorney for the defendant, who was me, to get them bothered in the cross examination. In the course of the trial one of the land owners was called to the stand to testify. The attorney asked him how much he figured Mr. Filson's farm would be damaged by the railroad. He had been instructed to answer five percent, but, not knowing the difference between five percent and five cents, he answered, 'Five cents!' The railroad's attorney tried to get him to change it, but the attorney for me objected and asked the court to let him tell in his own words

how much the farm would be damaged. Again the witness answered, 'Five cents!'

"Well, the outcome of the trial was that I got all I asked for the land and for the damages to the farm, and, in addition, the railroad was to maintain all fences along the right of way, keeping them stock-tight, and was to maintain a runway, which was to be large enough to permit the hauling of a load of loose hay on it, from one half of the farm to the other half."

"But, Grandpa, what about the lake? I thought you were going to tell me how it got here."

"You're always in too big a rush. When the grading started for the road-bed, there was quite a lot of dirt to be removed. The contractor came to me to get my permission to dump the dirt in some low places on the farm so that he might get rid of it as cheaply as possible. I told him that I didn't want the low places filled the way he would fill them. Then the contractor said he had a million yards of dirt to move and, if he had to haul it away to someplace else, it would cost him at least twenty-five cents per yard more than he had figured on. Well, I told him if he would dump the dirt as I directed, we might reach an agreement."

"Did he pay you any money?"

"We came to an agreement."

"But didn't you get any cash for it?" I insisted.

Grandpa relented, "\$225. But to git on with the story. I had him dump the dirt across the valley at that point right over there where it made the dam. The valley here drains about fifty acres of land. The dam forms a lake of about three acres of water to a depth of about fifteen feet."

"Why did you want a dam here, Grandpa?"

"It's the means of a lazy man watering his stock."

But I pressed him for a more characteristic reason. "Quit kiddin' me, Grandpa. What did you want it for?"

Grandpa smiled, "After the dam was completed and the lake filled, the contractor needed about fifty acres of land to pasture his mules on while he wasn't using them. And, like I said, I'm a lazy man and didn't want to have to be pumping water for stock all the time."

"Do you mean you rented the pasture to him?"

"I reckon I did," he answered with a twinkle in his eye.

"How—"

"I got \$375 for the pasture," he good-naturedly sensed and answered my question before I could ask it, "besides the manure his mules scattered over the ground in helping me build up the soil. The contractor building concrete culverts and bridges near here needed water for his mixing too."

"Did you sell him that?"

"I reckon," he again smiled.

"Did you sell him very much?" I began tactfully.

"Quite a bit—anyway between him and the railroad."

"What do you mean 'between him and the railroad'?"

"When the W. M. started running trains on the tracks over there, they found that they needed water very badly. The lake was the only adequate source near here."

Getting back on my original tack, I asked, "How much did you sell them?"

"Oh, about 100,000 gallons a day."

"For how many days?"

"Oh, let's see. About five months."

I pushed my advantage. "How much did you charge them per gallon?"

"Seven cents per thousand gallons. Say! You scamp!" he feigned dismay as he saw me multiplying in the dirt. "There you go again trying to find out how much I made."

"Grandpa," I more importantly asked because of my tricking him into giving me the information I had wanted, "Why did you leave all those trees in the east end of the lake? If they weren't there I could swim all around the shore."

"Isn't the west end big enough for you?"

"Sure, it is. But why did you, Grandpa?"

"Len Small was a friend of mine."

I didn't get the connection. "So what?"

"Well, the state wouldn't give me any game fish unless the lake was so fixed that no one would seine them out. Those trees and their limbs will give anyone a lesson who tries to seine in here. Say! It's bedtime! Throw a bucket of water on the fire, and let's go to bed."

"Ah, please! Tell another story. It won't even have to be a true one."

"Come along," Grandpa said gently. "Don't forget we have to get up early in the morning. The president of the W. M. wants us to show him how to catch those three-pound bass loafing around out there in the water."

I went.

The Coal Fields

JULIUS WEINBERG

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

THE coal fields are mysterious places. Their secrets are as deep and dark as the shafts that lead men into their depths.

I don't dig the coal myself, yet my life is as dependent upon its mining as the lives of those men who go down into the stifling, damp rooms to pick away the surface of the shiny coal with their puny implements. From the darkness of early dawn to the blackness of late twilight, the miners toil to load their quota of mule-drawn carts and those few extra which will enable them to buy candy and tobacco on Saturday night. They come up at sundown tired and dirty, a black worker indistinguishable from a white. Sometimes they come up sooner, their faces blanched and drawn with pain, the blood clotting in the soft coal dust as we load them into a waiting ambulance. Falling slate, collapsing

beams, and premature blasts make their work extremely hazardous. Down they go every day, digging a living from the bowels of the earth.

And now we stood there, a group of a hundred men and boys ready to repulse the onslaught of ten thousand strikers that our men might continue to go down to their work in the swift, dropping cages. From our hastily improvised barricade, the white ribbon of concrete stretched on into the distance, the heat waves shimmering on its smooth surface. Toward us, from the other end of the road, a huge army was advancing, speeding along in borrowed trucks, rattling model T Fords, and decrepit Chevrolets. My brother said that as they passed through town the cars completely blocked the wide main street. The travelers shouted jovially to the onlookers on the streets, asking them to come along for

a free ride and lunch, an afternoon's outing. The women laughed and talked. The girls waved their colored handkerchiefs in the afternoon sun. The men sang and sat dangling their legs over the rear of the trucks, flicking cigarette butts at the radiators of the cars next to them.

Every twenty miles the strange caravan halted to receive a new warning of impending tragedy, and, with a roar of starting engines, continued. The leaders were determined that the Southern Illinois mines would be picketed until a universal strike was called. They laughed at the mention of 30-30 rifles, sawed-off shotguns, and submachine guns that would halt them at the Franklin County line.

There was no laughter in our ranks as we looked through high-powered binoculars down the road. There were no ribald jokes nor coarse tales to disturb the stillness of the woods on either side or to disrupt the even throb of the Big Muddy as it crossed beneath the bridge a hundred yards in front of our barricade. It was the first experience of this kind for some of us, but we understood the sombreness of our comrades. Yesterday two of them had placed the ugly, gaping wounds in the three men already killed in the mine strike.

Through the glasses we watched the caravan ignore the warning to turn south at the last Y. They stubbornly advanced. It was now dusk.

As the tenseness in our group increased, one youth lately out of the United States Navy brought out a peal of laughter as he carelessly patted a machine gun, saying, "Let 'm come. I've shot more Chinks single handed than they've got in their whole ——— army."

As the opposing forces approached the predestined line of battle, a white ambulance loomed up in the lead. Vaguely I

wondered later why that ambulance didn't take some of the wounded back. But it was already full, loaded with guns.

Covering both lanes, the cars stopped fifty feet down the road. I half raised my shot gun to my shoulder; then I lowered it as a slovenly woman clad in dirty white clambered from a truck and with a group of men came toward our barricade.

They stopped as the sheriff of Franklin County said curtly, "You can't come any farther."

I won't repeat the first six words of her reply, which was some of the foulest cussing I have heard. The next was, "We have come this far, and you ain't gonna stop us now."

"Boys, she's put on a man's pants. Let her wear 'em," said the sheriff.

I do not quite recall the next. I know our guns cracked in unison. I remember seeing the bullets plow up the turf and the side of the road, and holes appear in the windshields. Half crazy with the release of nervous tension and fright, I aided in the general destruction. We crashed our clubs through windows on exposed heads. Fighting through the din of glancing bullets, breaking glass, and frightened screams I reached the bridge. A man staggered at its edge and fell with a shallow slap into the water. I saw his face in the light of the burning car. It was pale and clean as the water brushed the blood from the bullet hole in his forehead.

The story in the next day's local paper was headed as follows:

*Invading Pickets Repelled
Without Serious Injury*

The coal fields are mysterious places. Their secrets are as deep and dark as the shafts that lead men into their depths.

Punishment

ELIZABETH SHATTUCK

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1935-36

I RUBBED my eyes and anxiously peered into the darkness below me. I had cried when Mother told me I had to go to the cellar, but now I was too scared to cry. I sat, a shivering little bundle huddled on the top step. I mustn't move or make a sound for fear the awful things would hear me and come to eat me.

I didn't think I'd done anything wrong. I was out in the yard when I saw Mr. Stiles and some men coming along the road on top of a huge wagon of hay, so I ran out to see them. Mr. Stiles said, "C'm on, Susie. Don't you want a ride?" I said, "No," but after they'd turned the corner, I wished I'd gone with him. It was fun to go to Stiles's. Well, I could walk there almost as fast as they were riding on the big hay wagon. I was just about to turn into their yard, when I saw Grandma out puttering with her chickens. (She wasn't my real Grandma, but we always called her that. Mother said she'd given me the first bath I ever had in my life.) I ran to her, but she didn't seem very glad to see me. She just said, "Does your mother know where you are?"

"N-no."

"Well, she's goin' to know."

Grandma grabbed my sleeve above the elbow and jerked me after her toward the gate. I wanted to tell her Mr. Stiles had invited me to come, but she seemed so cross with me that I didn't dare speak. She probably thought I'd "run away." I didn't see why they said you'd "run away" when you just went to see someone. The other day I went to Fowler's when Mother was hanging up the wash-

ing. When I got home Mother seemed awful worried and cross, and she spanked me, and said if I ran away again she'd *really* punish me. Erma had invited me to come to see her. I couldn't see anything wrong in going to see people when they invited you. That was only polite. Suppose Mother did think I'd "run away" today, even though Mr. Stiles did ask me to come with him? What would she do to me? What if she—? No, she couldn't do that. She'd threatened it sometimes, but she wouldn't ever really do it.

Grandma pulled me by the sleeve all the way home. Mother met us at the door.

"Here's your girl, Kate. She run away again. She came to our place; so I brought her right home. Ef you don't get her cured of this, you'll be sorry." She stomped off the porch and was gone.

And here I was, locked in the cellar, and they were down there in the dark, and as soon as they heard me, or saw me, or smelled me, they'd come up the stairs and start to eat me. How could Mother be so cruel? I sat perfectly still, scarcely breathing, wishing my heart wouldn't beat so loudly. Suddenly there was a scurrying sound at the bottom of the stairs, and there it was—the first of them. Its big, gray, furry body leaped onto the first step, then disappeared behind it. I leaned back as far as I could against the cellar door. I wanted to cry out, but I didn't dare. I wanted to bang on the cellar door until Mother *had* to come to let me out. But, supposing she *didn't* come? He'd hear me and come up the stairs, and he'd probably

tell all the rest of them too. And pretty soon there'd be a whole lot of them running all over me, nibbling, nibbling—the way they do on cheese.

There he was on the first step again. This time he didn't disappear behind it. I didn't want to look at him, but I couldn't help it. My eyes followed him, fascinated, as he ran from one side of the step to the other, sniffing. Then his front paws and head appeared on the top of the second step, and in an instant he was on it. He made his slow progress toward me, running back and forth, sometimes going down a step or two, but always coming back up, up, nearer and nearer to me. Now he was only two steps away, and he stopped and stared at me. I just couldn't breathe now; my heart couldn't beat; I couldn't move even my little finger. A queer, burning pang shot through my middle as though my stomach were collapsing. I'd surely die, but that'd be better than to let him eat me up. Still looking at me, he put his feet on the edge of the next step—jump, and there he was, just one step below me. He took his eyes off me now and started to look around. He scurried, with quick little movements, back and forth, feeling into the dark corners with his little, twitching nose, then to the edge of the

step, where he hesitated a second as though he intended to go back down, then back again. He stopped just below the place where my foot was and began to sniff. He sniffed the floor of his step, always coming back to the same place; then he sniffed up the back of the step. Suddenly his head and forefeet were on my step. The edge of my little black leather shoe wasn't an inch away from him! He slowly nosed his way over to it—sniffing, sniffing, sniffing. With a little leap he brought his hind feet up, and began to nose at my ankle. He'd surely take a bite now. He was going to eat me anyway, so I might as well scream. There was just a chance Mother'd come. I let out as loud a yell as I could. He scampered down the stairs and out of sight. The door opened, and there was Mother.

"What on earth's the matter, child?"

"I saw one. He wanted to eat me."

"But, dear, you couldn't have. We don't have any rats in the basement."

"B-but you said—"

"Yes, I know. But there aren't any. That was just to scare you because you've been bad. You must have gone to sleep. Goodness, child, you're so white and cold you'd almost think you *had* seen one."



“Rhetoric as She is Wrote”

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

A scholastic standing of C must be made or one is put on prohibition.

. . . .

Each copy of *Esquire* is read by nine and nine-tenths persons.

. . . .

The Church is made up of priests and profits.

. . . .

When we saw the Pacific, it was miles from the shore.

. . . .

So we have seen why a large city (Chicago) grew at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

. . . .

Whether raining, snowing, or hailing, every person in the audience stands, faces the flag, and if it is a man, he removes his hat.

. . . .

Second, don a pair of shoulder pads to plow through the densely populated students who are debating which class to register in first.

. . . .

The federal government controls the food engaged in interstate commerce that its people consumes.

. . . .

Habits as your alley instead of your enemy, makes one more efficient. . . .

Habits should therefore be made an alley into which we slide.

. . . .

Walking down Green Street at night is more scary than all the ghosts and witches of days gone by. When crossing down the south side of the street the lampposts creep towards me as a black cat steals upon the unsuspecting mouse. More than once have I collided with these useless sentinels of the night, thinking I was struck by an unlighted automobile. In traveling west near First Street the faithful traffic lights protect me while I cross the street and then signal “Go” to death-bent cabs.

. . . .

An unbroken stretch of fur and pine trees covered the mountain slopes.

. . . .

Theaters: Their Advancement Through the Years

First, we shall consider the architecture and building of the theaters of today. Instead of having two or more balconies as the old Greeks and Romans had, we have only one balcony and a better arranged main floor to accommodate the people. Since, in the United States and in most countries of the world, there is such small space in which to build theaters we have found it necessary to build them longer and narrower in order to help the audience to see plainer. In moving pictures the square type of picture is shown for the benefit of the people instead of having it shaped horse-shoe-like as the Romans did.

HONORABLE MENTION

Lack of space prevents the publishing of some excellent themes by the following students:

ARTHUR G. ANDERSON

GEORGE PARIS

JO ARMSTRONG

CARL PIHL

VERDE BENNETT

EUGENE RANCK

DOROTHY DIETZ

NORMAN RICHARDS

ETHEL DONNELLY

IDELE SCHULMAN

DAVID ERENBURG

PATRICIA SHESLER

GROVER HAINES

ANN JUNE STASTNY

MARGUERITE IMLE

ROBERT STURZER

DUDLEY McALLISTER

CHARLES J. TAYLOR

PATSY MAXWELL

THE GREEN CALDRON

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No. 3

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ON FAMILY TRAITS	1
Peggy Laughlin	
TO COMBAT INTESTINAL TOXICITY	2
Marvin Ludolph	
OUT OF THE SOUTH	3
Charles L. Stewart, Jr.	
WANTED: MORE MOVIES LIKE "WINTERSET"	4
Alfred Buck	
TWO VIEWS OF INDIA	5
Elmo Petersen	
ENTREPRENEUR OF A DIAPER LAUNDRY	7
Willis Ballance	
"THE LISTENERS"—Walter de la Mare	9
Stephen Kratz	
VILLA GROVE.	11
Kelton M. Scott	
THIS IS AMERICA	13
Matthew Fredenheim	
THE LIFE OF A FORTY-NINER	14
Muriel Kring	
SANTA CLAUS IS GOING TO TOWN	19
Robert Sturzer	
THE RISE OF THE TIN CAN	21
Roland McKean	
SKETCH BOOK	25
(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)	
A DAY FROM MR. AMERICA'S DIARY	27
M. L. Fredenheim	
PEACE OF MIND	29
Matthew Fredenheim	
THE ROMANTIC DRUDGE	30
Anonymous	
ON THEME WRITING	31
Mortimer Pye	
"RHETORIC AS SHE IS WROTE"	32
(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)	

On Family Traits

PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Rhetoric I, final examination, Jan., 1937

IT IS very strange that family traits are always either disgraceful or comical. One would think that surely a few noble qualities would be carried down through the generations, but evidently that is not true. Only things like knock-knees or bad tempers seem to be hereditary. Never have I heard it said that sweet, kind dispositions run in a certain family, or that another family has always been famous for the beauty of its girls. No indeed, it is only qualities that bring forth a giggle or a shocked silence that are old family traits.

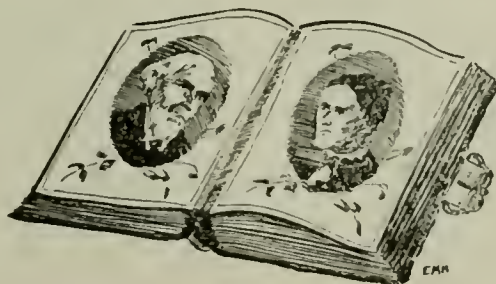
In our neighborhood there is a rather intemperate youth whose carousings are well-known to the countryside. Whenever his latest escapade is being discussed, there is an invariable comment on "what a shame it is"; but then, say the commentators, "his father was exactly like that when he was young; in fact, drinking has been the family vice for generations." The fact that old Captain Marlet died with a bottle in his hand is always sound proof if any one doubts that a taste for liquor has been in the family for years.

Traced through the different branches of a certain family are the "Turner Legs," which are rather "pianoy" and make the members of the Turner family look slightly ungraceful. The "Haney

Nose," which is very pug, is also quite easy to trace down through the generations, as are the "Watkins Freckles" and the "Tucker Teeth." Whenever a Tucker, a Watkins, a Haney, or a Turner is without his distinguishing characteristic, it is said that he takes after his mother, or that the lack certainly is hard to understand. No one will give him credit for having natural beauty, and instead of letting sleeping dogs lie, some one will fortell the reappearance of the family nose or teeth in the next generation.

I know a preacher's son who is the wildest and most impious person I ever saw. He associates with the most disreputable people in town, and has already secured himself quite a reputation. Certainly one would not expect to hear that he is "bad because it runs in the blood." Obviously he is the only eccentric one in the family. But a "family trait" fiend has informed the gossip circle that his "father was exactly like that when he was young," and so his parents forced him to be a clergyman.

Whether a person is like his family or not, whether he is handsome or funny-looking, immoral or upright, he will have family traits pinned to him—especially if he has red hair, buck teeth, or a reputation.



To Combat Intestinal Toxicity

MARVIN LUDOLPH

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-37

"AN Alfa Selzer tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling alkalizing solution. Because it contains an analgesic acetyl salicylate, it first relieves the distress, and then by restoring a natural alkaline balance to the system, corrects the cause when due to excess acidity. Buy a package and try it! You will like its" And so he keeps on late into the night. He speaks the correct English—the King's English. He never pronounces *th* as *d*. He never says "learn" for "teach." He never makes the boner of saying "ain't" or of pronouncing "advertisement" "advertisement." He is perfect, and he utters what our rhetoric teachers call "formal discourse" and would have us all utter.

Are we all doomed to speak as radio announcers and talk as a few professors dictate, say "angry" instead of "mad" and "terrible" instead of "awful"? I know what my girl friend means when she says she is mad at me. She does not have to tell me she is angry. When the fellow on the street corner says, "Say buddy, is ya' godda light?" you know what he means. He wants a match.

Our language is changing along with our life. There is no permanent standard. What was stylish expression in the gay nineties is outmoded now. And yet the tribe of radio announcers, like college professors, persists in talking to us in this perfect language with never an error. I wonder if they are trying to influence us to talk like them. As for myself, although I have listened for twelve years to teachers telling me what is right and wrong, I still manage to preserve my Chicagoan's "dese 'nd dose 'nd youses." But I am afraid (because

radio is always with us) that I shall lose it. I am afraid the southerner will lose his "you-all," the westerner his "howdy folks," the mountaineer his "pappy" and his "larnin"—all because some manufacturer wants to sell us tooth paste, or soup, or nuts.

I refuse to speak this perfect language on the grounds that it is colorless. What kind of world would this be if we were all to speak like radio announcers and punctuate our letters like RPB? We would all lose our personalities. When a stranger has talked to me a little while, he asks me whether I am from Chicago. He knows I am from Chicago because I talk the language of Chicago. The maid of the high priest, accusing Peter of following Jesus, gives as her reason, "For thou art a Galilean and thy speech agreeth thereto." So it is with each of us; we are mountaineers, Chicagoans, southerners, New Yorkers, Californians, and our speech agreeth thereto. But rhetoric teachers, radio announcers, and news reel commentators are correcting our speech and our writing, and, unconscious of it though we are, it will not be long before we shall all be speaking like the best members of the Four Hundred.

There is no emotion or color to the King's English. If we all spoke English correctly, think of what a dry, uninteresting place this world would be. When our speech has reached the point where it sounds like a page out of a college professor's paper on the *Complexity of Atomic Structure*, we shall have lost the most intimate part of us. God save us from the designs of the rhetoric teacher and the radio announcer!

Out of the South

CHARLES L. STEWART, JR.

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1936-37

"GET something off your chest" was the advice which started this theme, and the subject is one that has been on my chest for the last two years. I don't hope to get it off by writing about it, but I may be able to push a part of it onto the chest of the reader, thus lessening my own burden. That sounds martyrish, but I am not the martyr. It is those of whom I write, the Arkansas sharecroppers, who are the martyrs, and martyrs to a cause which is constantly crushing them—the feudal organization of agriculture in the south.

Arkansas first came to my attention in 1927, as we sat around the family dinner table, talking about the flood which had inundated all of our land in the north-east corner of the state. Next, about six years later, during the depths of the depression, I began to think about Arkansas because it was absorbing such a large part of the family income. I have worried about the financial aspect of our Arkansas land for four years, but only in the last couple of years have I considered the rest of the problem. I knew that we were losing money in Arkansas, but I didn't know that we were employing labor which was as poorly paid as any in the world.

A recent speech by Norman Thomas, newspaper accounts of feudal beatings of union sharecroppers, and a couple of books published in 1935 and in 1936 about the share-crop situation awakened me to the realization that here was an important example of the exploitation of labor which I profess to hate, and that I was participating in. I resolved, in the summer of 1935, to go to Arkansas, and in August, 1936, I went.

I started at eleven on Friday morning. At noon I had thumbed as far as Tuscola, and by six-thirty that evening I had travelled the 150 miles to Norris City, Illinois. Saturday got me into the cotton country, where I saw for the first time the misery and want of which I had read so much. Sunday I spent going south and west in Arkansas, to within ten miles of my destination, and at seven-thirty Monday morning I stood on the land which had been playing such a large part in my thoughts.

That morning I rode around the 150 acre tract with the young college graduate renter. I saw the "niggers" (there are no negroes in the south, just niggers) picking cotton, and I saw the homes in which they live. Then I knew that Norman Thomas had been right. I knew that here was the perfect example of inequality of opportunity, education, liberty, and justice in the nation which prides itself on equality of these fundamentals for all. And worst of all, I knew that I was a part of it. While I went to school, wore good clothes, attended church, read books, ate good food, and in general lived very comfortably, men on land in which I might be said to hold part interest were living in shacks, eating salt pork and molasses, and working twelve to fifteen hours a day. Yet, I knew that we had lost money on the deal too. The trouble lies not in the landowners, but in the system itself. The whole set-up is rotten to the core, and it is finally crumbling.

The organization by sharecroppers of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union on the basis of industrial wages was evidence of this crumbling. At the time of

my visit, in August, the union had been completely smashed by the plantation owners, and I could see nothing but utter submission in the eyes of the black and white "croppers." There seemed to be no strength of desire to do away with the oppression. This apathy is the most discouraging sign of all. When hope is gone, there is nothing to live for, and hope has been crushed out of Arkansas sharecroppers.

The fundamental difficulty is the low price of cotton. It is impossible for as many people as are needed in the cultiva-

tion and harvesting of cotton under the present system to get a decent living out of the sale of the crop. The result is that in good years they just manage to live, and in other years they go into debt and become obliged to stay off the land, just as did the serfs of feudal days. New crops, new methods, and a new system must be used in the south if we are to be free to call ourselves the richest nation in the world.

It may be true, what they say about Dixie, but they just don't say the important things.

Wanted: More Movies Like *Winterset*

ALFRED BUCK

Rhetoric I, final examination, 1936-37

MOVIES today are a far cry from the nickelodeon "mellerdrammers" of yesteryear, in which, as someone so aptly put it, "men were muscle-bound and women were bustle-bound." Only a few short years ago this was the truth. There can be no half-way point in an argument on this score. The main difficulty now, as I see it, is not in the lack of technical or mechanical facilities, but rather in the failure to produce movies which are worthy of such a rapidly rising industry. True, in the past two years, movies have proved themselves worthy of their present classification as an art. This is evident in such fine productions as the *Tale of Two Cities*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *The Informer*, *Louis Pasteur*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The movies have proved to be capable of much better things than the entertaining musicals which first swamped movie houses when the "talkies" began. A couple of months

ago, however, it was my privilege to witness what I considered one of the most pleasing motion pictures that I have ever seen. It was *Winterset*.

In the first place, the adaptation of this movie from the play by Maxwell Anderson, was by far the best adaptation from a play in many months. I saw *Winterset* as a play, and I must confess that after I left the theater I was a bit puzzled as to the thought and content of it all. Mr. Anderson had presented the story which he had to tell in magnificent blank verse. It was a very pleasing mixture of sounds, but it was not the most credible thing in the world to hear a hardened gangster, with the aim of a Wild Bill Hickok, gush forth to the rafters, "Sleep . . . sleep . . . yon punks and gulls." Moreover, there was a wealth of facts concerning the events which preceded the scene at the opening of the curtain. I could be very safe in saying that these facts were

unknown to one half of the audience. I, unfortunately, was in the ignorant half, and when I emerged from the playhouse, I was certain that I had seen something exceedingly noble and beautiful, but could not honestly affirm my belief in its superiority. The movie, on the other hand, left no puzzling questions in the mind of the spectator. All of the incidents preceding the original opening of the play were reproduced upon the screen. Mio, the hero of the story, was given a cause for his love of hate; the motion picture audience was shown the unjust execution of his father for a crime that he had not committed. Despite the fact that the play was based upon a true story, the adaptor of the play knew that he was dealing with majorities and not minorities, who might be familiar with the facts of the case.

As a result, a moving, understandable, and sympathetic picture was given to the public, far superior to the average film—superior because it was adapted from a stage play, but improved upon because it was prepared for a motion picture audience. This is a rare combination.

Another very fine feature of *Winterset* was its introduction of at least four

new, refreshing, talented players to the screen. These actors were transported from the stage. Producers are gradually discovering that there is a wealth of superior talent on the East Coast, and they are importing much of it. Burgess Meredith, the hero of the play as well as of the movie, has an honest face and an unaffected manner, both of which would be hard to replace with any Gable or Taylor. Similarly with Margo, who plays the heroine of the story. Several other newcomers, among them Maurice Moscovitch, all display a technique which only training on the stage can develop. True, there are screen actors who have as much ability as or more than their brothers of the stage, but more often than not this situation is reversed. Daily performances and long hours of rehearsal produce actors which no amount of standing before grinding cameras and under hot lights can do. Therefore, following the rules of better adaptations, less glamour, and more new faces, the movies, with their unlimited possibilities, should be able to make movies of the *Winterset* level the standing rule rather than the exception.

Two Views of India

ELMO PETERSEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1936-37

I BELIEVE that we Westerners, in spreading our civilization to the ends of the earth, have thought of the peoples of the Orient as groups to be exploited rather than assisted. In our materialism, we have never thought of trying to understand them, and having learned nothing about them, we can learn nothing

from them. Hence, it would be well for all of us to study Oriental life, that there may arise between East and West a feeling of mutual understanding, whereby we not only offer our culture to the peoples of the East, but receive theirs in return.

It was in profound wonderment that I met the people of India. I had contented

myself with Western thoughts and customs; I was only dimly aware of the existence of India. I did not, therefore, entertain great expectations of either pleasure or profit when I sat down to read *Visit India With Me*, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. But in some inexplicable way this Hindu's account of the customs and thoughts of his people charmed me. Wishing to delve deeper into the mystery that is India, I read also *A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster, an Englishman. And from these two books I have derived priceless knowledge.

To anyone who wishes to know the East in its relation to the West, these two books are of infinite value, because both authors were aware of the entire scope of their topic; both, while writing of the East, kept in mind the attitudes of their Western readers. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, who spent all but about ten years of his life in his native India, must naturally be the better informed of the two about Indian life; however, Forster's observation of Indian life is proved accurate by the striking similarity of the pictures the two books paint. Both authors deplore our misunderstanding of the East, and point out that if we study India, or any other Eastern nation, making an honest effort to understand its life, we shall reap in return the understanding of its people.

Forster's book reveals to us the attitude of most of the British officials in India, who make no effort to amend this mutual misunderstanding, but instead are guilty of widening the breach. They believe that to be successful in governing the Hindus they must dislike and dis-

trust them. Beyond enforcing the British law, they are not in the least concerned with the problems of India. They make no effort to improve the squalid conditions in which most of the natives live, but try to draw away from these people as much as possible. The result is, of course, that the natives reciprocate this distrust, and desire to be free from the British yoke. Individually, they have no desire to improve their standing with the British agents, because they feel that the sympathy they might thereby receive would only be superficial.

The one great lesson which we must learn if we are to know the East is the temperamental differences between Easterners and Westerners. The East is spiritual; the West material. While we hurry to and fro trying to improve our material being, adding convenience to convenience and never being satisfied, the Easterners are taking life easy, living from day to day. We marvel at their ability to sit for hours at their shrines, meditating; yet we too could enjoy life more if we would forget about making money as they do, and try to improve our spiritual culture.

We see, then, that the East has something to offer us, after all; but before we can receive it, we must understand Orientals and make them understand us. When we have achieved this, East and West will join together, each giving to the other the best of its culture and civilization, and a new world will have been created, wherein there is neither East nor West, and of which no man shall be able to say that "never the twain shall meet."

Entrepreneur of a Diaper Laundry

WILLIS BALLANCE

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1936-37

IN 1935, upon my return from a dude ranch in Colorado, where I held the position of general flunky, I was at a loss for something which would furnish me money to continue payments on the insurance which I had bought the year before. My summer's earnings paid the premiums for four months in advance, but how I was to continue the payments during school was a difficult problem.

It was while I was on one of my intermittent visits to my dentist that the idea of a diaper laundry blossomed. The dentist, keeping my mind distracted with conversation while he drilled my teeth, told me, in an offhand manner, of reading of some young fellows who, during the depression, had made a great success of diaper laundering.

The idea fascinated me. I told one of my cronies of it, and he too was enthusiastic. Securing the wherewithal to start the venture was our most difficult problem. We decided, therefore, to save all earnings for the next few months, and then launch into the laundering business.

For a mere pittance, I went to work in a filling station after school and worked until seven o'clock in the evening and all day Saturday. My friend worked in a drug store. We constantly built castles in the air about our forthcoming business, imagining ourselves as diaper laundry tycoons, the envy of all our associates. We wrote to successful laundries in Chicago and St. Louis, and eagerly awaited word from them. Our chagrin can easily be imagined when both of our correspondents suggested that we shouldn't start such a venture in a city

the size of Peoria, and that, if we did start, we should have a capital of at least \$2,000!

After our first pangs, however, our spirits picked up, for we had great confidence in ourselves—amounting almost to cockiness, I'm afraid—and our visions of becoming young business magnates were not obliterated.

I detested my work in the station, having little interest in motors and associated things, but I kept at it for the remuneration, paltry though it was. My friend also saved his money persistently, and slowly our funds began to mount. By the middle of December, we were sure of starting the business, and our conversations and figuring lasted, many times, until the crack of dawn.

We computed our prices per article after figuring out our overhead, making special decreasing prices as the number of articles per order increased. "Articles" included diapers, small sheets, blankets, and the like. Our first business site (we expected in a very short time to have a more expensive plant) was to be the basement of my friend's home. We had small cards printed to leave in doctors' offices (mainly child doctors) and maternity wards; we designed advertisements to catch the reader's eye, which alone, we thought, would be sure to obtain us a number of customers; we had a dignified advertisement printed on post cards and sent them to new mothers whose names we had gleaned from the birth records in the city hall; we purchased sanitary metal containers for the articles, and invented the plan of leaving

a container for the customer when we took her full one; we devised a unique system of bookkeeping, having columns for the number of diapers, dates, cost, and what day the woman wished to pay; we made a business-volume graph; we purchased a rubber stamp and indelible ink with which to stamp each article with the customer's number; we bought soap, water-softener, rope, clothespins, attractive green wrapping paper, and we consulted several baby specialists to learn the correct way to wash in order to prevent the child from getting a rash or other infant diseases.

On the twenty-eighth of December, when everything was in readiness, we inserted our first advertisement, but we didn't quit our other jobs until we were quite certain of success in our new project. We stayed near the telephone all day, expecting to be kept busy by the hordes of customers. Hour after hour passed, but the telephone remained silent.

We waited for a week before we finally obtained a customer. She was to give us two dozen diapers every other day. We were triumphant! We carried home the prizes, gleefully stamped them with the woman's number, and entered her name in the accounts. When we had cajoled her into letting us wash her child's diapers, after she had called us for information, we implied, evasively, that we were a long-established firm with a steady following. I have, ever since, reflected on the astonishment of that first customer, could she have seen the delightful apprehension with which we started our first washing!

In our first few days we both made the calls for the dirty articles and the delivery of the clean ones, but gradually things became more "systemized." One of us would stay at the "plant" and, after checking the incoming laundry,

would start the first wash (we mapped our pick-up and delivery routes so as to keep the person at the plant supplied). Our business slowly increased, the graph heading steadily upward. Many times we washed over five hundred diapers a day. On such "boom" days we met with difficulty in drying them, for the weather was cold and the basement damp. Several times I had to take a washbasketful home to dry. Never shall I forget my father's rage when, after we had had a long night of washing, he awoke to find all the radiators covered with diapers. I intended to have them taken down by the time he arose, but had overslept.

To our disappointment, our business didn't create any furor at school, nothing but an occasional snicker. We became known as the "didy boys. . . ."

Our peak of prosperity was reached when we advertised, for a minute a day, on the radio. We expected to be swamped with orders after our first broadcast; but we weren't; so we quit after our contract for two weeks expired, finding that our post-cards, giving prices and telling how a woman's time should be "put to a more constructive, congenial pursuit than the drudgery of diaper-laundering," were our best advertising medium.

Every Saturday morning we'd go to the city hall, obtain a list of the new mothers, and send them cards. Those who seemed most likely we called on personally. The personal canvassing was rather humorous, for both our customers and prospective customers alike thought we were merely delivery boys, little realizing that they had the dubious honor of speaking to the combination bosses, bookkeepers, launderers, and deliverers. This illusion benefited us in that when we received complaints we'd say glibly that we'd tell the boss about it and that he'd see that things were improved.

A prominent laundryman, a friend of my father, asked us to come and see him. He, in a paternal manner highly obnoxious to us, informed us that he had considered starting a similar business a couple of years before, but, after studying the situation in Peoria had decided against it. He, therefore, advised us to abandon the project. We scoffed, as youth will at good advice, and continued operations.

We were panic-stricken one day when the child of one of our customers came down with the rash, but it turned out not to be the fault of the diapers. However, other catastrophes made alarming inroads into our supply of customers—good weather came along and several dropped from the fold. We were also threatened by state inspectors (although our plant was not particularly appetizing looking, our diapers were boiled to prevent the transmission of disease, but we

were informed that inspectors insisted on certain types of expensive machines).

My partner, discontent to stay with the dwindling diaper service and revive its following, resumed his old job at the drug store and hired an inefficient substitute, at which, of course, I protested.

Under such circumstances, the break-up of the business was inevitable. It slowly fell off; we tried to sell it but could find no "takers"; so we told our customers of the impending dissolution of the laundry, checked over our accounts, split the money we had put in the bank, sold our containers and soap, and retired from the laundering field.

The four months' experience was an excellent one for us, and we didn't lose any money. We made back, as a matter of fact, all that we had 'cunk' into it at the beginning, and a little over, emerging from the business, as the saying goes, "sadder but wiser" lads.

The Listeners by Walter de la Mare

STEPHEN KRATZ

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1936-37

IF ONE is the type of person who likes to grapple with his environment and enjoys strife and turmoil, he will not particularly enjoy reading the poems of Walter de la Mare. But if he is the type of person who dislikes struggling with an unfavorable environment and wishes that the world were a nice place full of pleasant people and pretty objects, then that person will savor every verse that Walter de la Mare has written. The placid, dreamy reader will enjoy *The Listeners* as he would enjoy a glass of delicious wine or a box of fresh, ripe strawberries right off the vine.

The reason for de la Mare's appeal to

readers of the more languorous type is easy to demonstrate, but it is a difficult task to analyze that appeal and attribute it to one specific quality in the poetry. Each poem has the power to induce a quiet, dreamy mood—cast a spell as it were—in the reader. There are several plausible explanations for the poem's producing this effect. Perhaps it is the vividness, resulting from the choice of exactly the right word, that moulds the reader's impressions into a quiet mood of reverie. Perhaps the quality that induces the mood is the constant use of beautiful settings and times. Twilight, moonlight, and quiet summer afternoons

seem to be the times that de la Mare almost invariably chooses for his poems. And then the effective quality in his poetry may be the constant mention of peaceful, lowly objects, sounds, and sights. The humming of bees, the mention of the drowsy eyes of a house cat, the song of a night bird, and many descriptions of silence and lonely places all suggest to the reader some setting where, sometime in the past, he has experienced a quiet mood of musing and pleasant reverie. Many of his descriptions of a sunset or a twilight are so vividly like scenes that I have seen before that I feel as though I really have had the experiences of which he writes.

The poems in the book, *The Listeners*, are not written for the purpose of teaching mankind lessons in spiritual platitudes as do some of the writings of Whittier and Wordsworth. The poems do not tell of torn souls or of sacrifices. Great battles and deeds of great heroes are very remote from de la Mare's poetry. Other poets may stir and rouse men's spirits, and other poets may write of finding great truths and try to sink moral platitudes deeply into readers' minds. But when Walter de la Mare writes, he caresses the spirits of the reader with pleasant impressions of quiet scenes; he soothes the spirits by arousing visions of beautiful twilights or quiet summer afternoons.

Divining the psychology of the author of *The Listeners* leads one to certain definite, natural conclusions. I find it logical to assume that he is a delicate, impractical dreamer who does little but wander about the woods and meadows at twilight looking at the birds and flowers. He is not one who could be depended upon to do an uninteresting,

workaday task as his mind is of a higher, more sensitive adjustment. He is not one who looks for moralities in what he sees, but, rather, he seeks a certain pleasure in simply observing beauty and thereby developing a mood or an autohypnosis. When I looked for the facts about de la Mare in an encyclopedia, I was amazed at what I found and chagrined at my gross error in divination. His job was in the *statistics* department of a British oil company. He had had little literary training and wrote his poems as an avocation at first. He came of sturdy Huguenot ancestors, was married, had several children, and led a normal, prosaic life in every respect. There was no fanciful dreamer evident from these facts. Instead I found all the outward appearances of a man more likely than usual to think in a prosaic, matter-of-fact fashion.

Whatever inexplicable quirk exists in Walter de la Mare's mind to produce this curious mixture of statistician and poet, it is certainly to the great advantage of the world of literature and of the world of entertainment as well. I believe that any person, no matter how young or old, will be struck with the quiet beauty in the poems in *The Listeners*—the beauty of tranquil reverie—of repose. Perhaps de la Mare plays upon a childish streak which lies in the reader and causes him to fall into a spell of day dreaming from the mention of things suggesting some pleasant association in the past. Whatever strange quality the verses have, the reader will not exert himself to analyze it, but instead will relax his mind to the subtle manipulations of the poet. Then he will have the fanciful, metamorphosed world of de la Mare for his own until the last page is turned.

Villa Grove

KELTON M. SCOTT

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1936-37

IN 1903 Villa Grove was a small village with a population of about two hundred. Its reason for existing was to supply the farmers of the surrounding country with necessities. An elevator, two general stores, a barber shop, a doctor's office, and a harness and machine shop comprised its business section. The center of the town was the elevator. Near it were the business houses, the town pump, the hitch-rail, the small depot, and the other centers of activity a town of its size might have.

Then, late in 1903, the C. & E. I. railroad built a new line from St. Louis to Chicago. In selecting a division point on the line, the officials found Villa Grove the logical place. Here was to be the junction with the old coal road from Danville to Thebes; the exact center of the line was at Villa Grove, and there was an adequate supply of water, furnished by the Embarrass river. Although a great deal of effort was put forth by business men of the neighboring town of Tuscola to persuade the railroad heads to locate their division in Tuscola, the greater advantages of Villa Grove won out, and the smaller village was selected.

To the townspeople it was a revolution. Construction gangs poured in to begin building a roadhouse, a coal dock, repair shops, a larger depot, and all of the other buildings and accessories that make up a railroad division. The men who comprised the work gangs were typical "boomers" of the early part of the century. Here today and gone tomorrow, they cared nothing for conventions of any sort. Many would ride into town on a work train, work a few days, draw

their money, and move on to the next construction job. Many were immigrants, fresh from the old country, and so the townspeople made their first contacts with foreigners other than the few German farmers who had settled to the north of Villa Grove. There was constant change, and to most of the inhabitants it must have been bewildering and confusing.

As in all booms, money was made rapidly. Farmers who owned land selected by the railroad found themselves financially independent. Business men made money rapidly by supplying the wants of the workers. Farm boys who had formerly had but little contact with money found that they could make what were to them enormous sums of money working on the railroad. If one did not care to work on the railroad, there were houses to be built, streets to be laid out, and hundreds of other jobs in building a new town.

When the construction was finished, the construction gangs moved out, and the railroad men moved in. Then the town prepared to settle down to the business of getting trains over the road. There was little change, however, in the spirit of the town. The railroad men differed little from the construction men. If they got tired of one railroad, there were plenty of others. New railroads were being built all over the country. So the town went its uproarious way for thirteen years.

Villa Grove was beginning to settle down and lose some of its rawness when the war broke out. The war stimulated once more the business of the railroad.

Coal was needed in great quantities by the steel plants springing up along the shores of Lake Michigan, south of Chicago, and the old branch of the C. & E. I. topped the richest coal fields of southern Illinois. Coal poured through the town in long drags. Men were worked to the limit. Road crews hardly slept. They would hardly get to their homes before they would be called to work again. They never knew, when they left home, when they would be back. Of course laws had been passed to regulate the number of hours men handling trains could work, but when this country entered the war, these laws meant nothing. Such conditions naturally led to wrecks and accidents. Dispatchers, overworked and trying to regulate twenty or thirty trains at one time, made mistakes; operators heard messages incorrectly, and train and engine crews read orders incorrectly. Most of these mistakes were not serious, but some of them led to disastrous wrecks. The wreck train was always ready to go, and many wives of road men lived in constant fear that sometime when the wreck whistle blew their husbands might be in the wreck.

The end of the war acted as a damper to business on the road, but still no great change was apparent. Nevertheless, forces were at work which were to strike a hard blow at the town's prosperity. Larger locomotives, which cut down the number of men employed, had been developed; the evolution of the automobile and truck was taking place rapidly, and most important, the coal fields of southern Illinois were playing out.

In 1921 the effects were first felt. Railroad companies all over the country announced a wage cut for all maintenance and mechanical workers. The men refused to take the cut, and the unions called a strike. The shop force at Villa

Grove walked out almost to a man, but the company soon had other men in their places. Farmers sold their farms and moved into town to work in the shops; farm hands flocked in, and workers from other towns came. The result was that the town was split between "scabs" and "strikers." Fights took place every day. Pickets, armed with clubs and whips, patrolled the area around the shops. Any man working as a strikebreaker was subject to a beating if caught by these groups. Inside the railroad property armed guards were on duty day and night. There was a constant threat of bloodshed, but luckily it never materialized. The lives of the strikebreakers and their families must have been miserable. Their houses were daubed with flamboyant yellow paint. Nearly every night gangs gathered outside their houses, shouting threats and insults. At school their children were the subject of insults and derision. "I'm a 'striker,'" was the motto of all who wanted to stay in with the gang at school.

It was soon evident that the strike was lost. The winter of 1921 and 1922 was a hard one for the men who were on strike, and by spring most of them had returned. Some held out, hoping to win, but it was a futile hope, and they succeeded only in losing entirely. The strike lasted for only a short period, but its effects lasted for several years. Even today there are enmities in Villa Grove which can be traced back to the strike.

After the strike Villa Grove changed rapidly. Railroads were feeling definitely the effects of the forces working against them, and upon the railroad's fate rested the fate of Villa Grove. The railroad "boomer" disappeared. Longer and fewer trains meant fewer men at work. Improved efficiency meant fewer repairs and fewer men, so the population dwindled

from nearly four thousand to a bare two thousand. The men who remained were those who had long before settled down with Villa Grove as their home. Even in the shops most of the men retained were those who had been there before the strike.

Before the collapse of the boom era the town did succeed in improving itself somewhat. A high school, adequate to the needs of the town, was built; much needed pavements were laid, and other improvements were made. However, the open creek which served as a sewer for the whole town still ran through the center of town, carrying its filth and a foul odor. No effort was made until recently to remedy this very unsanitary condition.

From this period until the present Villa Grove has changed little in character. It is the average American town. It has its small town clubs and social groups, its library, its high school, its picture show, and, in fact, nearly all of the activities and amusements found in almost any town of its size in the coun-

try. The only difference is that its inhabitants have travelled more widely than the average. Free transportation for railroad employees and their families make week-end trips to Chicago and St. Louis the chief recreation of the inhabitants. And many take advantage of the chance to make a trip once a year to any part of the United States, so that a trip to California or New York is not a subject for a great deal of attention.

In the last few years, however, there has been a great change in the physical appearance of Villa Grove. The town has received a large share of the easy money released by the New Deal Administration. A new Community building, a lighted kittenball field, a water filtration plant, a new bridge, and new pavements have been built; the old open sewer has been covered and the lowland along it filled in. A few changes are still being made, but apparently the town will remain for some time much as it is now, getting older and more settled of course, but experiencing no such rapid changes as it has survived.

THIS IS AMERICA!

This is America,
This! The corn and mighty
 plains.
And all through youth, America
 to me
Was steel and subway trains.

Here rolls,—revealing
A vibrant rhythm, a refrain
My visioned scale of notes
 never knew—
Beyond the Hudson, this
 mighty plain.

—MATTHEW FREDENHEIM.

The Life of a Forty-Niner

MURIEL KRING

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1935-36

THE discovery of gold in California came like a flash of a meteor upon an unsuspecting world.

California had just been acquired by the United States by the peace treaty of the Mexican War on February 2, 1848. Captain John Sutter had come to California in 1839 and had settled on the Sacramento River at the site where the city of Sacramento now stands. By persistent effort and with only a handful of men, Sutter had conquered and subdued the wild aborigines of the Sacramento Valley—Indians who were known as Diggers—into willful subjection. In time, this colony grew and prospered. Sutter organized the men into groups which were responsible for certain projects. Some formed a body of uniformed soldiers; several learned the mechanical trades; others were made to cultivate the soil and herd cattle.

In the winter of 1847-48, Sutter employed a poor emigrant, James Marshall, to build a sawmill on the American Fork, a branch of the Sacramento River. Marshall also supervised the construction of a dam and a race, a channel by which water is conducted to the dam. When the mill was first operated, it was found that the race was too narrow; so the full current was turned into the race to enlarge it. After the water was drawn off, James Marshall inspected the race and observed some shining particles on the bottom of the channel. He immediately took them to John Sutter, who verified Marshall's supposition that the grains were gold. The two agreed to keep the matter a secret until a grist mill, the present project, was finished. However,

the news leaked out and spread rapidly. In the fall of 1848, the news reached the East.

Thus began one of the most dramatic periods of history. The lust for this glittering yellow metal made a glamorous quest which quickened the pulse of every man. Ex-soldiers, farmers, engineers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and nondescript young men—all converged to the gold fields of California. All were motivated by the desire for easy money.

* * * * *

Seth Brooks was leading a comparatively easy life in November, 1848. The fall mowing and threshing had been finished and only routine jobs were left—feeding the cattle, getting firewood, and repairing harnesses. Seth, busily repairing a wagon, really did not see how he had got the wheat cut in two weeks. He was indeed lucky. He had this 160 acres of good land in Rock River Valley, Illinois; he had a good home for his family; he owned his livestock and tools, and also a covered wagon in which he and his wife had come from Vermont in 1815. Seth was fairly prosperous now, and was considering buying one of the newly-invented reapers he had heard praised.

On this particular day in November, as Seth was working busily, his neighbor, Ned Polson, rode up and told him the latest news. Old Andy Wiley, trapper, had just returned from St. Louis with news of the gold rush. The whole country was inflamed with the urge to travel; men talked in excited, hoarse whispers, their very manner giving truth to the story. Many were skeptical, like Seth, but wanted to see for themselves how

much truth there was in the reports. Even stolid Seth felt the call of adventure and, six months later, had practically convinced Sarah, his wife, it was best to let him go. He, with Ned Polson and Andy Wiley, planned to join a wagon train at St. Joseph, Missouri, and to buy provisions and oxen there.

After their arrival in St. Joseph, Seth, Andy, and Ned had two days in which to buy their provisions and oxen, for the wagon train was to leave May 1. Each man, for the entire trip, was allowed only the barest necessities. It took them the two days to buy all their provisions, including weapons and gunpowder, procure two good oxen with yoke and harness, and load the supplies on the wagon. The whole town, however, was just as industrious. People preparing for their trip were camped all over the village.

On the morning of May 1, 1848, as the sun was creeping over the horizon, the phrase, "Catch up! catch up!" was sounded from the captain's camp. Never before was such inordinate confusion heard. Drivers hallooed, bells clattered, yokes and harness rattled, and people shouted as each wagon was driven towards its special place in the train. The order, "Stretch out!" was given, and the leading wagons began the journey. Each wagon then took its place in the train, as the command, "Fall in!" was shouted. The journey to California had begun!

Seth, whose wagon was tenth in the train of fifty, found the journey over the plains interesting, but uneventful in that no serious difficulties had yet been encountered. Trouble began, however, when they were crossing the South Platte River in Nebraska. The soil along the banks was soft sand, and it was difficult to make any progress. The spring rains had caused the river to become

swollen, and the current was swift and dangerous.

Seth, with several other men, made trial trips into the river, so that the best possible place could be forded. Not only were the banks soft, but also the bottom of the river. Uneven depths in the river made the going treacherous. At last, however, a suitable place was found. A man on horseback grasped the bridle of the leading team of oxen and led it into the river. The going was slow and tedious, but all went well until two cows, which had not been fastened securely to a wagon, were carried downstream by an unusually strong eddy in the current.

Four hours were required to get all the wagons safely across. The strain on the oxen and on the people had been so great that camp was called a short distance from the river. The next morning all were glad they had crossed the stream the previous night. The stream during the night had risen several feet and was swirling turbulently downstream.

The only serious danger from the Indians came in Wyoming, between South Pass and Fort Bridger. At night, the train always formed an enclosure to guard against Indians and wolves, and to make a corral for the horses and cattle. Three sentries were on duty each night. On this particular night, it was Seth's turn for guard duty. Since the past journey had been so peaceful, the guards were not as alert as they should have been. Seth, who had dozed off, was awakened by the howling of a wolf nearby. Thinking the horses were in danger, Seth moved stealthily toward the corral. He peered into the darkness and thought he discerned a huge mass creeping toward the enclosure. Remembering that Indians could mimic the wolf's cry almost to perfection, he listened atten-

tively and heard the clop, clop of horses' feet. Jumping into action, he gave the alarm—the Indians were coming! Just as he shouted, "Indians," a blood-curdling yell broke from the plains and an avalanche of Indians on horses swooped down on the camp. The men of the camp hastily stationed themselves at various points around the enclosure, while the young boys and the women reloaded the guns and took care of the wounded.

The Indians, encircling the enclosure, shot arrows into it. Seth, who was stationed behind his own wagon, shot as fast and as accurately as he could, as did the rest of the men. In about twenty minutes, the fight was over. Five white men had been killed, and four had been wounded. The number of Indians killed was unknown, but evidently there had been enough killed, for the Indians had fled into the darkness. A constant watch was kept the remainder of the night, for the Indians might have attempted another attack. Evidently, though, they had had enough fighting. The dead bodies were all that remained of the Indians.

The wagon train arrived in California in August. Most of the party continued to Sacramento, but five wagons branched off toward Old Hangtown in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Of the latter group were Seth, Andy, and Ned. They had decided to go to Hangtown, buy a few provisions and implements, and prospect for gold in the mountains nearby.

Seth and his companions, following one of the creeks into the mountains, began their search for gold. Everywhere they found the earth ravaged by the gold hunters. The courses of streams had been deflected, and the sides of hills were marked with holes four to six feet deep. All along the way miners were

digging for gold. They all seemed very intent upon their work, and seldom raised their eyes from their digging. They all wore ragged clothing and big boots, and their beards were long and uncut.

The majority of the miners were honest and hard-working. They had a code of ethics which, if violated by any of their group, was upheld rigorously. The code was determined by meetings of the miners held for that purpose. Among other laws, they usually defined the amount of ground one man was entitled to hold, how many claims he could hold at a time, and how long he could absent himself from his claim without forfeiting it. Near Hangtown, ten to thirty square feet of ground was usually accorded one man; only one claim could be held at a time; and the claim was forfeited if the miner were absent from his claim for more than three or four days. All that was needed to hold a claim was to put a pick or shovel on the ground desired. The miners were never without their weapons. If any two men, whether drunk or sober, had a disagreement, it was usually settled by shooting—the man who was quickest on the draw won the argument.

The diet of the miners was very simple and was easy to fix. It consisted mainly of pork and beans, flapjacks, and whiskey. Enough beans were cooked to last about a week, and when that mess had been eaten, another week's supply was cooked in the same kettle without the usual process of ablution. The scum left in the kettle from the former cooking of beans gave savor to the new supply. It was a universal habit of the miners to be uncleanly. They wore the same clothing until it rotted away; they ate with the same utensils again and again without washing them; they slept on ground which was infested with

rodents and insects. Rats, lice, spiders, bed-bugs, ticks, tarantulas were common visitors.

Seth and his companions finished their exploration just before the rainy season started and, as did all the miners thereabouts, migrated to Hangtown. Hangtown was located about sixty miles east of Sacramento. It consisted of one long straggling street of clapboard houses and log cabins, and, surrounded by high and steep hills, was built in a hollow at the site of a creek. Gambling houses and saloons were the largest and most conspicuous buildings on the street. The street was in many places knee-deep in mud and was plentifully strewn with old boots, hats, and shirts, empty bottles, wornout pots and kettles, old horn-bones, and broken picks and shovels. One remarkable feature of the place was the ravaged condition of the nearby creek and ravines, and even the principal and only street was torn up. People went so far as to dig up the ground inside their cabins to search for gold. The story was told that a young slave who had come to Hangtown with his master dreamed for two nights that there was gold under a certain cabin in the town. He told his master about his dreams and persuaded him to buy the land on which the cabin stood. His master was skeptical about the whole plan, but bought the land. He and his slave set to work and, when they had finished, had a deposit of gold worth \$20,000.

During the mining season, Hangtown was comparatively quiet except on Sunday when all the miners within a radius of eight to ten miles flocked in to buy provisions for the following week. Whenever an undesirable criminal was found in Hangtown, the people of the town led him to a favorite tree, gave him an hour to say his prayers, put a

noose around his neck, and strung him up.

In February, Andy, Ned, and Seth decided to go to San Francisco. San Francisco was then the metropolis of the West, but in appearance it lacked the air of a city. The houses looked makeshift and temporary. Boxes, furniture, and dry goods lined the streets. There more hard work was done, more speculative schemes were conceived, more money was made and lost, more buying and selling, more eating and drinking, more smoking, swearing, gambling, and tobacco-chewing, and more crime and profligacy were done in San Francisco than in any other community of the same size.

Gambling places were the most frequented spots in San Francisco. They were thronged both day and night with people of every class and character. Well-dressed, respectable-looking men; rough miners, fresh from the diggings, with well-filled buckskin purses, and dirty old flannel shirts and shapeless hats; sailors; young urchins of ten or twelve years old; and villainous-looking scoundrels mingled for a common purpose.

The three men spent about two months in San Francisco before returning to Hangtown in April. Although they knew very little about prospecting, they decided to strike out for themselves for a time; then if they were unsuccessful in striking it rich, they would join in with some company. The three bought their provisions in Hangtown and started out in May to find the gold for which they had come two thousand miles.

First, they prospected at different sites to determine the amount of gold in certain pieces of land or in certain sections of a stream. After washing a panful of dirt and estimating the amount of gold

it contained, they calculated approximately the value of gold that could be obtained in a day's work.

They were essentially interested in surface digging and soon found that the bars of streams were the most profitable sources of gold. This "placer" or bar is simply the higher portion of the sandy and rocky bed of the stream, which during the seasons of high water was covered with water, but was now partially or entirely exposed.

Seth, Andy, and Ned worked very effectively together. Andy would clear off the sand on the ground to within six inches of the hard rock; Ned would carry the bucket of earth to Seth, who would run the rocker, a trough about three feet in length with three slats in it and a sieve at the upper end, on which the bucket of earth was thrown. The rocker, which was situated close to the water, was worked with one hand, while with the other, Seth dipped water out of the river. Fine earth and scales of gold passed through the holes of the sieve and settled behind the slats in the trough. The stones and large lumps of earth were caught in the sieve and thrown away. After a certain number of buckets of earth had been run through in that way, settlings behind the slats in the trough were put in a milk-pan, through which water was allowed to run. The fine earth and sand would float on the top of the sand and run off. After a few operations of this kind, yellow scales of gold could be seen on the edge of the sand. When there was little sand left, the mixture of gold and sand was dried over a fire. It was then an easy matter to blow the sand away from the gold. The first day of placer mining, they obtained about \$25 worth of gold.

Since their claim was not giving much

gold, the three decided to leave it for a few days while they prospected for another claim. They decided to separate so they could cover more territory. Seth went up the stream, while Andy and Ned went into the hills on each side. They prospected for two days, and had just about decided to return to their first claim, for they had found no suitable claim. Seth, who had been walking in the stream, stumbled over a rock in the middle of it. Angry, he gave the rock a kick. Glancing at the spot where the stone had been, he was about to continue on his search when he noticed that something shone through the water at the spot where the rock had been. Examining more closely, he found gold. More digging produced the biggest vein of gold he had yet seen. Hurrying back to camp to tell Andy and Ned, he was jubilant. There would be plenty of gold for all of them. Now he could return to Illinois with gold to show for his effort and hardship.

Thus out of an accidental discovery by Captain Sutter's millhand, men mortgaged their lives to obtain the shining metal that would secure for them a comfortable existence.

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Santa Claus Is Going to Town

ROBERT STURZER

Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1936-37

MY exceptionally red nose got me the job. "And how much does the job pay, Mr. Duncan, sir?" I asked. "Oh" said he, "eight dollars a day." "Eight d---! Mmmm, that's quite a salary for a job like -- ." "Report here tomorrow morning at eight-thirty," he said with a far-away look in his eyes. It was six days before Christmas, and I was working for McGurgle's department store.

At 8:29 a.m. I arrived in front of the building, and, feeling the cold numbing my bones, I executed a frenzied dash for the entrance of the building with all my remaining strength. Ah! one more step now! The newly-greased revolving door took me from behind and propelled me into the warmth of the main floor with such astonishing efficiency that I was fetched up against the pretty handkerchief-counter girl, and we both found ourselves sitting on the floor. She got to her feet deliberately and helped me up. She didn't look like Joe Louis' kid sister, but she certainly could swing a nifty right hander! I was down on the floor again. A fine way to start the day! So I picked myself up again and went up to the toy department on the third floor, where my headquarters would be, and donned the moth-eaten Santa Claus suit, whiskers, gloves, and all. I wore a heavy woolen sweater under the outfit—a grave mistake, I found out later. Then I seated myself on my crystal-studded throne and surveyed my little domain.

The Santa Claus section of the store consisted of my throne, as I mentioned, which was backed by an artificial rock setting; in front of the throne was part of a semi-circular path, at one end of

which there was a gate with a sign, inviting: "SEE SANTA CLAUS—GET A PRESENT. . . . 25¢." At the other end of the path was an exit. Within the semi-circle was an artificial, frozen pond with a sleigh and stuffed reindeer standing on it.

At nine o'clock the doors opened down below, and at nine-fifteen the store was filling up with Christmas shoppers. My first visitor was a little girl of about six, who came up the path slowly, while her mother paid for her at the gate and stood waiting. Wordlessly, the child handed me a piece of paper. "What is your name, little girl?" "Don't *you* know?" she said shyly. "No, of course n--- uh--- uh--- I mean, of course I do, but *you* must tell me what it is anyway." She told me her name, standing first on one foot and then on the other. "That's what I want for Christmas," she pointed at the paper she had given me. "I see, and do you think you deserve all this?" "Yes, Santa Claus," she answered, with a furtive glance at her mother. I gave her a package from the big grab-bag behind me, and she went. I laughed; it was an easy job.

The next arrival wasn't so easy to deal with. He was a brat about eight. By this time a line was forming, and two more children followed him closely. "Santa Claus," he began loudly and innocently when he was ten feet away, "which way are you going to come down our chimney, head first, or feet first?" "Why," I said hesitantly, "I am going to come down your chimney feet first, of course." "Yeah! we have no chimney in our house," he yelled shrilly. "I wanna bicy-

cle for Christmas!" "He can't have a bicycle," called his mother from the sidelines. "Wouldn't you rather have something else, like a - a - -" I looked toward the maternal responsibility for this for some aid. None was forthcoming. "-- like a sled?" I suggested. "No! I wanna bicycle!" "He can't have a sled, either," contributed the mother. The store was beginning to get warm. "We. . ." I cast about in my mind, "how about a bee-bee gun?" "No bee-bee gun," said the mother. "I want a bicycle!" stormed Junior. There was a whole line now, fidgeting. "I'll bring you a nice surprise," I said confidentially. "Yeah???" he said unconfidentially. "Here! here's a nice package for you. Goodbye."

A little girl with a big bow in her hair and big, brown, questioning eyes stepped up. "My name is Margie," she informed me seriously, "and I want a husband for Christmas." I considered the demand gravely. "Do you always take good care of your toys?" I asked her. Then, as she appeared troubled by a guilty conscience, I added, "I'll see what I can do about a nice doll for you this year, and maybe next year. . . ." She walked away docilely and thoughtfully with a grab-bag package in her hands.

It was getting hot. I wished I could take those heavy mittens off. Still, everything seemed to be running fairly smoothly. . . .

A little tot tottered up. Supporting him was his governess. My heart did a dance. Blonde hair, china-blue eyes. (The governess, I mean.) "What is your name, my little man?" Pause. "What is your NAME, my little man?". . . "WHAT IS - - -" He turned his bleary eyes upon me, "Blbxysqp," came the faint response. Not disheartened, I continued, "And what is your phone number, my little man?" I smiled at the

governess. "Tell him he's supposed to be Santa Claus, Belford dear, not Dan Cupid," she said sourly. "Goo?" said Mr. Blbxysqp. They ambled away. Not so good.

Hotter and hotter. My boots were getting squishy with perspiration.

There was a long, restless line now. "Dashing throo the snow," began the next shiny-faced boy, laboriously and without preamble, "In a one-hoss op-en sla-a-ye. . ." He paused for breath. I foresaw a long and arduous struggle. "What's your name, m'lad?" I inquired hurriedly. "Sh-h-h!" he said, "I wanna finish my pome." "Oh, not now," I said. "Let him finish," growled his big brother from the gate. "Over the feeelds we go-o-o- . . ." There was a violent commotion down the line. The boy stopped and thought some more. There was a wild scuffling from the direction of the commotion, and cries rent the air. Two boys were fighting. With an effort, I heaved myself out of the throne and toward the dispute. By this time, two other boys were engaged in warfare. Everybody turned his attention to the center of activities. I pulled the first two kids apart and tried to admonish them in a jovial Santa Claus manner. I received a sound kick in the knee for my efforts. Some mothers arrived on the scene while I was trying to pacify the second pair and the first two were at it again, hammer and tongs. An irritated mother grasped at her young hopeful and jabbed me in the stomach with her umbrella. Excitement swirled all about me now. Something clutched at the seat of my pants. Rrrrrr! I distinctly heard a rip, and simultaneously felt a draft of cool air. Howls and hoarse squallings frayed the edges of my already well-frayed nerves as each mother saw that her off-spring received her idea of jus-

tice. Finally, some semblance of order was restored, justice or no. I stumbled back to my throne and sat down wearily. The "Jingle Bells" boy was still there. "I'm going to start all over again," he announced placidly. "Ohhhh!" I groaned. The line was pushing forward. Some impatient ones in front were beginning to shout at me. "Santa Claus." "Santa Claus!" "Santa, I wanna airplane." "Santa Claus, gimme a doll-house!" "I want an automobile, Santa!" "Oh, bring me a boat!" "Please, Santa!" They scrambled toward me. One climbed into my lap. Another hung on my arm. Santa! Santa! "Dimme a twain, Santa!" "Gimme." "I wanna." "Now wait a minute, kids..." "Waaah! I WANNA SAY MY POME!!!" "Hey, you, let him say his p---" "SANTA CLAUS, BRING ME A DOG???" Something

was creaking behind me. The boy on my lap took a firm grip on my whiskers and tugged. My ears started forward wildly. (To this day I resemble Clark Gable about the ears.) "Hey, kin I have a scooter, Santa?" Suddenly, the entire structure back of me seemed to dissolve into splinters. The world went completely mad. Yaaah! the grab-bag spewed its contents in every direction. Yow, my finger! Leggo my leg! A thousand little imps scampered and scurried after the packages on the floor. A thousand little imps danced insanely on my stomach. A thousand little imps tortured the air with their shrieks. "Santa Claus! Look at Santa. Jingul bells. Jingul bells. Where is Santa? Santa! Where is he? Ohhh, Santa Claus!" But Santa had fled.

A sorry looking man walked up the bar and said, "One rye, buddy—straight."

The Rise of the Tin Can

ROLAND MCKEAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1935-36

I LIKE the old Latin name *stannum* for tin. It seems more dignified than the business-like title that the English-speaking people have adopted. If the Romans and the tin can had been contemporaneous, perhaps the Latin language would also have an imposing, euphonious appellation for the modern container as well as for the metal from which it is made. But since the tin can is a comparatively recent innovation, the Romans did not name it; and only the single, unimpressive title has ever existed to honor the object which is now so important.

A few years ago, however, the tin can

gave little indication that it would be of any significance. True, the protective and lustrous qualities of tin had been known and utilized for centuries. In the Middle Ages the metallurgists for the church used this metal as much as gold or silver for sacred vessels and religious objects. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the medical practitioners stored spoilable medicaments in tin boxes.¹ But when Napoleon Bonaparte offered a prize for the invention of a canning process to preserve goods for the army, old Nicholas Appert, the winner, used

¹"Tin in Ancient and Modern Times," *Scientific American Supplement*, November 24, 1900.

glass jars and corks without a thought of tin cans.² Before long, though, the high cost and breakage of glass led to the first tin can. Some inventor took out the first patent in America in 1825, but it was of little use. For seventy years longer, canning was an uncertain process. The food spoiled; a can containing food might swell while on the shelf until it could roll around on the floor. The people looked on suspiciously and offered silly explanations of the phenomenon.

The situation was desperate. They knew how to make tin cans, but they did not know how to make them work. The can seemed to be an ideal container—light, sturdy, transportable. The growing population, the increased specialization, the standards of living and of wealth, and all the other factors with technical names were all prepared for the development of preserved foods. Finally, science broke down and told us the truth. H. L. Russell discovered in 1895 that bacteria caused the “swells” in cans and that these bacteria could be controlled not by changes in the can but by changes in the process of canning. Then the factory whistle blew, and the tin can stepped out before the public eye.

Everybody was ready to welcome canned products but they needed an official introduction. The World War provided a very forceful one. During the war both soldiers and civilians got the habit of eating from tin cans because it was necessary to conserve the food supply by large-scale efficient methods. They saw the convenience and salubrity of using canned products. Because the war gave the people this little education at that propitious moment after Russell’s discovery had made possible the satisfac-

tion of the pent-up, potential demand which had been crying for successful canning all these years, the let-down in the use of canned foods was less marked after the war than the decline in the demand for other products. From that time on, the value of the tin can as a food preserver was established.

The enterprising industrialists next began to put other products in cans—tennis balls, tooth powders, shoe polish, cigarettes, paints, varnishes, cosmetics, and potted plants. Early in 1933, the American Can Company introduced canned motor oil. Other recent additions to the tin can family include grain popcorn, chemicals, potatoes, cranberries, peanuts, and beer. In foods alone, the American people consume an annual average of twenty-five cans of goods per person. The tin can broadcasts its importance from every retail shelf and every service station rack.

Such a development as this brings other changes along with it. Foremost among the economic results is the increased significance of tin as a metal. Now half of the consumption of tin in the United States goes into tin cans, and the United States consumes half of the world production. Therefore, the tin can has had some influence over the price of tin. After the introduction of the tin can, the price of the metal rose from its ancient price of a few cents a pound to one dollar a pound. The recovery of tin from old cans and scrap became a large industry in itself. The new value of the metal made it fair prey; free-booting speculators rejoiced. One John Roweson, who had been having great fun with a corner on white pepper, now engineered a partial monopoly of tin, drove the price on up, and so frightened our industrialists that they began an energetic lobby in the House for aid. Another illustration

²Mohan, R. T., “The Scientific Advancement of the Canning Industry,” *Scientific American Supplement*, July 19, 1913.

of the present prominence of tin was the activity of the tin producers. They attempted to raise the price of the metal by agreeing to restrict output.

The rising price of tin from 1900 to 1926 had two results. First, it so stimulated production that, in spite of the constant growth of demand, the price began to fall after 1926. The agreements of the large mining concerns to restrict output were futile, because small, independent miners increased production and tapped new resources each time. Second, the high cost of tin caused tin can manufacturers to start experimenting with substitutes. They succeeded in replacing tin foil with aluminum foil and cellophane in many cases, but, as yet, the aluminum can is not satisfactory. These research departments have also experimented with new shaped cans, with valve-vented cans for Cheddar and other cheeses, and with glass-topped cans for displaying preserved foods.

The maintenance of research departments is only one feature of the growth of can manufacture into a big business. The industry adopted the corporate structure from the first. The Virginia Can Company was launched in 1903. Continental Can Company came into existence in 1904, and absorbed several small ones during the 1920's. Continental and American are now the chief competitors. Their stocks are as active on the markets as any. Methods of production are characteristic of large-scale production. Back in the nineteenth century a master tinker could turn out sixty cans a day. In the early factory stages, making tin cans was a subsidiary process of the actual cannery. Now, of course, the tin can industry is separate; and one small factory can manufacture a million cans in one day. Automatic machinery performs all operations. No

hand touches the inside of the can after the tin plate leaves the mill.

The rise of the tin can has not only affected industrial and financial processes, but also has affected the lives of thousands of people. Perhaps the most direct influence has been on the laborers employed in the tin can factories. Besides the ordinary labor problems which have developed, there are difficulties peculiar to the tin can industry. One trouble which faced the can makers at first was benzol poisoning. This disease arose from the benzol fumes coming off the cans after that liquid had performed its duty as a solvent in a particular operation. But special facilities for evaporating the benzol completely now have removed the threat of this disease. The modern shops are really healthful places to work. Tin can manufacturing must be the cleanest metal working operation known to the industrial age, for canning depends upon containers which have been clean, pure, and flawless from the beginning.³

Most of all, the tin can has affected the consumer. The exhibit of the Continental Can Company at the World's Fair in 1934 made thousands of people realize more fully the influence of the can. This container has brought new products to us—in or out of season and at lower prices than ever before. Tinned products are just as wholesome as the fresh food; special processes retain the vitamins and the natural flavors and colors of the original product. Cans do not leave any taints or cause any spoilage, and the old belief that eating foods left in an open can causes ptomaine poisoning is erroneous.⁴ By making available a wider

³Pound, A., "Pouring Ideas into Tin Cans," *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1935.

⁴Van Zandt, J. P., "A Miracle in Cans," *Review of Reviews and World's Work*, October, 1934.

variety of purer foods than ever before, the tin can has improved the health of the world.

Convenience, however, is the most apparent contribution of the metal container. Ordinary canned foods are now so familiar that their convenience is forgotten, but the advantages of recent canned products are very evident. Two illustrations of recent adaptations to the tin can are motor oil and beer. Lithographed cans of oil allow the motorist to select his brand and to know that he gets the kind of lubricant he wants. They allow the dealer to buy smaller quantities, to keep his station clean, and to handle several brands of oil. Canned beer is an epochal advancement in curbing bruises and irritated dispositions. No longer must housewives stumble over ubiquitous beer cases day after day until all the bottles are empty. The simplest way to dispose of cans is to throw them into the furnace after the contents are consumed, for, though their heat value is small, tin cans will oxidize readily in an ordinary fire, leaving only a small residue.⁵ Perhaps bicycle riders are relieved also by the tin can method of distributing beer. I remember that I used to peddle warily with a mortal fear of broken beer bottles.

⁵"Tin Cans as Fuel," *Scientific American*, May 21, 1921.

Thus has the tin can industry grown in thirty years—from infancy to youth; and thus has its growth influenced people and their livelihoods. It has developed less obtrusively than, but just as auspiciously as, some of its contemporaries, such as the automobile and airplane industries. Its great beginning indicates a great future for the tin can.

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Sketch Book

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

It was one of those bitter, raw days fit only for small boys and polar bears.

—PHILIP BREWER.

. . . .

Sleep in a day coach is almost impossible for anyone, but I can't even sleep in pullmans. The only thing that I can say for them is that they make sleeplessness more comfortable. Railroads always hold an amateur show in the engine cab on the nights that I travel. Special prizes are awarded for the most spectacular stops and starts. The baggage men always have a play-off to decide milk-can mauling and general cursing championships. The fellow who goes around hitting wheel hubs with a hammer always seems extremely doubtful of the wheels under my window and hits them six or seven extra times to make up his mind. After he's gone I am convinced that the extra blows have weakened them and that they'll fall to pieces at the next high bridge.—DAVID MURRAY.

. . . .

A quiet, perfect-mannered, tired-eyed, little man will wander aimlessly over Europe. He will be ashamed to go back to his own country and will be very lonely. At any hotel or resort where he stops, he will buy the first newspaper he can lay hands on and read everything in it concerning England. Then he will sit staring into space for a while thinking of the past and what might have been.

—STEPHEN KRATZ.

The average high school listlessly doles out two years of jerky conjugations and dusty declensions to a handful of bored youngsters who had imagined that Caesar would be easier to "get through" than would Home Ec. or Algebra.

—DOROTHY PILKINGTON.

. . . .

I was somewhat startled when I read that there are still sixteen million Republicans left in this fair land of Democracy (or Democrats). I held the opinion that they were fast becoming extinct and that some day I would say to my grandson, as I bounced him on my knee, that I once saw a real, live Republican, just as my grandfather had told me about a real, live Indian that he had seen. Until I saw this statement, I was waiting expectantly for a bill to be introduced in the House of Representatives to the effect that, beginning in 1938, Maine and Vermont were to be set aside for Republican Reservations. The Indians have reservations. Why not the Republicans?

—DONALD E. BOVEE.

. . . .

THE JOYS OF AN OLD CAR

An old car is really lots of fun. Of course it doesn't have the sleek, beautiful lines of the new stream-lined models, nor the excessive horsepower, but it gives you a much more exciting ride. When you're moving along at seventy-five or eighty miles an hour in a new car, the scenery becomes blurred and lifeless.

Soon you tire of watching it, and instead stare at the monotonous length of pavement ahead. You may be travelling very fast, but really there is no excitement, because you know just what will happen. Sooner or later you will become just another case for the ambulance, or with luck and suitable circumstances, such an elaborately mangled corpse that your name will make the headlines for a day or two.

But now consider an old car. Excitement reigns every minute you are in it, from the moment of the four-foot jump when you start to the final, jolting stop at your destination.

Let us take a short trip in one of the dear old relics. Climb in. Ready now; hang on, because we're going to start, Whoo -- oooo -- sh, bang! purr -- r -- rr, bang! Well, that wasn't so successful, was it? The driver steps on the starter again, and you pray for his efforts to be rewarded. Suddenly, with a mighty swoop, you find yourself hurtling backward out of the driveway and landing in the middle of the street with a terrific jolt. After a few minutes' stunned silence (yes, silence even from the car—the engine has stopped) the driver tries to coax the "Fallen Arch" into further action, but in vain. There you sit in the middle of the street, while other motorists pass with much difficulty and cursing. But listen! What is that tiny sound, gradually growing to a thundering roar? There it goes—pip pip, pip pip, pip, pip, pip, Pip! PIP! Bam! Here we go at last. You cling desperately to the seat, to the door, the steering wheel, anything, while the archaic wreck in its ecstasy conducts the most pointless, purposeless wanderings over the road. Pedestrians stop to stare and wonder at your wild maneuvers.

—PATRICIA SHESLER.

Rudyard Kipling sang of the glories of empire and of the "white man's burden," and made little, weak-chinned English clerks feel themselves the masters of the Earth.—DAVID MURRAY.

. . . .

(Answer to a question on an hour quiz.)

The function of punctuation is to clarify composition. It does this by setting off units of composition so that they may be more easily correlated and differentiated. For example, the last sentence was separated from this one by a period. The phrase, *for example*, is set off from the statement which it introduces by a comma. Does a question mark not make the tone of a sentence more clear? How much easier it is to detect an emphatic statement if it ends with an exclamation point! A comma deflects the line of thought; a semicolon breaks it, though not as definitely as does a period. Quotations, exclamations, clauses, phrases—all are set off by punctuation to make the composition of which they are a part more clear and coherent. Punctuation's function is to clarify composition, and only punctuation can clarify written composition. It is the counterpart in writing of voice and tone inflections in speaking, and is frequently used as a guide to these inflections for the reader.—CHARLES L. STEWART, JR.

. . . .

FLOOD

We flew over Plains, Mississippi, at a height of ten thousand feet. It was spring, and the lazy, meandering, old Mississippi had once again been converted into a surging, destructive, smothering mass by the melting snows in the North. Many square miles of the land below us were entirely submerged, the long artificial levee being the only land

remaining above water. A single long white row of Red Cross or Army tents housing the homeless survivors of the inundation stretched the whole length of the crooked narrow levee. Two snorting steamboats plied the minor channels of the river. A few roof tops, a few tree tops, a bent black water tower, and a long, torn and twisted freight train were the only evidences that we were above a village.—R. J. LEIMBACHER.

. . . .

We were bundled, with the presents, into the sleigh and, with a crack of the whip, were off, like a toupee in a wind-storm.—WILLIS BALLANCE.

A BIT OF IRONY

From the far corner at one end of a long, box-like barrack, a uniformed guard stood at attention staring unseeingly at three long rows of tables. The uniformity of the tables and the scrupulous manner in which they were set, each overturned plate, saucer, and cup in precisely the exact position of its fellow plates, saucers, and cups, made the room radiate with tidiness and punctiliousness. Had he raised his eyes and looked to the opposite end of the barracks, the blank expression of the face of the guard would have softened into a smile as he read the very neatly printed sign above the door—"General Mess."

—ANN JUNE STASTNY.

A Day from Mr. America's Diary

M. L. FREDENHEIM

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1936-37

I

"YOU better hurry, dear," his wife called to him from the kitchen.

"What time is it?" he answered absently, and hurriedly attempted to get his rebellious hair neatly parted and pasted down.

"Eight-thirty."

"What!" He dropped the hair brush on the wet basin for his wife to pick up later, gave his dotted red tie a final twist, and yelled, "Open the front door. Get my hat, my coat. Get Junior out of the way."

"But your breakfast, dear," his wife said wearily, and ran into the hall to follow out his instructions, which she did efficiently from years of practice.

"Don't dare leave without kissing me," she pouted from her station by the door.

"Pucker up your lips then, because here I come."

A clatter on the stairs, a short shuffle, a flurry of arms by the front door, and Mr. Typical Suburban American was racing down the street, with thirty other hurried husbands, to catch the 8:33 to the city.

II

The efficient, new electric clock showed it to be a few minutes to twelve. He forced himself not to look at it again. He sat on the edge of his chair, concentrating on the papers in front of him. The shrill sound of a factory whistle from down by the river penetrated the

mental fog that surrounded him; penetrated the pounding of typewriters, the grating of adding machines, and the jangling of telephones. He leaped up, grabbed his hat and coat from the overloaded clothes trees, ran out of the office and down the corridor, and slid into the jammed elevator ahead of a tottering old lady. With a "Watch your arm, mister," the elevator boy slammed the door shut on a compressed mass of humanity. They stopped at the floor below to pick up some more automat-bound people, and at the floor below that one. When they arrived at the main floor, the elevator boy opened the door, and the passengers burst out like gas under pressure. A small, frail man, who died between the third and second floor from asphyxiation or internal injuries, was quickly disposed of, and the elevator started up for another load of human cargo.

As Mr. Typical American raced down the lobby steps and out onto the thronged sidewalk, he wondered why he was going out to lunch. He didn't feel hungry. He hadn't felt hungry yesterday, or the day before either, but he had gone out to lunch then also. Some day, he swore to himself, I am going to be different, and not go out because everyone else does. Or I'll go out at one instead of twelve.

But his dreams of anarchy vanished as he was caught up by the crowd and put down upon a small round seat, with a marble-topped counter in front of him. A man in a white apron and a white funny hat stood behind the counter and ignored his appeals for a toasted ham sandwich and a cup of coffee. Finally he got his order, ate it hurriedly so as to have time for a cigarette afterwards, paid the voluptuous cashier, and walked out onto the noisy street, wishing that he had not eaten so fast. A quarter past twelve. What to do now till one o'clock? His

abused stomach had him up against the ropes now, and was leading with ham and toast, and getting in a cutting jab with that creamy pie he had not been able to resist.

Mr. Typical American, being a man who just doesn't bother with gambling and chance during the day, entered the lobby, and watched a more daring soul play the pin-ball machine. He smiled and shared in the thrill of winning, and looked dejected when the balls defied all his efforts at pushing and pulling the air, and straining his body the way he wanted them to go.

The lunch hour was nearly over, and he went up to his office. He walked behind his desk, and sank heavily into the chair—and the beating of typewriters and adding machines, and the slamming of doors, and clicking of feminine heels. He looked at the clock. Three minutes after one.

III

The clock hands pointed to five-thirty. He waited tensely for the second hand to come around to sixty. He's off! Down the hall, down the elevator, down the lobby steps, down into the subway, down, down, down

"Downing Gardens," the conductor cried. "Downing Gardens," he repeated, emphasizing the Gardens this time. Fast train, he thought, as he finished the comic strip, and folded the paper neatly. He arose, said goodnight to the conductor, and started for home.

As he walked home, a feeling of tranquillity settled over him for the first time that day. He breathed in deeply, and felt like pounding his puny chest—only people might stare at him if he did. The green lawns, surrounding pretty red brick houses, pleased him. He took deep breaths of fresh, cooling air, and exhaled

the day's accumulation of stuffiness and cigarette smoke. He brightened up, and walked down the street with his shoulders thrown defiantly back, suppressing a desire to run a stick along the fences. Let people laugh. He took exaggerated gulps of air. He greeted his wife, who was watering the lawn, with a healthy hug and a prolonged kiss. Today was behind him, tomorrow in the distant future. How he could settle back to a steaming, gastric-inspiring meal, and later listen to the radio, or perhaps take in a movie. The wife mentioned that she wanted to see that new picture, Apartment House Blues, with Curly Dimple.

IV

Hi de ho

The radio trembled, the vase on the mantle shuddered, the trumpet moaned, and the deep-voiced woman continued:

Hi de he

Hi de hooo

Typical American sank deeper into the easy chair. He relit his pipe, picked up the latest issue of *Daring Detective*

Stories, and continued reading. He had been hurrying all day, living at a fast tempo, dancing to the tune of horns, whistles, adding machines, and typewriter. It had become a part of him and now, as he sat in the cozily furnished living room, he had to have noise in his ears, and action, motion, excitement before his eyes.

His wife had gone upstairs. He got up with an effort, stretched, yawned, and slouched upstairs to bed.

"Did you set the alarm, Marg?" he whispered, not wishing to wake her up if she were asleep.

"Yes, dear. Goodnight," she answered sleepily.

He settled his head into the pillow, and drew the blankets up about his neck. Hope there's hot water in the morning, he thought. He changed his position a few times until he resembled a twisted spring, ready to leap out of bed when the alarm's clanging released him. Then he fell asleep, with a smile on his face; a hurried, nerve-wracked, but contented citizen of America.

PEACE OF MIND

There are many oracles
Where men may kneel.
There are pedestals
Before which to bow.
There are fatherly gods
To whom to appeal;
Innumerable fetishes
Upon which to vow.
There are all these temples
In which to find
Order in chaos,
Peace of mind.

—MATTHEW FREDENHEIM.

The Romantic Drudge

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-37

FIVE nights out of the week see me at the Architecture Building. I begin to see that it was no idle prattle I listened to when I was told that a very good part of the sum of my college existence would be spent there. But do not mistake me. I am not bemoaning my state; indeed, I will try to show the contrary.

Early in the evening I leave my room, stop by for another freshman architectural student on the next floor down, and walk the few blocks from my boarding-house to the building. That walk is not yet a task, and I don't believe that it will be. I get from it a growing comfort that is bred of a happy familiarity and a pleasant anticipation. I know now most of the houses and trees along the way, the well-worn path through the athletic field, and, even, the cracks in the sidewalk and the shadows from the street lamps. These are small things and the pleasure that I get from them is a small and quiet, but completely satisfying thing.

When I enter the building and go up the stairs to the drafting rooms I see others who, like myself, are giving their evening to their drawing boards. I have come to know some of them well and those that I know not so well serve to fill out the picture. There is not here the hush and heaviness of a library. I

may see two boys wrestling in an aisle and a crowd gathered round to watch the fracas or, what is more common, a whole group singing vociferously while they work steadily on at their drawing.

My own plate, whatever it may happen to be, is waiting for me and I am not loathe to start on it again. Somehow it is something of my own, something that hasn't the hand of anyone else in it, although, so far, we freshmen are all working on what are meant to be identical drawings. Friends come up; there is conversation and horseplay, but most of our time is given to the work at hand. The evening slips away quickly and happily enough.

Walking home is pleasant. I usually stop with a friend for something to eat and drink. We talk for awhile and then I return home to study a bit and go to bed.

All these things don't add up to the drudgery I was warned of. I have done a half-hour's boring work that was more tiring for me than the four hours of drawing I do. These things must be measured by one's own self and his capacity for finding pleasure in his occupation. At some other I would perhaps be restless; but, doing what I am, working each night becomes the source of a particular happiness that I haven't known for a long while.



On Theme Writing

MORTIMER PYE

Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1936-37

TO make an accurate estimation of work is extremely difficult. Things which to one individual seem superior are thought to be only mediocre by another. Thus, nine teachers grading nine copies of the same paper may arrive at nine different grades—nine differences in opinion concerning the quality of work. It is, likewise, just as trying for a freshman writer to judge his own work. What may seem to him witty and attractive may strike his instructor as dull and uninteresting. In rhetoric, moreover, there are definite taboos which must be reckoned with. Commas may be placed only in their proper places; infinitives cannot be split; and quotation marks enclose only the direct words of the speaker. Grammatical structures, however, can be learned best—if they can be learned at all—through experience.

It seems plausible, therefore, that a paper returned with an abundance of black marks in the margin is as desirable as one returned in its original condition. Very little can be gained by merely an exchange of papers between student and instructor without any advice from the instructor. A music teacher may, in his endeavor to preserve his student's music for future sale, refrain from marking in it. But the student of another teacher, who generously scrawls all over the work with marks of diminuendos, crescendos, and staccatos, will invariably become a better musician.

In the course of writing themes there

seem to be two lines of action open to the student. He may strike a defensive attitude, or an offensive one. The defensive student recognizes the fundamentals of grammar. He knows when a semi-colon should be inserted, when a dash should be used instead of a comma, and when to start a new paragraph. He even acquires a limited supply of rhetorical devices which he can use with some effectiveness. He then proceeds to write themes, and he writes good ones. He tries no new methods and no experimentation, for he gets good grades by the old. Like a Hoover Republican he does nothing wrong, for he does very little at all.

The person who writes on the offensive, on the other hand, may also know some grammatical rules and rhetoric which he can use correctly. He is, however, not content to employ constantly the same devices merely to secure good grades. In the course of his writing he may encounter some problem—a new construction or a new word which arouses doubt as to its correctness. On such occasions, there are usually other ways possible for saying the same thing—ways which the author knows to be correct because he has used them before. Nevertheless, he would rather use the new and questionable construction and once and for all discover whether it is correct. The student who writes on the offensive is noticeable for his attempts at new rhetorical devices. He tries using

conversation, narrative, the first person, figures of speech, quotations, allusions, even slang, in his themes. He finds some new methods which he can use; others, he discovers, are too difficult for him to handle effectively. He may receive a

lower grade than the defensive student; he may not have so large a collection of neat "A's" to point to with pride. But he will undoubtedly learn something from his eighteen experiments in theme writing.

"Rhetoric as She Is Wrote"

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

If a man had knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learner about him face to face.

. . . .

A flock of five hundred sheep was grazing peaceably near the edge of a deep prejudice.

. . . .

Fewer spectators are seen than athletes at both Oxford and Cambridge since the onlookers are playing something elsewhere.

. . . .

The first place they looked was in her bed, and there they found her with a case of phenomena.

. . . .

Like the (Oxford) students, a bicycle affords more distance and a general snapshot of all England.

. . . .

We children bolted our food and ran into the tree, where our presents were piled.

. . . .

To spend a beautiful early spring day in the mountains and watch the water

in the small streams rush over the huge rocks and boulders with tremendous speed and power, and notice the trees and vegetation take a new lease on life, and see the birds and animals hop and skip about, reminds one of a place and day he has never seen and endured before.

. . . .

An interpolated element is an element which is turned so that its meaning is to the reverse.

. . . .

Like all great Americans Lee was called to his rest in the year 1870.

. . . .

A very sad incident in the life of Lincoln was his assassination at the theatre.

. . . .

We immediately tumbled out of bed, rinsed our faces, dawned some clothes, and stood motionless.

. . . .

Catherine, finding that her husband cannot hear her, goes mad and bites him. As the curtain is descending everyone is mad and is biting everyone else.

HONORABLE MENTION

Lack of space prevents the publishing of some excellent themes by the following students:

ADAMS, B. H.	MARLATT, HARRY
AVERY, ROBERT	MCDONALD, MAUDE
BREITER, IRMA	MCDONALD, W. E.
DAVIS, GORDON	MUNSON, JOHN
EDWARDS, R. L.	PAYNTER, GILMAN
ENGELKE, LOUIS	PLATT, RICHARD
FAIRBANK, A. N.	PRUCHA, J.
FEAR, MARJORIE	SCHENNUM, DONALD M.
FORNOFF, ADDIE	SICKS, JOHN
GRAY, DARRELL	SIMS, WILLIAM
HARPER, LUCINS	SMITH, ALTON
HOLLEY, FRANK	SPENCER, MILDRED
JONAS, LUCY	SWIFT, DEAN
JONES, ALBERT H.	WAGGONER, GEORGE
KENNEDY, D. W.	WHITFIELD, JOHN
KING, CEDRIC	WOOLEN, VIRGINIA
LEE, JAMES	WORLAND, ANNE M.

THE GREEN CALDRON

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No. 4

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ON "HORSE OPERAS"	1
Harry Marlatt	
AMATEUR THEATRICALS	2
Richard Doney	
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	3
Dorothy Pilkington	
1873-1937	5
Charles J. Taylor	
HOW TO BE POPULAR	6
Anonymous	
CHANGING HEROES	7
John W. Alexander	
BROOMCORN TO BROOMS	8
Carl Edwin Watkins	
A TIME FOR HARVEST	11
Carl Pihl	
THE SKETCH BOOK	12
(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)	
SEVEN TO EIGHT OF AN EVENING	14
Elinor Anderson	
THE MANIACS	15
David M. Checkley	
THE ART OF BRIDLING A HORSE	16
Mortimer Pye	
INCIDENT	17
Harl E. Son	
MY FIRST SOLO	18
Glenn L. Brown	
THE LAST TRIP UNDER	20
Clifford Shannon	
AN IMPRESSIVE PLACE	21
Stephen Kratz	
MY HOME TOWN	22
James Lee	
ORIENTAL	24
Druscilla Johansen	
I LIKE THIS MAN	25
Cedric King	
SHADOW	27
John Whitfield	
WAITING	28
Marie Mulvane	
NATURE—UNKIND MOTHER	29
Irma C. Breiter	
"RHETORIC AS SHE IS WROTE"	32
(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)	

On "Horse Operas"*

HARRY MARLATT

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-37

USHERING at a "Horse Opera" house has given me a chance to make definite observations concerning the make-up of these cowboy dramas. Most of them are so pitifully alike that anyone who has seen two or three of them can usually anticipate most of the plot and be pretty sure of the relations of the characters.

There are always three main characters. First, we have the hero, who must have the form of a Greek god (if you can picture a bowlegged divinity), the eye and finger of Annie Oakley, and all the equestrian skill of a bareback rider in a circus. Sometimes he has small blemishes such as a cauliflowered ear, a half-cocked eye, or slow stumbling speech, but these flaws detract relatively little from the appeal of a "Horse Opera" hero. This superman usually takes the part of a wronged landowner avenging the death of one or both of his parents (depending upon the viciousness of the author), a government agent in the guise of a cattle thief, or the foreman of a ranch. However, being a foreman is not very desirable because it is entirely too commonplace and settled. It is also highly important that our leading man ride upon a white horse. Somehow he loses half of his charm on a horse of any other color.

Next in importance we have the villain. There are two definite kinds. One is the fellow with the grizzly beard and shirt stained with tobacco juice who is recognized to be what he really is all

through the play. The other is the subtle type with checkered vest, patent-leather hair, and sleek manner who usually *almost* wins the charming leading lady. This second type invariably owns a saloon. He is never complete without the background of a bar and its accompanying vices.

Of course there is always the heroine, who many times turns out to be a rich rancher's daughter just home from the East or a new school teacher *à la the Virginian*. For the most part she is an innocent bystander who becomes involved in the treacherous plot, not a participant. Tradition makes her weak and helpless. The love interest that she supplies is usually unstressed. Should the cowboy hero openly express his passion for her the simple devotees of this art form would be disgusted. They want action and not emotion.

The plots themselves are as simple and childish as the characters. They are designed mainly to chain together a group of minor "shooting" scrapes, a thrilling chase, and one last major conflict wherein all the evil forces are filled with shot and slugs. Bank and stage coach robbery, cattle rustling, and misunderstanding, especially of the hero, are favorite devices for creating and sustaining interest.

But alas, in recent times, this hardy institution is bowing to progressive ideas. Sometimes trains instead of stage coaches are robbed, occasionally a machine-gun is used, and even the heroine is forgetting her delicate position. A while back I saw one defy convention so much as to strike the villain with a stone while

*Note: "Horse Opera" in showman slang is the name given to wild-western moving pictures.

he was engaged in trying to throw the hero off an awful precipice. One picture even reached the extreme of having the heroine rescued in an automobile rather than on the time-honored horse. Yes, romance is dying. The day will come when the last villain will sleep! All the dashing riders will settle down to raise cattle and children; the vultures will search the desert in vain for food; and the moon will be lonesome at night for want of some rustlers to keep her company. Decay has begun its work.

In spite of all this, we supposedly cultured people should not turn up our noses at "Horse Operas," even if they are so badly done. To a great number of our people these plays are beautiful romances, and since it is the masses who develop a folk character perhaps someday our literature and drama will include some swaggering "Two-Gun Joe" or "Lightnin' Pete" who will take an honored place in folk-lore with Arthur the king, Peer Gynt the vagabond, and Ulysses the warrior.

Amateur Theatricals

RICHARD DONEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1936-37

IT SEEMS to me that, for the most part, amateur theatricals are instigated locally by some overgrown or undersized gentleman who has got the brilliant idea that his shanks would look much more romantic if encased in green tights than they do in the usual baggy britches. Possibly he has whispered, "My kingdom for a horse!" over his ledger and has found himself quite a genius. At the very least he imagines himself as Hamlet or Othello or as any of the other great characters that have graced our English-speaking stage, and assures himself that he is the answer to the prayers of a culturally starved people whose very tongues are dripping for a taste of eloquent blank verse.

Usually he disguises his histrionic ambitions under the paternal banner of The Old First Church or the local Ladies' Aid Society. For the awkward group that he gathers around him he is manager, director, prompter, stellar at-

traction, and general clean-up man. No one is allowed to forget that possibly a great producer from New York or a Hollywood scout may be in the audience (although the idea of tawdry Hollywood is repellant to the aesthetic tastes of everyone concerned.)

Rehearsals with amateurs are maniacal affairs. Although they do often start with pronounced seriousness, they invariably end with the ingenue screaming with laughter over the shape of Malvolio's leg or with the First Old Woman playfully chasing the Admirable Crichton into the footlights. Our friend in the green tights grits his teeth temperamentally and refuses to be consoled by any of the ladies until he joins in the riots himself, making, of course, more racket than anyone else.

The performances themselves are hours of agony to the majority of the cast, but Green Tights leaves no doubts in his supporters' ears as to his own

extreme coolness and as to how intoxicated he is by the smell of grease paint. The maids rush on and say their single lines in an indistinguishable mumble and rush off again just as quickly. The heroine languishes about deliciously and the audience of dear friends and relatives applauds most generously. Behind the sets there are audible (though whispered) conferences on how the butler left his line out and how the villain did something or other when he wasn't supposed to. But does it matter? No, Green Tights assures them, "The audience didn't even notice it!"

And how the amateurs do love the curtain calls! Then after an unusually intolerable performance with whole scenes repeated a dozen times while Green Tights remembers his lines, they scamper out gracefully from between the folds of the baize curtains and duck or bow most condescendingly with a know-

ing wink at Mamma in the first row applauding vigorously with a tear in her dear eye.

Then, of course, come the "thank you" speeches from all the benefactors of the proceeds, with the whole cast sitting exhausted on the stage, reclining in what are supposed to be nonchalant positions on the sofa borrowed from the local funeral parlor and on the benches from the Old First's Sunday-School.

When all is finished and the audience and cast repair with cultured eagerness to the kitchen for sandwiches, cake and coffee, Green Tights, our leading man, with a weary, depressed air, sits alone in the "Gent's" washroom and savagely smears cold cream onto his face, disgusted with the fate that chains him to such an unappreciative environment. But he'll show them! Next month, *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

John Brown's Body

DOROTHY PILKINGTON

Rhetoric I, Book Report, 1936-37

WHEN I sat down to read the first verse of *John Brown's Body*, I felt that I had achieved a triumph. For an entire year I had tried to obtain a copy of the poem; here at last was success. When I had finished the last stanza, I knew that I had never read a book more thrilling and probably would never find another so fascinating in every detail. I had heard selections from the poem spoken in poetry-reading contests, and so I had some inkling of the richness of the description and drama it contained, but I was totally unaware of the story it told.

You, who do not like poetry, need not hesitate to plunge into a story so absorbing that you will forget it is poetry you are reading. The plot is quite simple. There are two groups of characters, one of the South, the other from the North. The two groups are independent of each other; their only contact is the Civil War in which they are opposing factions. This double scheme of organization leaves the poet free to treat each special and economic detail sympathetically. There are no factional conflicts in the love interests, no forsaking of cause for love. North remains northern, and Southerner sticks

to his ideals and his guns from the first to the last page. You will feel for North and South impartially as you read the poem. You will breathlessly follow the Connecticut youth, Jack Ellyat, through his war career and his tragic, ecstatic romance with Melora Vilas, whose "hider" family "weren't white trash and who used to be eastern." With equal sympathy and apprehension you will follow Clay Wingate and the boys from Georgia in the romantic "Black Horse Troop" that dwindles until but one survivor remains. You will fervently join with Sally Dupre as she says of Lucy Weatherby, "I must make a doll with your face, an image of wax. I must call that doll by your name." You will meet with other characters, inarticulate, commonplace creatures—outlined momentarily against the lurid sky-line of the war, only to sink noiselessly into the ashes or, peace gained, to creep unassumingly back into their commonplace niches. You will see "Jake Diefer, the barrel-chested Pennsylvania," the "slow, thought-chewing Clydesdale horse of man" left to plow his field while "the stump of his left arm" aches "in the living wind." You will, perhaps, feel a superior sort of pity for Shippy, the little "rat-eyed" spy who could never find a hole in which to hide. You will grieve for Curly Hatton, "too fat, too friendly" who had meant to marry Lucy but who dies instead while she forgets him in Charleston. You will meet these men and many others, but you will soon forget them, for they are commonplace, and the crowd has already forgotten them as it cheers for the gold-braided general. Only the poet remembers and makes you remember too—for a minute.

You, who love poetry for itself alone, will be entranced by the sheer beauty of

the pictures which abound. The artist-poet sketches his nature-portraits with the same masterful touch that he uses in his human portraits. Fall is "a brown girl bearing an idle gift, a brown seed kernel that splits apart and shows the summer yet in its heart," October is "the old harvester wrapped like a beggared sachem in a coat of tattered tanager and partridge feathers." "The heavy noon walks over Chancellorsville on brazen shoes." From your contemplation of the beautiful, you will wake with disgust to see a picture of a different color—that of the Congressmen at Bull Run coming out "to see the gladiator's show like Iliad gods, wrapped in the sacred cloud of Florida water, wisdom, and bay-rum." But whether the poem hymns to the wind or sighs with the last breath of dying men, it is strongly supported by the meter of its lines. It gallops with the Black Horse Troop; it dances with Sally Dupre ("heart and body like sea-blown spray"); it rolls with the deep surge of nature for Jack Ellyat and Melora Vilas; it sweeps John Brown, fanatic and martyr, relentlessly to his death; and in sober prose it listens to his last speech. Every character, every scene, every mood is strengthened by the rhythm that makes of the story a poem and of the poem a living, breathing saga of America.

And the very "Americanness" of the poem is its most salient feature. It is typically American—from cover to cover—from the invocation to the American muse with which it begins, to the magnificent ode to modern America with which it closes. Its characters and theme are American. Read *John Brown's Body* and you will read the American epic that no American heart can forget.

1873-1937

CHARLES J. TAYLOR

Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1936-37

YOU are now in University Hall. Look around you. Do you not have a feeling that you are in a sacred spot? Are you not inspired by the ghosts of the great men who have studied here? If not, of what use is University Hall to you? Let us examine the facts, and see if this old building has a right to remain standing.

Many of the old graduates do not want University Hall torn down because they attended many classes here, and they think that there is something sacred about it. They do not remember the hollows worn so deep in the stairs that one is likely to catch his foot in them. They do not remember that often the window sills do not fit the bottoms of the windows. They do not remember the initials that have been scratched deep into the desks by countless generations of students. They do not remember the shaky old stairs that seem about to fall down despite all the work that has been done on them. They remember University Hall as a sacred shrine of knowledge that has been hallowed by the great scholars who studied here.

We, not the old graduates, are the ones who must use University Hall. We have no great reverence for these ancient, mouldy walls. The men who have studied here do not give us any inspiration during an examination. We merely freeze from the cold air whistling in through the cracks, and break our pencils in the grooves in the desks. The building is a fire trap, and should have been condemned years ago. Fifteen years ago we began to be afraid that University Hall would fall down upon us.

Still she is allowed to stand. She stands because the old graduates will not let anyone tear her down, although for the safety of everybody the building should be removed. If the old graduates are so attached to her, why not tear her down and give to each graduate a brick that he could cherish among the family heirlooms? We could erect a monument on the spot, and the old graduates could come and mourn at the grave of University Hall. Let us hope that on that monument we can inscribe:

UNIVERSITY HALL

1873-1937



How to be Popular

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1936-37

SEEMINGLY, this is a topic worthy of the efforts of a somewhat stage-struck high school girl, badly afflicted with growing pains, who has been "thinking" too much for her own good. She, however, is not the only one who devotes her time and efforts to the attainment of popularity. As a matter of fact, the chief interest of the entire human race is in becoming popular. Consciously or unconsciously, everyone wants to be liked or feared—to attract attention and be noticed. Great sums of money are spent on clothes, cosmetics, and similar devices for attraction, and much time is spent in thinking up new ways to obtain notice. The braggart is only an exaggerated illustration of the desire of people to be impressive.

Even those who languidly maintain that they care nothing for the opinions of others are attempting, by their very denial, to draw attention to themselves. It is, then, a universal characteristic—this desire to attract attention and be liked.

The problem lies in finding the secret to popularity. Many answers have been suggested; if we listen to some sources of information we must believe that all that is necessary is that we do card tricks, or eat fresh vegetables, or use Lady Twombly's face powder. Accepted as one of the surest aids to popularity is the ability to be a good conversationalist. Actually, I think, this is the exact opposite of the true requisite. The surest and most effective way to gain approval is to be not a good talker but a good listener. People are not nearly so interested in

what *we* think as they are in what *they* think.

It is well known that one of the highest and most subtle forms of flattery to a speaker is listening to him with rapt and eager attention. And to ask someone's opinion is to make him your friend for life. I shall never forget the thrill I received recently when a boy, taking a course I had taken last semester, asked me to help him with a problem. Until that time it had been I who had done all the asking for help; now I was the all-knowing genius to whom puzzled freshmen came. A small matter, perhaps, but that boy flattered my ego and elevated my sense of importance; I have liked him ever since.

I am not ashamed of the above confession, for I believe that if any man will analyze his likes and dislikes he will find that he may admire and respect the knowledge of one who teaches him, but that it is the one who asks his opinions that really "rates." All of us would rather teach than learn.

When the solution to the problem is so simple, why is not popularity more common? The answer, of course, lies in that very fact which some few people have learned to use to make themselves well liked—the fact that we all would rather tell than be told. Even when we do occasionally say, "What do you think?" we usually spoil the good effect by proceeding to relate what *we* think. It reminds one of the well-known story of the movie-actress who said, "Now let's talk about you—what did *you* think of my last picture?"

Changing Heroes

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, Impromptu, 1936-37

EVER since I was able to read the daily newspaper intelligently, I have been tremendously interested in sports. Whenever I picked up the paper, I immediately turned to the sports section, for that was the most important part of the paper to me. I could name the leading hitters in baseball and the outstanding scorers in football. Whenever a different picture appeared on the sports page, the photo was immediately "bescissored" and pasted away in my scrapbook. I had a scrapbook for each major league baseball season, and another for each athletic year at the University of Illinois. These little collections of pictures meant much to my young mind, and I often looked for hours at the pictures of athletes and the "shots" of the games. Such an imprint was made on my mind that today the memories of Illinois football in 1927 are stronger than the memories of our university football in 1933, at which time I was losing interest in the players. How easily I have remembered the players whom I worshipped in 1927, and how easily I have completely forgotten about the stars of three and four years ago!

I do not mean that I am becoming a sissy and losing interest in sports—quite the contrary, for I still love athletics as much as I ever did. But I love athletics for its own sake and not for the heroes it makes of a few superior players. The secret is that my hero-standards are changing. My world has expanded as I

have grown up, and now it is bigger than a newspaper. My heroes used to be the men who had the most pictures and write-ups in the paper. These characters were, of course, athletes. But now I realize that the famous athletes do not contribute much to society and that their fame is short-lived.

One of the men whom I admire most now is Dr. E. Stanley Jones, who has devoted his life to helping the people of India. Jane Addams helped society infinitely more than any home-run king ever has. Dr. G. W. Carver, the famous negro scientist of Tuskegee Institute, seldom is mentioned in the papers, and never has his picture been printed as frequently as have the photos of world champion pugilists. But Dr. Carver has devoted his life to aiding the people of the South with their crops and products. He has invented a great number of new commodities that can be manufactured from such common crops as the peanut which his southern farmers produce. He has turned down an offer of one hundred thousand dollars a year from a famous chemical laboratory in order that he might remain and help the people who he felt needed him.

Famous athletes may be "jolly good fellows," but my heroes (real, genuine heroes) are a few people who have worked to aid society, even if they never had their pictures blazed across the papers of the nation.

Broomcorn to Brooms

CARL EDWIN WATKINS

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1936-37

NEITHER time nor invention has succeeded in displacing the simple domestic implement called the broom. Have you ever heard of a practical invention that cleans dirt, water, and snow from any hard surface as easily and inexpensively as the broom? There is none. Nearly every household has constant use for a broom, and yet a surprisingly large number of people have no idea how, where, or of what brooms are made.

My father is a dealer in broomcorn and broom supplies, so that I know, in one way or another, a good deal about the industry. By occasionally loafing in his office and warehouse, and helping, I have learned quite a bit about a part of the business. I have gained other knowledge by accompanying Dad on some of his drives in the country or to local broomcorn factories.

Broomcorn is planted and cultivated in much the same manner as Indian corn; it even looks like Indian corn until the latter part of the season. The principal difference is that Indian corn produces seeds in ears along the stem, while broomcorn, like sorghum and kaffir corn, has seeds growing on the brush tops—groups of branched seed-heads corresponding to the tassels of Indian corn but longer and closer together. These seed-heads, minus the seeds, constitute the straws in brooms.

When broomcorn has ripened and dried in the fields, laborers arrive on the scene. Each man walks between two rows of corn and, with rapid movements of his arms and hands, sweeps the stalks backward and behind him until they break off one or two feet from the

ground. Then the cutters walk down the rows cutting the brush tops with several inches of the stalk. Wagons carry the cut corn to broomcorn sheds.

You have probably seen those flimsy-looking sheds—sheds that made you wonder why the boards nailed horizontally across the framework were so narrow and widely spaced. Those were broomcorn sheds. The spaces between boards permit a rapid circulation of air. After the spears of broomcorn are seeded, they are spread over shelves hastily constructed of slats.

Farmers and dealers pray for dry, warm weather while the broomcorn is still drying. Moisture in the air, besides delaying the baling of broomcorn, causes the spears of broomcorn to become red or spotted. This is sometimes called "sweating." If the broomcorn is baled before it is thoroughly dry, it sweats more, heats in the center of the bale, and is in danger of starting a fire by spontaneous combustion. While the broomcorn is drying and being baled, broomcorn dealers begin their work.

Our broomcorn buying or investigating expeditions are all very much the same. We drive along until we see a broomcorn shed near the road or across the fields. Dad turns the car in toward a gate (there are always many gates), I hop out to open it, Dad drives through, then we go bouncing along to the shed or to another gate. When we have reached the shed, we climb from the car and amble inside. If the corn is still on the shelves, Dad's investigation is fairly brief, and the farmer's presence is not needed. If Dad is interested in the corn,

he will return later to see the farmer. When we find a crop of baled corn that Dad hopes to buy, we find the farmer and take him with us. The two of them hold a short conversation as they stroll to the shed. If I have any energy left, I follow. The farmer points out the bales, tells their number, then stands aside while Dad conducts his investigation.

Dad picks out an average bale and pulls from it some samples of broomcorn. He sees whether the corn is thoroughly dry, whether it is red from sweating or heating, whether it is long corn or short corn, and whether it has a good texture. He makes some casual remarks concerning chinch bugs, roads, or the weather, while the farmer stands nervously chewing a straw and looking like an anxious patient awaiting the diagnosis of the family doctor. Then Dad asks when the corn was cut and when it was baled. The farmer hurriedly answers and maintains also that the corn is thoroughly dry, with very few, if any, sticks—brush tops unfit for use because of coarseness or shortness. Dad looks again to see that the corn is in bales which will not fall apart and need rebaling. When he decides whether or not he can use the crop, he estimates what it is worth to him and makes the farmer an offer. After a few moments of bickering has convinced the dubious farmer that he is being offered a fair price, the bargain is closed with an understanding as to who is to pay the trucking charges. The farmer, relieved to know that he has the means of paying some of his debts, is now willing to chat indefinitely, but we excuse ourselves, get in the car, and are off to close other deals.

The price of broomcorn depends upon several factors—the quantity and quality of the corn, and luck. A scarcity of

western corn benefits Illinois farmers. A good price for broomcorn is \$180 a ton, but it has sold for more than \$200. Broomcorn prices may be fairly high during the first part of the season if some buyer, in his eagerness to fill an order, offers a high price for some farmer's corn. In a very short time all the farmers in the vicinity know that Sam Jones was offered \$180 a ton for his. Very well, they want \$180 or more for *theirs*. Other buyers groan and hope that the price drops before their customers look elsewhere for reasonably priced corn. Some farmers hold their broomcorn to get a higher price until finally, to pay their debts, they have to sell for a price lower than the original offer.

Dad does not go very far from Mattoon or Greenup to buy broomcorn, so that the bales, which weigh approximately 300 pounds each, are carried by truck from the farms to his warehouse. The bales are hauled from the truck, weighed, and stored in the warehouse. Here they are stacked two or three deep until they are sold. Each season Dad buys and sells from seventy-five to a hundred railroad cars full of broomcorn—each car holding about seventy bales. Much of the corn is bought at a commission for his largest customer. The rest he buys to sell at a profit to broom manufacturers either near Mattoon or hundreds of miles away. For shorter distances Dad has found it quicker and less expensive to ship broomcorn and broom supplies by truck. I have seen trucks leave the warehouse with thirty or forty bales of corn. Some trucks go to states as far away as Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

Buying and selling broomcorn is not my father's only occupation. A very important part of his business is to fur-

nish local and distant customers with other supplies needed in the manufacture of brooms. He buys broom handles from lumber mills, and paints them the colors specified in orders. White maple is probably the best wood for handles, but fir and other woods are used in large quantities. He sells some orders unpainted. He also buys baling wire to sell to farmers, and wire, twine, labels, nails, split bamboo, and velvet to sell to broom manufacturers. Orders for small shipments of these materials constitute a large part of the daily mail and keep the post office box fairly full. Recently Dad became an agent for a company which makes broomcorn seeders, so that he now sells seeders and seeder parts to farmers.

The materials that Dad sells go to broom factories of all sizes. There are several small factories in Mattoon. His best customer is a fine German in Baltimore who operates the largest broom factory in the world. The procedure of broom making is not very complicated. First the bale is broken open, the stems are cut off, and the straws are sorted by machine according to size. Then the straws are dyed that lovely, fresh green color which you may have thought to be natural. When thoroughly dry they are fastened by tacks and wire to the broom handle. Since the straws extend in all directions, they are held in a clamp while a machine sews the straws permanently together in the proper shape. Finally the brush end of the broom is trimmed, the labels are put on, and the broom is ready to sell. Some brooms are made to look better by a piece of colored velvet wired about the handle where the straws are fastened on. Some warehouse brooms have a few strips of split bamboo in the broomcorn straws to give stiffness and longer wear. Whisk brooms are made of the shorter straws.

Supplying broom manufacturers with broomcorn and broom supplies is an interesting business. There is variety—plenty! The interesting and likeable farmers that one meets, the great fluctuation in broomcorn prices, and the changing kind of work all combine to make variety. But during certain seasons, at least, the work is very hard. In the autumn, the buying season, we rarely see Dad in the morning unless he returns for breakfast after two or three hours of work. In the evening he comes home tired—only to have to go to the warehouse after dinner to help unload some late truck. Farmers think nothing of telephoning him at four or five o'clock in the morning—even on Sunday. Only occasionally does he ease up on his work—and then not for long. But when winter comes, he has more time, as his main work is to ship out corn. From then on he buys very little broomcorn; and in the early summer—well, there is almost nothing to do except fill some small orders for broom supplies. At that time Dad fishes, plays golf, or rests. When Mattoon has its *very* hot weather, the only thing to do is listen to baseball games, read, and keep in the shade. Seen from a distance this business has variety, but some seasons have a bit of monotony.

But the broomcorn business is not a bad one. The demand for brooms will not cease for many years. Dad has an established business, faithful customers, and the good will of the farmers. He has met some very fine men among them. His competition is fair and friendly. His time is often his own to spend in his favorite activities. Furthermore, our family lives comfortably, and I am being sent through this university. I am riding through school like Hallowe'en witches—on brooms.

A Time for Harvest

CARL PIHL

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-37

THE BOY dropped the bundle of oats, slowly straightened his aching back, and gazed soberly across the field. The grain which still remained uncut glowed whitely against the blazing afternoon sun. Above the dark green of an adjoining cornfield, heat waves shimmered and danced. The boy could smell the slightly sickening sweetness of the growing corn as an occasional vagrant breeze hesitantly rustled the corn leaves and rippled out over the grain. From the far end of the field he heard the rhythmical whirring of the binder, faint at first, but increasing in intensity as it drew nearer. At the turn his father shouted a lusty "Whoa!" and the four straining horses willingly halted. The boy walked over to the binder. The horses stood with lowered heads, resting. Sweat had soaked their bodies and made crooked little paths down their dust-caked legs.

The boy's father climbed stiffly from the binder seat.

"Well, son, how is it going?"

"All right," the boy answered. "Do you think we'll get done today, Dad?"

His father gazed speculatively at the sky. "Sure, we'll finish if it doesn't rain. I'd sure hate to see a storm knock this grain down. Why, I'll bet this field will go sixty bushels to the acre." And he pointed proudly at the close-set shocks dotting the field. Then as an after thought: "You're doing fine, son. Those shocks wouldn't be standing better if I had set them myself."

The boy's flushed face beamed. It was good to hear those words from his father. What matter that his hands were sore and smarting from the twine which bound the bundles? And that his shirt stuck wetly and uncomfortably to his back? He had a part in the production of this grain. He began to appreciate his father's pride in it—the result of a long period of toil and dependence upon nature. It *was* something to be proud of.

They finished cutting the grain late that afternoon. As they turned homeward, the boy gave one last look at the shocks etched in bold relief against the red of the setting sun. Their long shadows stretched on and on over the plain.



The Sketch Book

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

PORT SAID AT NIGHT

We seemed to be at the short side of the great narrow rectangle that was the harbor, the other three sides of which were glittering bright. The sky above was midnight blue, empty of stars; it was as if all of them had dropped from their places to cluster close along the edge of the water and to remain there glowing. That was all we could see—dark sky and darker, whispering water, with this chain of diamonds laid between. The harbor was comparatively free of traffic, and each separate dot of light gave its reflection to the water, which carried it out to us unintercepted in a long, shivering, delicate line. The blaze and twinkle of the lights spoke of gayety and action, but we heard scarcely a murmur from so great a distance; the water diluted and softened sound. What was happening under those lights? I pictured Father and Mother going in and out of bazaars; meeting people, talking, laughing. I pictured narrow streets, bright little shops with strange, gaudy displays, and dark Arabian shopkeepers talking with rapidly moving lips and waving hands to make the visiting foreigners buy. All the town would be babble and color and light. But I could not see it, I could only imagine; the reality was unknown, mysterious, with a touch of Eastern magic. The white lights from across the black water were Oriental eyes gleaming, smiling, twinkling at me, saying "Come over to us." But they had no power to draw me to them, for my heart was warm and drowsily content, there where I lay.

—DOROTHY ZUCKER.

TRAIN WRECK

A reddish pall of smoke hangs low overhead, pierced now and then by a stray flashlight beam or the glare from the opened door of a locomotive firebox. An air of mad disorder is all about—railroad tracks torn and twisted—coal cars sprawled in all directions, while two huge locomotives, their entire front ends smashed to bits, lie locked in an embrace of death, like a pair of bull moose with their antlers inextricably entwined in a tragedy of the northland. People surge all about, eager for a glimpse of the shattered hulks, while on one side of the right-of-way a large rope restrains them from completely overrunning the scene. The steady drone of voices, broken now and then by excited calls, stands out above the crashing and banging of the wrecking crew. Periodically can be heard the powerful "chucka-chucka-chucka-chucka" of the wrecker's engine as the huge crane picks up the broken cars as though they were toys and lays them carefully aside. The pungent smell of burning wood and pitch comes from a small bonfire where some the less hardy spectators huddle in the attempt to keep warm. A youth furtively climbs into the cab of a demolished locomotive and leaps out clutching the long-spouted oil can that is so familiar a sight in the engineer's hands—some fraternity will have another trophy to add to its collection.—GLENN L. BROWN.

. . . .

The twins ate a loud and hearty breakfast.—FRANCES QUIRKE.

SANTA THROUGH THE AGES

Before I was old enough to acquire any definite picture of Santa Claus from the descriptions of parents and older sisters, a large, round, white, cottony cloud lavishly dabbed with red haunted me as his image. Santa had to be round and soft. How else could he float quietly down the chimney without bumping his head or waking the entire household? I was never daunted one bit in my fantastic imaginings by the fact that we had no fireplace in the house! I was quite content to let him fall into the furnace. I trusted in my mother's and father's reassurances that Santa was the cleverest fellow in the world and wouldn't let a red-hot furnace deter him from bringing their youngest daughter her just due of Christmas dolls and toys.

After I had started to school, my hazy idea of Santa was cleared a great deal by the singing of "Jingle Bells" two or three times a day during the Christmas holidays. He emerged from the mist far enough so that he took the form of a roly-poly man with extremely prominent arms. The arms were most definite in my mind at this stage because every time I heard "Jingle Bells" or shrilled it along with thirty or forty other enthusiastic voices, I could see Santa floating through the air in his "one-horse open sleigh," clinging for dear life to the scarcely visible part of the sleigh that was not "open." However, a point in that same phrase troubled me not at all. Even though I sang the song a dozen times in a row, my mind never wavered from the idea that graceful reindeer with antlers stiff in the wind dashed through

the air pulling a certain kind of "one-horse" sleigh behind them! Perhaps this idea was due to the frequency with which I had to submit to a hearing of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." However, so often were we school children forced to have a "recreation period during which I will entertain you by rendering that well-known and well-beloved poem, ' 'Twas the Night Before Christmas' " that I came to dislike every reindeer in it. They had such frightfully queer names that to this day I am not sure of any but Blitzen. The only thing that saved me from letting out a blood-curdling yell at the mere mention of "'twas," was the mouse that took up most of my attention. I can't imagine why, though, since it played a purely negative role. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse" and I, more contrary than Mary, could see a little mouse with a long curly tail wiggling with all its might and main. My only claim to complete sanity at this point might be that nothing was said against the tail of a creature stirring. Nevertheless, perhaps I should ask a logic student, "If the tail of a creature stirs, is or is it not the creature stirring?"

—JEAN MCJOHNSTON.

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To the north stretched LaSalle street, narrowing until it disappeared into the haze of the North Side. Lake Michigan appeared as a mirror-like surface to the east, with an occasional sail or smoke smudge breaking the magnificent monotony. To the south and west lay the industrial section, with a thick layer of smoky haze obscuring almost everything.

—GEORGE WAGGONER.

Seven to Eight of an Evening

ELINOR ANDERSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1935-36

SEVEN o'clock. Dinner is over, noses are freshly powdered. The well-earned, the looked-forward-to hour of leisure has come, and we are going to the band concert. The second regimental band is playing. Even our unskilled ears can detect flaws not to be heard when the concert band plays. But we are not really concerned. There is so much more than music to be had at the band concert.

The grass, black and silver in the dusk and lamplight, is soft under our cement-wearied feet. A wild desire seizes us to remove our shoes and hose and run barefoot about the Quadrangle. We smile, imagining the consternation, the looks of disapproval which would come our way. I wager that there would be envy in the eyes of some, but my companions contend not, holding that few are as crazy as we. We move about. Even after a long day we have no desire to sit quietly. Perhaps we may when the moon is higher and the Quadrangle empty and still; but not now. We are afraid that we will miss something, or, more important, someone. Our greetings, boisterous when we see an old friend from home, decorous when we meet our rhetoric instructor, crowd upon

each other's heels. We think of the weekly concert in Potterville, and find it much like this. Perhaps there are fewer old-timers, but the children are just the same. Some, future track stars, we gather, run madly and, to all intents, aimlessly about. A few stay quietly by their parents. Their visible enjoyment is small, their envy of the racing moppets great. One or two stand, open-mouthed, gazing at the players. They, no doubt, will be sitting upon those same chairs, or ones like them, ten or twenty years hence.

The strains of a college song come to us. We leave our idle thoughts for a time, and sing with real enjoyment. We feel like singing tonight, and wish for more. Instead, a stirring march follows. It brings back all too vividly the remarks of our history professor. "War is inevitable. Man expects it, and as long as he expects and prepares for it, it will come." We grow melancholy as the idea expands, and are glad when a gay, modern piece is played. Suddenly, there he comes, his friends with him. It is eight o'clock. The concert is over, and we are on our way to refreshments.



The Maniacs

DAVID M. CHECKLEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1935-36

THE wind was blowing very gently, and all that could be heard were the occasional restrained murmurs from the crowd below. Yes, all was very, very silent, as it should have been; for it was a great occasion.

Especially for the girls, it was, for they were to sing their song before all these people. As they posed gracefully, high upon the steps, their bodies were contoured by the folds of sheer formal gowns pressed against them by the breeze. Yes, the girls were excited, afire, some quivering restlessly, and others concealing their emotions in apparent composure. Tense and beautiful, like fillies at the post, they stood, waiting.

This moment of expectant waiting for the procession was, for some reason or another, prolonged. But they waited, and the crowd waited, and all was very still; the silence was brittle.

Now in the band, which also attended at the side, stood—fourteenth from the front and fifth from the right side, almost in the middle—a boy, or maybe he was a man. He was very much like the other boy-men in the band, except that he was, perhaps, a bit homelier than some, with his glasses; but concealed beneath his simple visage was a very alert mind, a very peculiar mind, a very interesting mind, a very singular mind—a mind such as most stolid people have

hidden away and aren't proud of. But he had it and he liked it.

He had a drum, a big drum. And beside him stood another man-boy, with a clarinet. This boy was almost like the first; he had a very alert mind, a very peculiar mind, a very interesting mind, a very singular mind, and a very ordinary face, also.

Now these two boys were so much alike that the thoughts of the one were the thoughts of the other; they understood. And one had a drum, and one had a clarinet.

Before the boys stood the girls; and behind the girls the first boy saw a big painted canvas sign, and behind that a tent. And so did the second boy-man, for he understood. And they saw the girls standing and a fat man shouting and a thin man selling orange tickets from atop a big red box. But they didn't see the dignified temple which we call the Auditorium, nor did they see the tensely solemn crowd below.

Then, impelled by uncompromising wills to complete their fantasy, each glanced comprehendingly at the other; they understood. They would.

So they played, frantically, feverishly. The notes flew from the clarinet; up and down they trilled, liltingly and exotically. And the drum throbbed sensuously with a rhythmic pulse. It was like a *real show!* Goddam!

The Art of Bridling a Horse

MORTIMER PYE

Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1936-37

HEY, you with the spurs on upside down! what the hell's the matter with you? You gotta get out there on time!" bellows the stable sergeant.

"But, sir, the horse won't open his mouth for me to put the bit in—sir."

Spitting out the remains of his chewing tobacco, and cursing freshmen in general—and particularly freshmen who wear their spurs upside down—the sergeant strides over to the quivering freshman, grabs the bridle from his trembling hands, and turns to look at him disgustedly before commencing to enlighten him on the important matter of persuading the horse to open his mouth and allow himself to be bridled.

A horse is truly a noble animal. In the racing news he is pictured with his head held high and majestically, leaning slightly forward, ready to spring at the touch of the jockey's spurs. In the news-reel, he is shown surging around the track, always endeavoring to nose past the finish line first. Seen close up, he radiates intelligence. To the novice equestrian, however, the horse is an obstinate creature whose hoofs and teeth are dangerous and to be avoided.

Therefore, when a gawky freshman in khaki that doesn't fit finds himself holding a bridle made filthy by the misuse of other freshmen, imposing upon the privacy of the horse's stall, and trying to interrupt the horse's meal of oats in order that he may win his credit in Mili-

tary Science and Tactics, a clash is inevitable; for the horse wants to stay where he is, and the freshman wants to get outside where his lieutenant is impatiently waiting for his group of horsemen to assemble. The stables being deserted except for the freshman, his steed, and the stable sergeant, there is no alternative for the sergeant but to attempt to teach the freshman what to do with a bridle.

As a rule, stable sergeants don't pretend to be very able instructors. They do, however, manage to get their points across—especially to horse-shy equestrians.

"You see? You slip the reins over his neck—like that," explains the sergeant, as the horse, apparently sensing the presence of his superior, bends his neck forward to enable the sergeant to toss the reins in place. "Then all you have to do is make him open his mouth by sticking your fingers between his teeth, slip this here thing over his ears, buckle it up, and you're all done. I can't see why the hell you make such a goddam fuss over it."

"Oh, I see now," says the freshman as he meekly leads his horse outside. He is, however, determined not to thrust his fingers between the teeth of a nervous steed; and he knows that the next time the same thing will happen. He will be late in saddling and bridling, and the sergeant will come over and do it for him.

Incident

HARL E. SON

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1936-37

I HAD been there many times before. I knew by heart the winding road lined with dusty trees and the little turn-off just beyond the bridge. Still, each time I drove in, the same thrill was there—maybe that's why I always came back.

As I left the car and followed the leaf-carpeted path, the distant, sleepy cry of a wakening rooster came through the misty morning air. A hound answered from far on the other side of the hills, and I stood with one foot upraised, thrilled by the lonesome closeness of Man and Nature. Suddenly the spell was broken by the sound of a rising fish slapping his tail on the surface of the water. I watched the ripples spread slowly out in an ever-widening circle and wondered how much of a bend the unknown breakfaster would put in my rod.

My tackle was soon assembled, and I stepped into the stream, letting my feet feel and enjoy the familiar rock-lined bottom. The bright red bass-bug explored the waters of the first pool, then the next, with no results. I waded cautiously into the third pool, thinking that perhaps I had frightened the inhabitants of the others by making too much stir in the water. Two false casts flicked venomously over the hazy surface; then I dropped the bug nicely under the base of an old cottonwood that lay submerged in the deep end. Its flashing red settled for a moment, then skipped along the surface as I twitched the rod-tip. With a sudden and unexpected upheaval, the water split and a handsome bronzeback cleared the water with the bait hanging from his mouth. Surprisingly, his fight

was much less spectacular than his strike, and he was soon creeled—a two-pounder of the *Micropterus Dolomieu* variety.

The weight in my creel gave me a warm feeling of optimism as I waded around the bend where, with only a portion of its tip projecting, lay a huge, under-surface boulder. My first cast was a trifle too long, and the bug drifted down on the current to lodge on top of the rock. With a flip of the wrist, I made the bug hop off its perch and plop into the water—or rather into the mouth of a lusty bass that met it halfway. So unexpected was the strike that I was still gaping at the splash when the bait reappeared on the surface. Disgusted with my carelessness, I reeled in the line, sat down on a sandbar, and lighted my pipe.

As I sat there, half-asleep, I heard the sound of boots scuffing lightly over the rocks. I answered the cheerful "Howdy" of the stranger and gazed straight into a pair of strong, blue eyes that looked at the same time old and young. Sizing me up at a glance, the old gentleman asked about my luck, appraised my fish, and helped himself from my proffered pouch. I told him of the experience that I had just met, and he smiled. "Son, I've been trying to land that fish for three years now. If you can take him, my hat's off to you." As he explained about his many efforts to entice the big fellow to his bait, his eyes glowed. Quite naturally I offered him the first try, but he proudly declined. "You raised him first," was his only remark.

I tested my leader and tied on a new Yellow Sally which had proved itself

before. My first nervous cast hit the opposite bank, and I started the retrieve immediately. The bug popped three times and disappeared in a rushing swirl of water. This time I was ready. The hook sank solidly into the mouth of my quarry as I raised the tip sharply. The water exploded to reveal the largest bass I had seen that summer, and I felt my heart leap to my mouth, where it remained, almost refusing to let breath through. Dash after dash; leap after leap; the mammoth old warrior led me upstream and down, into the water and back, until I was almost willing to let him take rod and all—almost. Just as all such catches do, he finally yielded, and the meshes of my net strained under the weight of him. With the pride of a young cockerel, I raised the net to the old man, who had stood silent all through the excitement. Without taking his eyes from

it, he reached up and doffed his battered old felt to me. The action made me feel suddenly ashamed, and I puzzled over the strangeness of the feeling. A sorrowful voice broke into my pondering, saying, "Nice work, son. I've been after that fellow for a long time."

Maybe I'm a sentimental fool, or just a plain damn fool, but for some reason that I cannot explain even today, I laid my net in the water and watched the fish slowly regain his strength and senses, then disappear into the clear water.

The stream is secluded. Not many know of it, except myself and the old gentleman. Now, whenever I fish there, one pool always escapes my efforts, for there lies something that can bring happiness, thrills, and the joy of anticipation to an old man—his fish. May they grow older together!

My First Solo

GLENN L. BROWN

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-37

THE last, lingering rays of the setting sun were fading out as we settled slowly in for our dozenth landing on this warm August evening. As usual, after the plane had come to a stop, I taxied it back into position for the next take-off and was beginning to open the throttle, when my instructor, Ted, held up his hand and turning around with a rather queer look in his face said, "Hold it a minute."

"What now?" said I to myself. "That last landing wasn't perfect, but it wasn't so bad, either."

As I glanced up again, Ted was crawling out of the front cockpit, and as I realized what was coming, my heart did a couple of flops and lodged somewhere in the vicinity of my mouth. At last it was here—the day I had been longing for and looking forward to for weeks—and now that the time had come, I was not at all sure that the experience was going to be such a lark as I had anticipated.

My reverie was interrupted by the calm, matter-of-fact voice of Ted saying, "You can take her around alone now."

Fly the same course we have been using; if she quits running, put her down into the wind, and most important of all, *keep plenty of flying speed*. All right, take her away!"

With what I fondly hoped was a convincing "Okay," I turned my face forward, and with a definite sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach, opened the throttle wide. The tail came up with a rush as the ship sped down the field and, much before I expected it, the lightened load enabled me to take off.

As the ground fell rapidly away, my feet increased their nervous tattoo against the rudder pedals and the perspiration streamed from every pore in my body.

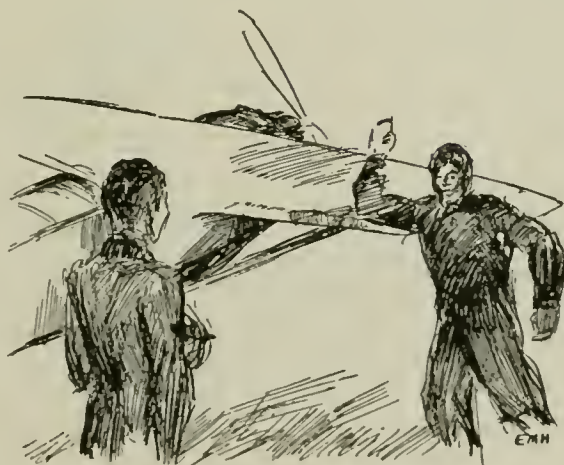
However, I mechanically followed the course we had been flying in the past hour, and before long found myself at the point where I must begin my descent. This was the critical moment. The take-off of a training plane is a relatively simple matter, but the landing is something entirely different. Across my mind flashed memories of "hangar yarns" of student fliers who had tried to stretch their glide, and as a result had fallen into a deadly stall at a low altitude, and of others who had overshot the field and

crashed into the fence at the far end. A glance at the altimeter did nothing to reassure me as I realized that I had climbed a couple of hundred feet higher than I had been accustomed to do. Would I be able to hit the field? Finally, with the thought that I might as well get it over with, I closed the throttle and nosed down into my glide. If only that front seat were not so empty! The sight of Ted's broad shoulders and wind-bronzed face would have been very welcome at that moment.

Then I said to myself, "Snap out of it! You've landed with Ted along, so there is no reason why you can't land without him. Look out! Watch that tree! Pull the nose up, pull it up! Now down with her—not too much or you'll run her nose into the ground. Careful there now; take it easy. Pull the stick back—more, more; not too much; now, all the way back with it!"

With a faint rumble the wheels and tail-skid struck the ground in a nice three-point landing, and as the ship rolled to a stop, Ted came striding over with a broad grin on his leathery face, and shouted, "Hyah, Pilot!"

My "big day" was complete.



The Last Trip Under

CLIFFORD SHANNON

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-37

THIS time we'll go down another level." We had just come up from a trial trip through the top floor of a submerged rock crusher, and we were standing on the roof talking over our plans for another excursion through the water-filled building.

We had gone out to the deserted quarry early in the afternoon, and had been swimming for several hours when Al suggested going into the interior of the old crusher. I had not wanted to go, but he had easily convinced me that it would be fun swimming under water. On our first trip I had had a hard time finding my way through the dark water, and I told Al that I was afraid of going inside the lower part of the building. He laughed and said, "You just watch my feet, and you won't get lost."

"I want to be plenty sure to come back out of that old wreck—," I started.

"Aw, rats, I know every passage in the place," he assured me; "even if you did get lost I could get you out."

After resting several minutes we were ready to submerge again. "Don't forget

to follow my feet," was Al's warning as he dove. I quickly followed as he went down past the first set of windows. I followed his feet over a slimy window sill into a dark passage. I could hardly see his feet, and I became worried. God, I thought, what if I got lost down here? I swam faster, but the feet faded into the murky water as I swam around a corner. I felt a yank on my swimming suit—I jerked, but it held tight. I tried to rip the suit, but it wouldn't tear—I was caught. My thoughts raced, my ears rang, and I began to see black spots. I tried not to gasp for air—air, what I would have given for a breath of it! Suddenly I seemed to revolve in a large circle, and everything went black.

I groaned, rolled over, and looked up at the sky. I took a deep breath—air—real air. Al was sitting beside me; he looked down and said, "Boy, you had a close one that trip."

The sun was going down when we left the old quarry. We both had decided silence was golden.



An Impressive Place

STEPHEN KRATZ

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1936-37

PEOPLE often speak of being awed by a tremendous building or by mighty trees. Things such as these may overwhelm the mind with their grandeur, their size, or their beauty, but they are things of a familiar world—a world where the sun shines, where there are people to talk to, and where there are familiar plants, insects, and flowers which anchor the mind, so to speak, and prevent the impressions from running away with one's common sense. When a person sees an underground world in which no creature has ever stirred, in which no sunlight or plant has ever been, then the awesomeness of the place grips one's senses as nothing could in the world above.

When I first viewed the maw of Carlsbad Caverns, it looked like an uncommonly deep hole. But when I entered that "uncommonly deep hole," it assumed proportions that were unbelievable. Down I went, down, down, and down some more, until it seemed as though the earth had swallowed me forever. The distances from side to side of the cave, and from the roof to the floor were printed clearly enough on signs along the way, but I am sure that no cave could be as large as my eyes and the printed signs would have me believe this one was.

After an intermediate period of descending wooden steps, stumbling down clay footpaths, and ducking under tremendous, threatening masses of rock, I reached a sort of "floor." Here the rock was scarred and mangled with countless ages of slow erosion; here and there in the floor gapped crevasses which, as we

could see by the lights focused into them, were openings into further titanic caverns deep in the bowels of the earth. Now and then the path passed intriguing little chambers and passageways leading back into the blackness. On either hand were stone columns and draperies of exquisite texture. The rock seemed to have been frozen solid just as it was undergoing violent motion; great stalagmites reared up and sought to join with equally great stalactites plunging down, and shapeless masses of rock looked as though they might continue seething and frothing whenever the present cool period was over. The lights showed the lofty roof arching nearly three-quarters of a mile into the rock overhead the gnarled floor. The weird sight reminded me of the illustrations in a copy of Dante's *Inferno* which I once read. I half expected to see hideous beasts and demons rush out of some recess that led back into some den in the rock.

But there are beautiful scenes to enjoy in the cave as well as fantastic ones. One of the loveliest sights in the entire cavern was a group of "rooms" called the *Royal Suite*. Apparently, the silicate formations had been present here in great abundance when the cavern was formed. All of the surfaces were sparkling with rock crystals as if with diamonds. The lights in these rooms were arranged to obtain the best effects from the sparkling walls and the exquisite, clothlike rock formations that were especially magnificent here. Small passageways leading in and out of the chambers and low ceilings made the rooms secluded and restful after the awesome spaces in other, larger

rooms where the eyes and the mind were strained over great distances. One might easily have made a comfortable home in the *Royal Suite*, for it had plenty of water, and many nice niches that would serve as bunks, and the place was as quiet as any one might wish.

The age of the place is beyond the reckoning of any save prosaic scientists who measure the stalagmites and then

turn out strings of figures that resist the powers of conception of anyone from a swiftly changing world. Since the ages of the dinosaurs, water has dripped evenly and quietly to gouge out Carlsbad Caverns, and it will still be dripping slowly and quietly when man is nothing but a paleontological specimen in a museum of the future.

My Home Town

JAMES LEE

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1936-37

PROGRESSIVE cities, like greedy monsters, are continually thrusting forth their misshapen tentacles for more land. If a stream of water runs into a large pool surrounded by numerous small pools, the large pool will expand, envelop all its smaller neighbors, and completely submerge their respective identities. Thus, a large city will surround a small suburb until that struggling town loses all the freedom that its founders sought to build for it and becomes merely a part of the imperious city.

Such a struggling town is Hyattsville, and such an expanding city is Washington. Although they are located in separate districts, one in Maryland and the other in the District of Columbia, it seems highly probable that the state line will have no more effect upon the expansion of Washington than the state line of Indiana had on the spreading of Chicago. The old boundaries will slowly but surely disappear, and little Hyattsville, my home town, will probably be blocked off the map.

The history of Hyattsville is linked in many ways with the history of Maryland and with that of the nation. The town

was founded sometime in the eighteenth century by Gregory Hyatt, an English gentleman who ranked high in the favor of Lord Calvert of Baltimore. On a hill overlooking the present town site, Hyatt built a large frame house which was known as Hyatt Manor. A small hamlet soon grew up in the valley below, serving as a station on the old coach road from Washington to Baltimore. Many were the noted personages who passed on their way to and from the capital. George Washington spent many a night at the old Rossberg Inn, an old brick building which now serves as a dairy plant for the University of Maryland. During the War of 1812, when the British sailors sailed up the Chesapeake Bay to Bladensburg and marched southward to burn the capital, they also marched north and burned Hyatt Manor. This was a far greater calamity to the inhabitants of the village than was the burning of Washington; many thought the town could never recover from its loss. However, Hyatt Manor was rebuilt within the town itself by old Gregory Hyatt's son; and Hyattsville continued its quiet life for many years.

During this time Washington was

growing; like a dragon it lay in wait behind the horizon, breathing smoke in the daytime and at night fire which lit up the sky for miles around. The citizens of Hyattsville became vaguely conscious of the something beyond that hill; a streetcar line like some wriggling serpent thrust its forked head through the intervening space and, finding nourishment, thrived on the bounty of the villagers. Roads were built; short ones at first, then gradually increasing in length. Hyattsville was stirring; the University of Maryland grew up just outside the city limits and it became temporarily a college town. Not for long, however; the big city seemed to fascinate the town, and again it turned its head toward the city and became a model suburb.

It was at this time that I lived in the town; although it was quite city-like even then, it had retained vestiges of the country village it had once been. Stretches of virgin timber covered the hills in all directions; the streetcars were still small pill-box affairs; the barber yet used hand clippers to give the urchins their haircuts. I liked that town as it was then; its chief pride lay in the fact that the ladder on the fire truck was taller than any fire truck ladder in the surrounding towns. The main street was a quiet, two-lane road which led out into the country through groves of thick forest trees. The city had not yet reared its head over the vicinity, but one could hear far off the mutterings and snortings which presaged its coming.

Leaving Hyattsville after some years, I did not find occasion to return until ten years later, in 1936. I was not at all prepared for the change which greeted my eyes. All the way from Washington on both sides of the road there were vistas of stores, houses, postoffices, banks: all the fittings of a bustling city.

Finding a traffic officer on a street corner, I asked him what town this was. He replied with a grin, "Why, this is Hyattsville, stranger!" I literally groaned as I looked around me; if this sounds queer to some of you, let me advise you to try staying away from your home towns for ten years and then return to find an aluminum and glass hamburger shop gracing the spot where once you attended Sunday school. Perhaps you would enjoy the experience, but I didn't. Where once a quiet two-way road wound its way through the hills, a four-lane highway carrying huge trailer trucks and steady streams of traffic day and night now cut its way through hills and valleys. Stream-lined streetcars had replaced the pill-boxes, and rows of bungalows had sprung up to replace the forests. The quiet town I once knew was no more and in its place lay a city of pandemonium.

Well, now I can see all of you condemning me as one of those persons opposed to progress because of sentimental reasons. Maybe I am; I don't know. I might give you a good argument as to *what* constitutes progress, but I don't intend to do so. Any protestations of mine would be in vain, for what has happened to Hyattsville will happen again and again to many more small towns. Old eras are giving way to new ones; villages of frame construction are being replaced by cities of stone, glass, aluminum, and steel. America wants progress, and progress America will have. However, I had my consolation when I stood looking over the scenes of my youth from the top of a ten-story building and thought to myself, "This progress stuff may be all right, but as for me, give me the Hyattsville I knew as a boy, a home town of which any man could be proud."

Oriental

DRUSCILLA JOHANSEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1936-37

WANDERING through the streets of Shanghai, one lunges from Europe into Asia, from atmospheric Oxford Street into that of the Rue de Rivoli, and inwardly senses the possibility that it may all be a great spectacle, an international exhibition, arranged for the bewilderment and delight of the stranger. It seems altogether impossible that such an overflow of surprises and richness of exotic color can be a part of the matter-of-fact, everyday world. The growth of three-quarters of a century of constantly developing and expanding commerce and barter has always been diverse in its fascination, offering its pictures of the life of every race and nation.

Shanghai, the so-called International Settlement, French Concession, and the Chinese city of uncounted hordes, holds its place in one's thoughts as a vast stage upon which are played more parts than ever an occidental mind could comprehend. The ever-changing series of fantasies is too picturesque to seem real to a Western eye. There, as nowhere else, the East is able to learn of the life of the West, and the West may gain some understanding of the traits and habits of its next-door neighbor. At these cross-roads of the world and of the ages, the combined interests are inextricably associated. Neither can abandon the other, socially, commercially, or morally.

The blended lives of every people and the mingling of races and customs beyond the time of Constantine have developed conditions that are not easily overcome. After the Russian Revolution, refugees by the thousands swarmed into Shanghai, the nucleus of China. Among

them were scores of women, some of them demi-mondaines from Vladivostock and the East. Raised as fine Russian girls and women, they knew not the meaning of being destitute and poverty stricken. Those even from Moscow and from Leningrad settled in the French section and, over night, almost, built up a city in itself. Breath-taking and vivid are their uncommon stories of danger and starvation. Now crossed with the French-Chinese, they present a combination of races, charming and friendly, vivacious and interesting.

And in the great Chinese tea-houses along the brilliant and vividly-colorful Foochow Road are hundreds of Chinese girls, shockingly tender as to age, accompanied by their "amahs," or mothers. Always they are gaily adorned in rich silks, expressionless of face as dolls, never varying as to features, but pretty with an impersonal charm.

Pleasure of the most gilded type, occidental and oriental, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Slavic and Levantine, is ever present. "You can find any thing you want in Shanghai," is the flippant comment which greets the new-comer. But there is nothing obtrusive, nothing bold, nothing impertinent. Indeed, a stranger might spend a number of days in Shanghai and see nothing to displease or call for comment. For Shanghai endeavors to lead no one whither he would not go, nor to lay before any one that which is not desired. You may wander at will through the Chinese tea-houses, theatres, and interminable streets, and no one will accost you, no one will cast an unfriendly glance. You will be far less annoyed

than by the iniquitous "guides" of the Place de l'Opera or the Naples waterfront. But to the idler, waster, adventurer, or refugee from every land, there is easily available everything from Fan-Tan to the opium den.

The English and American ports of the International Settlement are precisely like the homelands. There are sweet shops and mercantile establishments and hotels; there are tea rooms and chop houses and "haberdasheries." The immense banking houses along the Bund suggest Wall and Threadneedle Streets, and the far-reaching affairs of the third greatest seaport are transacted in many an office and counting house in Canton and Peking Roads, just like those in the great ports of Europe and America.

The Streets of Shanghai, which commence at the Bund, are European streets at their outset, then a blended European-

Chinese, and, in a few blocks, distinctly oriental. As one leaves the thickly-settled ports and approaches the outskirts, for the famous Settlement is about eight miles square, a beautiful suburban locality is discovered. One street bears a resemblance to the suburbs of London, another to Mount Vernon or New Rochelle. A short walk may be taken along the banks of the Seine outside the walls of Paris, or amid the villas and plains beyond Florence.

Thus has the world built itself homes to its own individual tastes and capacities here in this wonderful metropolis and commercial capital of the orient. Thus has it brought the West into the East, making the two "rub elbows" without friction. Any attempt to alter radically the infinitely complete balance would probably be to propound the most insoluble racial problem of history.

I Like This Man

CEDRIC KING

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1936-37

I MET him coming upstairs as I left class at the end of the day. Doubtless, you have seen him somewhere about the campus, too. In one hand he carried a large leather bag which he swung back and forth in a wide arc to aid his momentum up the stairs. Bending low at the waist with each movement of his arm, he straightened out quickly and took two to three steps at a time, coat tails flying from an unbuttoned, unpressed coat. Hair that seemed to deny the existence of such a thing as a comb hung about his forehead and ears. His other

arm clamped tightly about some large textbooks, and seemed not only to stay them from slipping to the ground, but also to encase them with a certain affection. As we passed each other, he looked into my face, and two blue eyes flashed recognition. A well-shaped, sensitive mouth parted in greeting. Words stumbled over each other along my tongue, as I, taken aback by such unexpected goodwill, hastened to return the salutation. Suddenly, he was gone; up the stairs with coat tails still flying, he soon passed out of sight down the hall.

There passed probably a full minute before I turned to resume my downward course. In that minute, besides gazing stupidly at the blank air which last had been cut by his outline, I mumbled half audibly "I like that man." Why? That is what I asked myself as I finally pushed by the door and out into the keen fall dusk. Was it his wrinkled suit, his weather-streaked shoes, his large, ungainly frame? Yes, and no. Was it his ruggedly handsome features or the softness they paradoxically suggested? Maybe. Or was it the fact that at the end of the day, when I was joyfully relinquishing the burden of learning, he, his class instruction completed for the day, was hurrying to the laboratory to immerse himself more deeply in the work that so interested him? Yes, that was it; or rather, it was something of a more general impression he made, of which that was a part, that so attracted my attention and caused my exclamation.

A consuming interest in something, anything—since it is the intensity and sincerity brought to bear upon a thing that makes it worthwhile—is the priceless possession of only a few privileged individuals. That man, to all appearances, was one of those few. This endowment was what I saw in him. How I wish that my ambitions were unfluctuatingly pointed to a single goal, and all my thoughts made agreeable or disagreeable by their relation to its accomplish-

ment. I wish I knew such a serenity of purpose. Its bonds would represent not slavery but freedom. Such a state of mind would automatically dispose of the necessity of driving one's self to study and understand. All of this would be made a pleasure, a partial attainment of the goal; and pleasure can lead where conscience can never drive.

Sincere interest in something apart from one's self grants another gratuity: it disposes of those many unnecessary fetters of convention with which a person automatically binds his thoughts and actions when he shapes his ambitions according to selfishness. "Keeping abreast of the Joneses" implies more discomfort at the hands of convention than we are willing to admit while we are engaged in this commendable occupation. I have no particular desire to run upstairs with my coat unpressed and unbuttoned, but I certainly admire the man who does it when he wishes. There are many things that people would like to do, but don't, for fear of the world's opinion. A good part of these things could be done with no detrimental result to society.

I greatly admire anyone with a strong enough interest in one special field of life to rise above and treat with an indiscriminating contempt the unnecessary demands of convention. I envy his release from the often-appalling burden that is the price of labor without interest.

Shadow

JOHN WHITFIELD

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1936-37

I FIRST noticed him after I had spent a hard and strenuous day issuing equipment in the tropical heat of Southern Illinois; there he stood, the last of the long straggling line of ill-appearing recruits, clad only in a torn jacket and wearing ragged and frayed trousers several times too big, the ends rolled at different heights above his stockingless feet. Suspenders of heavy wrapping twine secured his trousers from social disaster by means of a large brass horse-blanket pin.

There he stood like some supplicating half-starved dog mutely begging for a handout. Tired, somewhat disgusted with the day's proceedings of hearing some two hundred men whining and bickering over the more desirable of identical blankets, mattresses, messkits, and other gear, I was anything but pleasant and agreeable when I barked my usual inquiry: "Well! what do you want?" He trembled pitifully, and falteringly asked for his things. Since he had the misfortune to own a last name beginning with V, he received hardly the best of anything. He said never a word as with one quick encompassing glance at clothing several sizes too big, and at equipment needing the cleansing of several days of hard work on the sand pile, he grabbed his allowance and made a rabbit-like exit.

There was something in his trembling, starved figure, something in those hurt brown eyes that made me remember him.

Later, I learned of the tragedy of his

childhood; how for years he had been compelled to search in the alleys on South Water Street, in the trash cans of the Gold Coast, and beg his livelihood from those more fortunate than he. He told of Christmas dinners in a shed down by the Erie at which dry split pea soup was the one and only course, and of its being eked out to last several days; how his mother, slowly dying of malnutrition, was able to subsist only on the few bits of food he could pick up. They did not complain, for were they not lineal descendants of the great Polish King, John I?

Such an environment could result in either of two things—the hoodlum, or a broken personality and body. He was broken.

The passing months at camp, the hard work, the abundance of plain, substantial food, the recreation, the suitable environment, and the ability to live without worry brought a wonderful change in the boy. His body hardened. From an immature boy of seventeen he broadened, shot up, and became a mature man of eighteen. No longer was he afraid to look others in the eye, but returned jibes and jests with skillful aim. Boxing became an obsession that took all his available time, until he became undisputed champion of the Camp. He read avidly and rapidly. No subject was too uninteresting, and under the guidance of the Camp Educational Adviser he received his education.

His metamorphosis was complete when

(although afraid of water, he had learned to swim) he dove from a dam abutment into the swirling, debris-strewn waters of a glacier-fed creek at the risk of his own life to save a fellow member who had had the temerity to walk over a narrow plank bridge upon which he had been forbidden to go.

I have not seen Shadow for some time, but I receive letters from him quite regularly. He has turned his back on

the Middle West and has found his life work in the great pine forests of the West, among the mountains which he loves so well.

My admiration for Shadow is unbounded. He has turned the restrictions of his childhood to advantage; once a weakling, he has made himself a niche in the world of men, and I know of no man who has deserved it more.

Waiting

MARIE MULVANE

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-37

IF HE didn't come in three minutes he wouldn't come at all. The little, round, gold watch on her wrist showed the time to be exactly twelve minutes past eleven.

Silently, Mary grasped the back of the seat in front of her. It was very hard to be calm and cool on the exterior; hard to appear worshipful, when inside she was feverishly excited and tense, and not in the least capable of paying attention.

The voice of the minister momentarily pierced through her deep abstraction. She tried to follow his words by mechanically repeating them to herself. This was pure mockery.

She stared hard at the stained glass window through which warm sunshine flowed all about her, making her feel uncomfortably warm. The sunshine seemed to have a false, glittering brightness, so dark was the deepening despair within her.

He didn't care, anyway. It was to her alone that these Sunday morning meetings mattered. That was what made them so frightfully important. If he had cared too, she wouldn't have minded even though he failed to come. But—oh, Lord—this was the only one of seven unending days that she had any chance at all of seeing him.

Earlier in the morning, at the close of Bible school hour, Mary had hopefully scanned the corridors, half expecting to see him then, but she had not. She had at once begun to be fearful. Accordingly, she walked out the side door and around to the front, slowly. Here, after climbing the steps, she paused to look in all directions, then walked through the open door into the vestibule. As she peered through the small panes of glass in the doors opening into the auditorium, another pang of disappointment momentarily struck her. It vanished when she

recalled that it was early to expect him.

As Mary entered the auditorium, the usher and she exchanged greetings as he gave her the regular bulletin. There were many vacant seats as yet, so Mary chose one at the back near the door. To reserve an extra seat she put her purse and gloves beside her.

The door behind her was opening and closing every few seconds. The seats were filling fast. A group of three were sitting in the seat with her now. She grew momentarily more excited. Her watch said one minute to eleven.

The prelude was over and the organist began playing the chimes. Mary, for a moment, listened to their stirring tones, then was lost in anxious speculations.

The doors behind her opened again, and still again. Each time she caught her breath and grew tense. Each time some-

one else came in. "Why did so many people have to come late?" she wondered.

Now the congregation was standing. They were singing a hymn. Mechanically Mary sang with them, all the while straining her ears to hear the door open just once more.

They finished the first verse, they finished the second, and began on the last. Each word of the song seemed to drag out to the length of a whole verse; yet she didn't want it to end.

Then the minister was praying. Mary said again, almost audibly, "Oh, Lord—." She looked at her watch. She was growing frantic. Now, now, he would come! He had to! The time was gone, but he did not come.

Mary felt hard inside like the seat on which she sat. The minister was beginning his sermon.

Nature—Unkind Mother

IRMA C. BREITER

Rhetoric II, Theme 17, 1936-37

THE atmosphere had been oppressively calm and sticky since late morning. The sky was overcast, encompassing the farm in dead stillness. The fields lay quiet, subdued, and the newly-planted carnation cuttings, wilted by the hot motionless air, seemed, as my mother said, to be "crying for rain." Inside the greenhouses, dull in the weird light, the older carnations stood tall and erect. Except for the movement of my brothers and sisters in the greenhouse as they cut flowers, I could see no life on the

farm as I looked out the kitchen window into the now fast darkening yard. The clouds were racing out of the west, and, peering upward, I noticed more of them coming slowly out of the east. I thought nothing of the spectacle, dismissing it as a freak of nature I had never before observed.

I had other things to think about, moreover, for with the clouds came a west breeze which swelled into a terrific wind before I had made the rounds of the windows upstairs and down. I

paused at the back window before resuming my task and watched the lowering of the ventilators along the ridgepole of the greenhouses, and also the forward rush of clouds and the swaying trees. Lanie, Wallie, and Ma burst out through the door of the shed adjacent to the greenhouses and began furiously to pull out the small boards holding up the windows on the hot beds, letting them slam down and tossing the boards helter-skelter in their haste to close the one-hundred-odd frames.

In a moment the storm was upon us, wind and rain on a rampage, wildly blowing. The workers finished in the hot bed yard and sought the shelter of the sheds. I returned to my work, hearing as I did so a rattling on the roof and window screens, intermittent at first but increasing in volume and intensity even as I listened. Again I ran to the window, gazing in childish delight at white marbles of ice bouncing on the pavement and rolling into rivulets of rain. Ma and Pa and Lanie came running around the corner of the laundry from the sheds, their heads bent under old jackets. After removing their wet shoes and clothing they stood at the windows anxiously. My pleasure on first beholding the hail changed to excitement as the stones fell larger and larger, until they lay upon the ground the size of golf balls. Excited, I cried, "There's a pane broken in the greenhouse." But the one pane was followed by another, and still another, until there were too many for the eye to count.

After about ten minutes of calling out to and running back and forth between my two younger brothers stationed at different windows in the dining room, I began to calm down and listen to the talk of the grown-ups in the kitchen. I heard Pa saying, slowly, as though burd-

ened with a thousand cares: "I couldn't possibly have kept the insurance. The rates are too high, and nothing sells. We've never had much hail, and then no bigger than marbles." Ma's response was forlorn with sorrow. "The flowers—and we held them back for Mother's Day. The cuttings in the field will be all battered to pieces. Mein Gott in Himmel!" My voice was stilled at these words. Childlike, I had not thought. I was drawn irresistibly into the kitchen, moved to a sick unhappiness by my parents' sorrow. Pa and Ma were at the windows, separated by the large gray cook stove. Pa stood with one foot on the chair beneath the windows, his arm resting upon his knees, his broad back rounded in dejection. From where I stood, leaning against the stove, I could see his face, drawn and woebegone. His black hair, shot with gray, stood up above his high bald forehead. His eyes were bleak beneath unkempt brows. I began to pray a little within my mind, repeating, "Please, God," and yearning toward him. I looked at Ma on the other side of the stove. She stood still, her short, compact body, usually so active, now quiet. Her eyes were widely tragic, lustrous with unshed tears. She had neglected to doff her blue work cap, and it perched on her head, incongruous with her sorrowful mien. Strands of straight black hair escaped and lay against her lined, leathery cheek, but she did not heed them.

I moved away from the stove to make room for Lanie as she lifted the lid and placed inside and lighted a piece of blessed palm. The very act gave a feeling of assurance that God would be kind to us. Tears were streaming down Lanie's face, and I hastened back to my window in the dining room to press my

head against the cool glass and weep in sheer sympathy, crying within myself, "Please, God."

And still the hail came down, and still it was varied in size from marbles to golf balls; once in a while fell a stone as large as a baseball. The stones of ice lay upon the ground for a while before melting in puddles of water. The blossoms of the pear trees outside the window were shattered and beaten to the ground, to lie bruised in the grass and float among small white hailstones on the little streams of water. I heard Pa wander aimlessly into the living room, going from window to window, but returning inevitably to the kitchen to watch and wait. I thought of all sorts of wild and impracticable schemes for protecting the glass during storms of this type. Sick with the thought of our impotence, I looked again at the greenhouses. The part of the roof visible to me was a plane of jagged holes gaping darkly against the green of the glass. There was not a sash in which a pane remained unbroken, and still new holes were appearing. The hotbeds, in the foreground, were already a mass of ice and glass with splashes of green showing through here and there.

After we had listened for an hour or more to this rattling and crashing, the wind began to lessen in fury; the hail again became mere golf balls and then marbles, until, finally, rain alone fell in a steady drizzle. Emotionally exhausted, I "tagged along" with my parents as they went out to estimate the damage. They walked with new energy, as though glad to be doing something—anything in preference to sitting and waiting. Inside the greenhouse, all was chaos. Broken glass was everywhere—on the flowers, between the plants, in the benches, and

on the walks between the benches. The older boys were already on the roof picking away the loose pieces to avert the danger of falling glass. Pa looked at the carnations; once tall and graceful, they were now cut and beaten to the ground. Shaking his head, he said, "We may as well pull them all up. We'll have to change the ground before we can plant the cuttings for the new crop." Ma said dully, "There won't be any cuttings, now." They moved to the far door of the greenhouses and into the field beyond. I followed, dreading to witness their further sorrow, but unable to stay behind. As they drew near the carnation "patch," Ma gave a little exclamation and quickened her steps. She knelt in the mud and dug quickly, but ever so carefully, calling us to her side and joyously displaying a small muddy plant, bedraggled but still whole and living. She examined others and found most of them intact. "The smaller hail and the rain must have splashed the mud up, burying them," Ma said, exulting.

We returned to the house, our spirits somewhat lightened. Ma retired to her room, physically ill, and Pa went for a drive, unable to stand the sight of the greenhouses. After an hour or so he came back, considerably cheered, with stories of worse havoc—completely wrecked ranges and ravaged grain fields, trees stripped naked and cattle killed. "The woods must have protected us again," he said. "The damage was worse on the other side of it."

In a new voice, filled with hope, he ordered Wallie to telephone the glass company before the price should rise. "We'll begin to clean up the wreckage tomorrow morning," he said.

“Rhetoric as She Is Wrote”

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

There are many positions open in Federal or state prisons, in hospitals for the mentally deceased, in homes for orphans, old peoples home, and other institutions.

. . . .

My nose was flat against the window pain and my feet were somewhere back in that crowded isle.

. . . .

The passengers were composed of children under 12 years of age and over 25.

. . . .

King Louis was surrounded by courtiers and courtesans.

. . . .

The fallacy is known as “post hoc, ergo ad hominem.”

. . . .

Poe, the man, was a victim of dopes.

The sailor was drowned in a clam just outside of port.

. . . .

Yellowstone Lake is rectangular in shape being wider than it is long.

. . . .

The grunting pigs and peculiar noises ran through my head all night.

. . . .

Goethe—a form of architecture used in building of Notre Dame.

. . . .

With the blowing of revelry at 6:45 A.M. the military school boys’ life begins for the day.

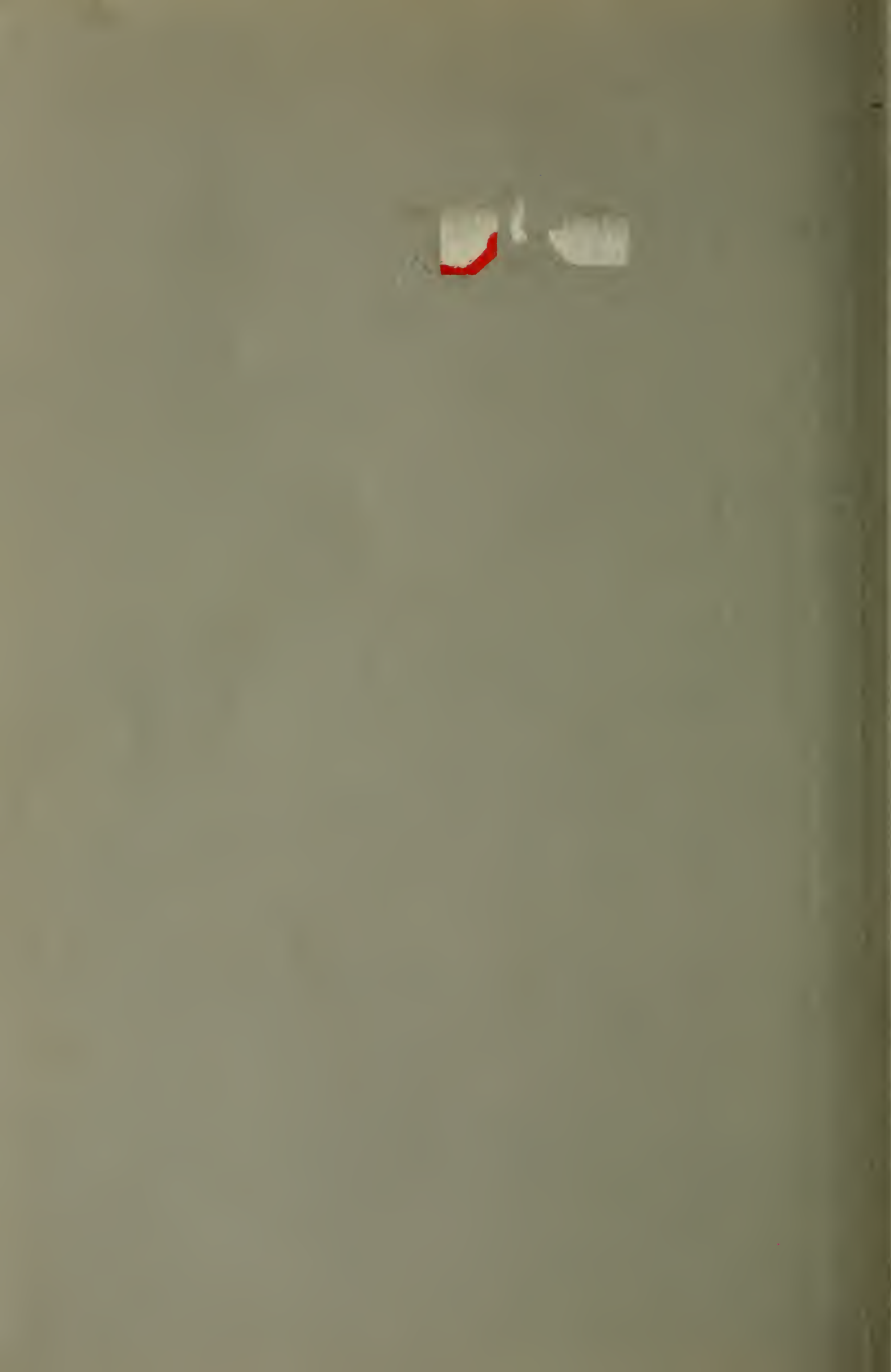
. . . .

The engineering students work 34 hours for 17 hours credit, while their commerce brothers are loathing in contentment.

HONORABLE MENTION

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students:

LUCILLE AYER	BETTY McCOWN
MARIAN BANKS	CARREL B. MORGAN
BETTY BETZ	CHARLES L. NORTON
FRANK BROWN	MARJORIE H. PALFREY
JULIEN CHRISTENSEN	BERNADINE PENDERGRAST
JOHN DOOLEY	FRANCES PRITCHETT
REGINA EBERLE	DANIEL RIVA
SHIRLEY ERICKSON	BARBARA SCHROEDER
GEORGE L. ESSIG	PAUL H. SCHROY
WILLIAM FARIS	D. E. SCRIVEN
JOSEPH GALEHER	DALE SMITH
LEONARD GREENMAN	CLARENCE SPRINGER
RALPH HATHAWAY	ROBERT STEGE
LARUE HOGA	ROBERT THOMETZ
FORREST HONDERICH	JAMES TRACY
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